

The
LADIES' WREATH
AND
Parlor Annual.



New York:
BURDICK AND SCOVILL,
No. 8 SPRUCE STREET.

30 Дец. 1910.

87006

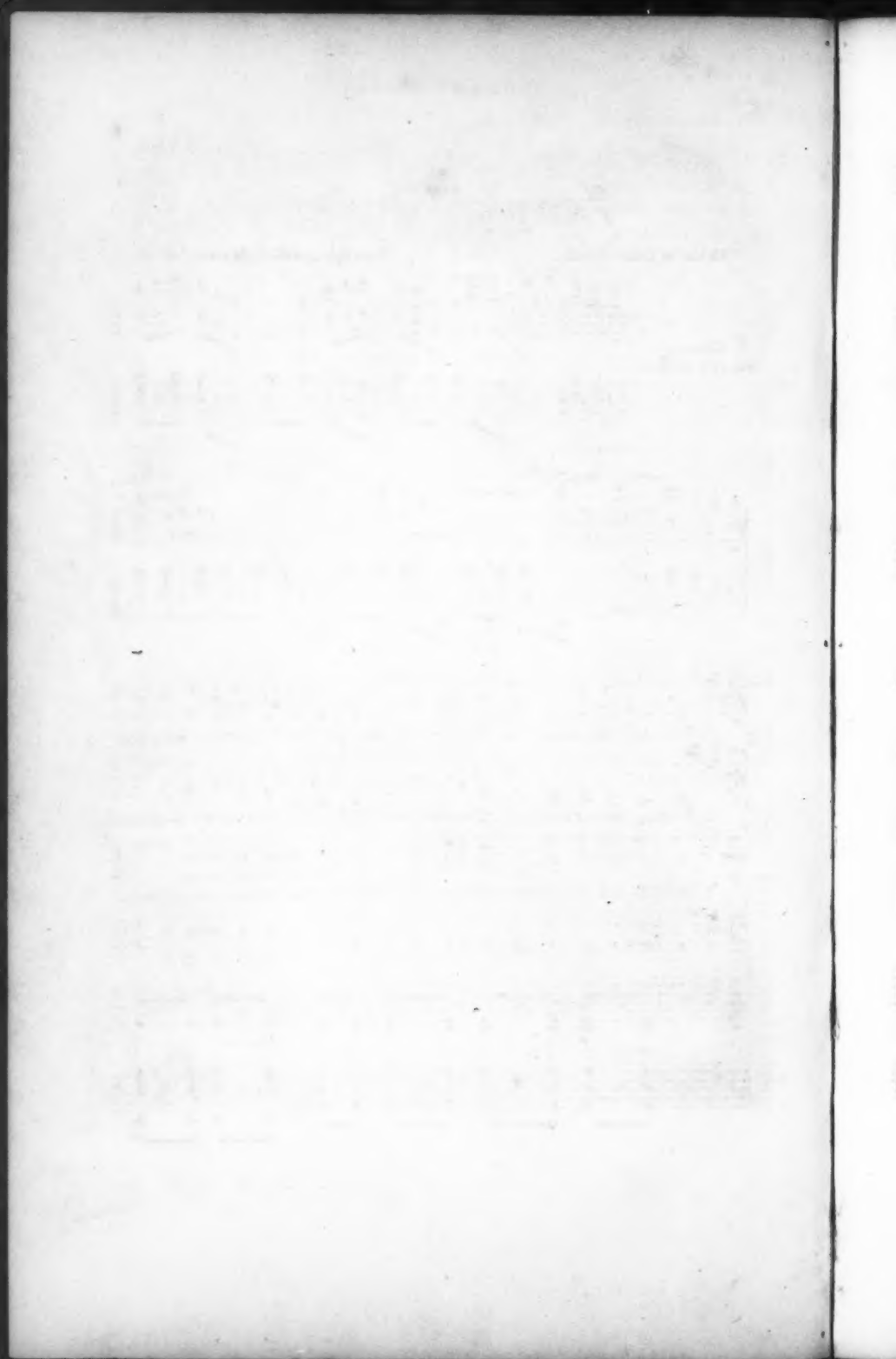




The Devoted Wife



Gladiolus



Song of Freedom.

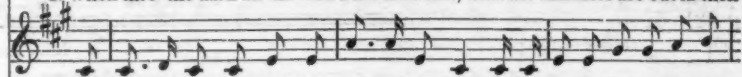
Words by Julian Cramer.

Composed by Ed. J. Hartmore, M. D.

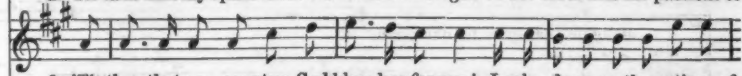
MODERATO
MA CON SPIRITO



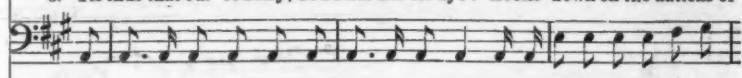
1. When thro' the dark air the wild hurricane flies, And the thunders are out in their



2. 'Tis thus that my spirit looks down from its height On the cares and the passions of



3. 'Tis thus that our country, God bless her for aye! Looks down on the nations of



might, 'Tis then that the ea - gle mounts up to the skies, On a
 life; And high o'er them all in a re - gion of light, It
 earth; For Freedom first op - ened her eyes to the day, In the

This system contains the first six staves of the musical score. It features a vocal melody in the upper staves and a piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

wing like a pin-ion of light. With a
 smiles at the pit - i - ful strife. Like the
 struggle that gave us our birth. Un-

This system contains the next six staves of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

smile he looks down on the tempest below, And he shaketh his plumes in his
ea - gle I gaze on the tempest be - low, But what is its fu - ry to
shaken we gaze on the tempest be - low, Se - cure from its fu - ry are

glee, And a - mid all its fu - ry he sing - eth, O - ho! O -
me? With the sun - light a - round me, I'm sing - ing, O - ho! O -
we. And from o - cean to o - cean we'll still shout, O - ho! O -

ho! I am free, I am free! O - ho! . . . O-

ho! I am free, I am free! O - ho, &c.

ho; I am free, I am free! O - ho! I am free, O-

8va. tr

ff *PIU LENTO.*
ho! I am free, O - ho! . . . O - ho! I am free!

ff
ho! . . . O - ho! I am free, O - ho! I am free!

tr

COLLA VOCE.

tr

leco.

p

THE DESERTED WIFE.

OR ERRORS IN TRAINING.

BY DAVID M. STONE.

I AM not about to write a story ; but shall use the history of her whose portrait our artist has given so faithfully, only as a text for some remarks upon the more common, but radical error in the present approved system of female education. I shall not attack any of the "ologies," nor denounce showy accomplishments, nor yet endeavor to prove that Latin is more desirable than French, or fancy needlework more profitable than music. The great fault in the training of the young women of the present day, lies not so much in the improper selection of studies, and the preference given to polish over the more solid acquirements, as in the misdirection of the mind in regard to the great aim or purpose of life. It would appear from the almost uniform practice of mankind, that in human judgment those who do not literally eat their bread in the sweat of their face, are regarded as exempt from the burdens entailed by the original curse ; and in this country, where woman is most honored, her fathers, and brothers, and husbands, many of them, think they do her a real service when they interpose the use of their strong muscles to save her from the slightest fatigue, or cover their brows with premature wrinkles to spare her the pressure of a single care. The motive may be good, and in most cases is deserving of praise, but the interposition is a positive injury. The fruit tree, nurtured in a hot-house, if transplanted to the garden or the open field, may need sheltering from each rude wind, and screening from the noonday sun, and covering from the first light frost. The error lies not in the care after transplanting, but in the hot-house culture. Trained from the seed in the open field, the same tree would have needed no such anxious attention. The winds would have but strengthened its growth, and led its grasping roots to find their life in a deeper fountain. The sun would have only ripened its golden burdens ; and the frost itself would have given its strong green leaves but a gayer hue, or stripped them from their parent bough but to cover it with fresh beauty and richer abundance in the returning spring. Here is the radical fault in the education of woman. She is nurtured as an

exotic. Her physical and mental training are all on the plan of the green-house, as if her only use was to ornament man's festive board, or amuse his idle hours. Thus nurtured, if she be carefully tended, she may fill that limited sphere ; but in it she can have but little of that vigorous physical or mental life to which she is entitled even as a help-meet of man. Poetry and romance have both combined to belittle the destiny of woman. *Man* has been represented as the sturdy oak, and *woman* as the training ivy, fitted only to cover with green leaves, and creeping tendrils, his rough trunk and knotted branches. In this view of the case, many fears have been expressed lest the efforts of the "strong minded" should be so far successful, as to destroy all this "graceful pliancy" of woman's nature, and induce her to set up an independent existence. All such fears are idle ; there is too much natural indolence to be overcome, even before woman can be aroused to a proper sense of her personal responsibility, to leave any room for anxiety that the reform will go too far in that direction.

Formerly this evil was confined to a few families in our largest cities, and chiefly to those whose wealth and aristocratic notions were of sudden growth. In the quiet country, among all classes, the young of both sexes were trained to habits of industry and thrift, and the vagaries of fashionable folly, or the idle listlessness of an objectless existence, were pointed at by the finger of sense. The evil has spread, however, until the exceptions are on the other side. Boys are still trained, with more or less thoroughness, to look out for some calling in life, but a large majority of the other sex, are fitted neither to take care of themselves, or minister to man's comfort. They have little mental discipline, no fixed habits of thought, and but little useful learning ; while they are less harmless than dolls, for their physical training has unfitted them to bear up against the roughnesses of life without constant assistance from the nurse and physician.

It is needless to go into details and specify the faults of the present system, until its radical principle is changed. Woman was not designed alone for ornament, and so long as she merely aims at this vocation, the *kind* of polish she acquires is of but little consequence. She was designed for something nobler, and when she aims at a higher sphere, her own aspirings will teach her best the aids she needs. Not until she has an *aim* in life, can she receive any consistent education. One reformer looks around upon the groups of pale, feeble young women of his acquaintance ; sees them living from day to day in a wearying round of idle gaiety, wasting their youth

and golden leisure in misdirected efforts, having no other object but to secure an "establishment" where they can continue the same course down to the end of their days. He traces the whole career of folly to the *want of muscle*, and recommends jumping the rope, and horse-back riding, as if the proper stimulus for correct moral action could all be found in *out-door exercises*! Another supposes that the whole trouble comes from unhealthy modes of dress, and prescribes flannel next the skin, and thick-soled shoes as a sovereign remedy. Yet another suggests that novels and late hours do all the mischief—that sleep is the true cosmetic—and that if girls would burn their books and go to bed with the sun, they would make as good wives as their grandmothers. If the foregoing remarks are true, however, the real evil lies back of all these discoveries. The girls *do not desire* to resemble their grandmothers. They think less of being useful to the world, than of having their share of life's vain amusements and giddy pleasures. We need, then, less discussion about the *modes* of education, and more inquiry into the *purpose* of the discipline. If the latter were once properly settled, and the aims of the young could receive a proper direction, there would be fewer failures and wrecks along the stream of time.

And this brings me back to the portrait. Poor Evalina Talcott! Little did the two rejected suitors, who clenched their fists and swore great oaths, when thou didst suddenly disappoint all the hopes thou hadst kindled in their bosoms by thy coquettish smiles, and they read the certainty of their doom in the announcement of thy nuptials—little, I say, did they think that it was *mercy* and not *wrath*, which had denied them the boon they so much coveted. When thy chosen one placed the ring on that beautiful finger, the glittering circle seemed emblematic of his happiness; and he uttered that oft-used, common-place flattery in thy willing ear, not many hours afterward. But his wedded happiness did not last through the first honey-moon. Beautiful hands and arms, a graceful neck, well-turned shoulders, large dreamy eyes, and thick clustering locks of jet—these were all thou didst bring him in return for his passionate love. His love, because it *was* passionate, having but little to feed upon, soon burnt itself to an ember, and then thou wert neglected. Oh, had this roused in thee any of those nobler purposes of the soul, what opportunity for thee to have kindled that flame anew on a higher altar, and with a more enduring brightness! But thou didst treat neglect with indifference, showing neither grief nor resentment; but didst deck thyself out to win admiration from other eyes, and showing no anxiety in respect to the love so rashly ventured and foolishly lost,

sought only a handsome allowance that would still leave thee the means of personal adornment. It is true, that some of the pure-minded of thy sex shrink from thee, but how many of them lift their eyes to thy fashionable equipage and glittering attire, and would almost consent to take thy place, so that their miserable lot might be thus gilded !

There are a few—here and there bright particular lustres—who are fitted, at first by judicious training, and above all by the holier influence of a sanctifying grace, for something better in life. If the circle which includes these, could be so widened as to take in the gay, the beautiful, the gifted, who are now floating on the waves of time toward the shores of eternity, with no worthy object or hope before them in either world, then would the dispute about the proper sphere of woman be ended, and the light of a better example irradiate the path of groping humanity.

"WHAT A PIECE OF WORK IS MAN!"

~~~~~  
 BY H. S. SMITH.  
 ~~~~~

Look o'er the universe—of Nature's plan,
 The ultimate, the ideal is Man !
 Bound by the limits of this grosser frame,
 The essential part, the rare ethereal flame,
 Yet soars to embrace and spreads to comprehend
 Infinite mysteries ! The veil to rend
 That hides the past, the future from the eye,
 Resolves our origin, predicts our destiny.
 Knowledge the power that lifts Man from the clod,
 Investing matter with the attributes of God.
 Love, Reason, Justice, Sympathy combine,
 Blend with a harmony and grace divine.
 Love the creative, blissful, social bond,
 That draws the heart, appeals in accents fond
 To Sympathy. The deep responses roll,
 Affiliating every human soul.
 The heart rewarding all our duties done,
 Justice through Love from man to man is won ;
 While Reason viewing o'er the beauteous whole,
 Sits throned in state and rules the perfect soul.

"DEAR UNCLE DAN."

~~~~~  
BY HELEN BRUCE.  
~~~~~

He wiped the tear drops from her eyes,
And smoothed her silken hair,
With more than woman's tenderness,
With all a mother's care.
"Poor little friendless one," he said,
May God ne'er smile on me
If better e'en than kindred dear
I do not prove to thee."

IN a lonely spot there stands a rugged mountain, rearing its bold and almost verdureless brow to the skies. At its foot there flows a dark and sluggish river, whose waters forever sigh and moan, as if sorrowing for the fate of those who slumber near its banks. In the shadow of the mountain, and hard by the moaning river, is a "potter's field," a grave yard where, for years so many that 'twere hard to reckon their number, the inhabitants of the town of —, England, have buried their *stranger* and their *pauper* dead.

It is the wildest and most desolate spot in all Old England, yet a path lies through it—a footpath much trodden by the feet of man and beast. * * * * * "Hark, uncle Dan!" And "uncle Dan did hark, for he also had been startled by the same sound that had attracted the attention of the lad at his side. It was like the sob, the last feeble wail, of some little child.

The night was intensely dark, and a wild November storm, of rain and wind and sleet, was spending its strength and fury on the freezing earth. The bare and ghostly limbs and boughs of the leafless trees, made strange and fearful noises above the heads of the two pedestrians, as they passed along, and they almost shuddered as the light from the lantern, which the man carried to enable them to walk without stumbling over the graves, shone, ever and anon, upon some ghastly and nodding phantom of a tree.

But the noise which arrested their steps was not the sighing of the winter wind, nor the murmuring of the dark river, neither was it the weird voices of the leafless trees.

"It is a baby crying," said uncle Dan, as a second time the wailing voice reached his ears.

"Yes, uncle Dan, and it comes from the *suicide's* corner," said the lad, as he crept closer to his uncle's side.

"Come over, and we'll try and see what this means, my boy; be careful not to fall—this is an ugly night."

"There's *something white* lying on Giles Logan's grave!" gasped little James.

The two drew near the grave of the suicide, and looked upon the pale, dead form of one who had loved him, not wisely, but *too well*. One who, for *his sake*, had been an outcast from her home, and whose life had, within the hour, been sighed out upon the outcast grave of the cause of all her misery.

A child less than two years old was lying across the cold bosom of its mother, and ever and anon it had raised its little voice in a moaning cry. It was almost dead, but God had sent help before the vital spark had fled forever.

James carried the baby, while his uncle bore the slight form of the dead Agnes to his home. .

From thence she was decently and properly buried, and there was her child sheltered and cared for, as few children, under the best of circumstances, are.

Directly to the warm, strong heart of uncle Dan, went every look and every tone of "sweet little Eva"—such was the name bestowed upon this household darling, and she graced it well.

Both uncle Dan and James seemed to love the child almost to idolatry. The sad and dreary circumstances under which they found her, were ever present to their minds, and a *deep pity* was at the foundation of the yearning love with which they regarded her.

Had she been as ungraceful of form and as ugly of face as a little ape, she would still have been tenderly beloved by her friends and saviors, but it was not so. Every day of her life did some new beauty, some bewitching, childish charm, reveal itself in Eva, and every day did uncle Dan grow more *proud*, as well as more fond of her.

Dancing and singing along her flowery way, Eva reached her twelfth year. Her eyes were as blue as the sky, and her flaxen hair hung in beautiful curls over her white shoulders. Her features were regular and very perfect, and then the little witch had such a winning way with her, it was no wonder every one loved her. Uncle Dan was rich, and he had neither wife nor children, brother nor sister in the world. James Williston was the son of his youngest and favorite sister. She had died when her child was but three years old, committing the fatherless boy to her beloved brother's care. James was therefore the only relative uncle Dan had on earth.

Now that he had two dear children, as he called them, he was perfectly contented with his lot in this life. He was a young man

yet, but he *felt* old. The romance of his heart, as far as related to himself personally, was all folded up, and laid submissively away in a still, dark corner of that noble organ. Time *had been* when dear uncle Dan had built air castles—oh ! how beautiful—for himself, and *one* other, but that time had passed. Death had laid his cold hands heavily on the hopes and fears, the pleasures and the pains of those days, and they were *all over*. Uncle Dan was sailing now on a calm, unruffled sea, and his heart was still. He was a noble-looking man. There were few women who did not love to look at and to talk with uncle Dan. He was but little over forty years old, and there were several "ancient maiden ladies" who entertained a particular regard for him.

Very polite was uncle Dan to each and every one, but nothing more. His mind was made up—a bachelor he would continue to the end of the chapter. His large and fine old mansion would be just the thing for James and his wife, and he, uncle Dan himself, should have the large north-east chamber, and board always with them.

James was almost twenty now. In a few years he would look for a wife, and "I imagine I shall have one to his mind already for him," thought uncle Dan.

On this subject he was one day musing, when his attention was arrested by a loud outcry below stairs. Mingled screams and laughter echoed up from the servant's hall, and then a rush up the stairs, and Eva burst into his room, with her apron full of cakes and apples, which the cook had detected her in the act of carrying from the pantry.

"Uncle Dan, *may'nt* I have these to carry to school ? Margery says I shan't, but all the girls want a cake and an apple, and I told them we had plenty, and I would bring them some this afternoon. Can't I have these, uncle Dan ? say."

"Yes, you young thief, but don't you worry dame Margery *quite* to death, for if you do, we shall have no one to make cakes for us any more."

Away scampered Eva, and the cook went grumbling back to her dominions below. Uncle Dan walked to the window, and watched the graceful little figure of his favorite as it receded from his view. Smiles were on his lips—content and peace were in his heart.

* * * * *

Oh, how fast the moments fly !
Oh, how fast the years go by !
She that was a child but now,
Wears no longer childhood's brow,
And within her azure eye,
Changeful, dreamy shadows lie.

Eva had bidden a long farewell to short dresses and white panties, and was walking gracefully in the trailing garments of womanhood. Sixteen summers, with their light and shade, had passed over her head, and left her tall and fair to look upon. And she was good as she was beautiful. She never teased or tormented the cook, or any living creature now. A blessing and a comfort was she to the hearts that cherished, and the roof that sheltered her.

On a still Sabbath morning in the early spring, Eva had bowed before the altar of the village church, and in the presence of the people of God, and in the sight of the holy angels, she had devoted herself, thus in her life's morning, to the service of her Creator.—Uncle Dan was there to see the baptismal waters placed upon the brow of the lamb he had so fondly nurtured, so tenderly loved, and with bended knee and clasped hands he prayed for the blessing of the everlasting God to rest evermore upon her. Like a holy thing seemed the white-robed maiden, as she walked that day beside him to their vine-covered home.

When they had closed the door behind them, he folded his child to his heart, and she felt his tears falling upon her head, as he whispered in tremulous tones—"It was long ago, my darling, that I looked on the counterpart of this scene, and to-day it seemed to me that one who is a saint in heaven stood again before me, as she stood upon the Sabbath before the day which was to have made her mine, which did make her the bride of Death. Eva, you are strangely like my Eva of old."

The kind-hearted girl could not bear to see her "best friend," as she often called uncle Dan, sorrowful, so she kissed away his tears, and with her arms about his neck, and her bright young head upon his bosom, promised to try and be as much comfort to him as "any living girl could possibly be." Dear uncle Dan, he could never withstand the cheering influence of Eva's smiles, and he soon recovered his usual good spirits. Eva had coaxed out of him the story of the one single romance of his faithful heart, and she therefore perfectly understood his feelings upon the Sabbath in question. She had said to him upon hearing the story—

"Oh, poor, dear uncle Dan! what a pity that beautiful Eva should die. If now I were only wise and good and beautiful, like her, I should marry you myself, if you would let me, and try all my life to make up her loss to you. Would you have me, uncle Dan?"

The question was asked half seriously, half in sport, while the small hand of Eva was laid caressingly upon the bearded cheek of uncle Dan, and her blue eyes gazed earnestly up into his own.

Uncle Dan started, and the color flushed his forehead—he seemed strangely moved, and for a moment did not reply. At length he said, as the color faded from his face—

"You *are* both beautiful and good, dear Eva, but you have indeed less *wisdom* than you need to guide you in your dangerous way through the world. However, we are to expect *that* will come with the years which are ever coming to us all."

"But you do not answer my question," said Eva.

"My child," said uncle Dan with a smile, "when you are old enough to marry, I shall be a white haired man—see, the gray hairs are coming already, and winter and spring may not become one.—Beside, I have another husband chosen for you."

"Who is it? who is it? now *do* tell me, uncle Dan, won't you?"

"No, I shall let him tell you himself when the spirit moves."

"Well, he *may* tell, but I don't believe I shall ever have him," sang the young girl, as she danced from the room, forgetting, in the thoughtless buoyancy of youth, all that had there passed.

Not so uncle Dan. He watched her from the room, saw the door close behind her, and then leaning forward on his hand, fell into a *very* brown study. We will not meddle too far with the good man's meditations. We will merely listen to a remark which fell from his lips as he rose to leave the house :

"Never, never shall she make the sacrifice."

***** James was expected home from the university where he had been studying for three years. Great preparations were going on in kitchen and parlor, for all things were to be put in "apple-pie order" for the welcome of the student to his home. Eva arranged his chamber with her own hands. The most beautiful and fragrant flowers of the garden and the field were placed upon his table and by his looking-glass, and the whitest spread the whole house contained was laid smoothly over his bed. * The room looked very pretty, and so James thought as he entered it, and he said, "Is not this your work, Eva?" And Eva felt pleased and proud to answer "Yes, brother James."

"Eva," said James, throwing his arm about the maiden's waist, "come in with me, and see if we two can sit in that great 'lolling chair' in the corner, *now*, as we did in the years that are gone."

He drew her along with him to the chair, and they found it would hold them both still.

"You have grown so tall and so handsome, Eva, that I hardly dared to touch you when I first came. I'm glad uncle Dan was so sleepy as to want to get us all out of the way soon to-night, for I

want to talk with you about something of great interest to me, and I feel that I cannot do so too soon. Eva, I never want you to call me 'brother James' again."

"Why not?" said the wondering Eva. "I am sure I have always loved you as well as if you were *really* my brother, and I hope you love me as if I were your own sister, James. Can it be that I am mistaken?"

Tears came quickly to Eva's eyes. James smiled.

"You need not cry one single tear about it, dear Eva, but you are greatly mistaken. Not as a sister, sweet one, but as something far dearer do I love the playmate and companion of my childhood's years. *Are you sorry for it, Eva?*"

Uncle Dan had a mortal dread of all novels, and love tales *on paper*, and he never would allow Eva to touch one of them; so how under the sun to act, or what to say under circumstances like the present, the poor girl did not know. She felt *awfully*—and the only clear idea in her mind was that she had better *run away*. She tried to get up, but James held her fast.

"Won't you speak to me?" said he.

Eva knew her face was as red as fire, and that made it redder still. She could not speak, for she was so confused. Another thing, she could not tell him anything, for she wanted time to think. She had never had the most distant idea of sustaining to James any other relation than that of sister, and the strange tumult into which her feelings were thrown by his sudden avowal, almost frightened her.

"Oh, do let me go, James," cried she at length.

"Tell me if you are angry first, then."

"No, no, I am not, certainly."

"Then you will kiss me good night, and promise to finish talking with me about this to-morrow," said James, rising and leading Eva to the door. "Will you answer me to-morrow, Eva?"

"Yes, I will." And timidly returning the hearty salute of the earnest student, she fled to her own chamber.

"Oh, dear, I wonder if uncle Dan knows!" was the last thought of Eva that night, and her first one next morning, and hurriedly dressing herself, she ran to his chamber and knocked. He was reading at his window.

"Come in," said he. Eva, with a pair of unusually rosy cheeks, entered the room. "Good morning, gipsey," said he, smiling, and extending his hand. Eva caught it, and dropping on the floor, said hesitatingly—

"Was it James you wanted me to marry, uncle Dan?"

Both Eva's hands were in that one broad palm of uncle Dan, and she felt them pressed with a sudden, convulsive motion, that (perhaps) was caused wholly by surprise at her abrupt question.

"Why do you ask that now, Eva? Has he asked you to become his wife, my child?"

"He—he wants me to tell him to-day whether I am glad he loves me better than if I was his sister, and I wanted to know first whether *you* was glad."

A mingled smile lighted the eyes and flickered over the features of uncle Dan, but it quickly faded, and drawing Eva up to his knee, he said—

"Yes, my darling, James is the man to whom I desire to see your hand given, *if with it goes freely your whole heart.*"

"I will tell him 'yes' then, uncle Dan, for I am sure I love him better than any body else in all this world, *except you.*"

"You are a queer little girl, Eva, do you know you are? There, run away and find James."

There was a smile on the lips of uncle Dan, but his hand trembled as he laid it on her shoulder, and tears were in his eyes. Eva ran away, but it was to her own room. She took down her long, beautiful hair, and combed it all smoothly up with the greatest care.—She then dressed herself in a clean pink gingham morning dress and white apron, then with a rose in her hair, and a rose-bud in her bosom, she started for the breakfast room, just as the bell commenced its morning call. She met James in the hall, and a blush as softly bright as that in the heart of the rose welcomed him, as he took her by the hand and gazed admiringly upon her.

"Sweet as the roses of June art thou, my charmer," said he, as he led her in to the table.

Uncle Dan was already there. Kindly he looked upon them as they entered side by side, she in her blushing beauty, he in his graceful pride, and yet amid that kindness a watchful eye could see that a noble soul was striving with a hidden agony.

"Shall we walk down to the river after breakfast, Eva?" said James, with an expressive glance at the maiden.

"If you please, but it is rather damp yet," answered she.

"True," interposed uncle Dan. "Why don't you take the horse and carriage, and ride up to the Sherwood farm this morning, James? If you and Eva wish to go out, that is certainly the best thing you can do both for yourselves and me, for I want to send a message to Peter about the cattle.

"That's the *very thing* for us, isn't it, Eva? I'll go and harness

now." So off hurried James, and Eva went for her hat and shawl.—The ride was taken and greatly enjoyed, and when at noon the two young people reëntered the house, it was as affianced lovers they came, seeking the blessing of him who had been their more than father. Freely and fervently was that blessing given, and their joy seemed complete. James was to be but two weeks absent from the university, and those two weeks fled as if on wings, as doubtless they were. It was harder leaving home this time than it had ever been before, but still there was so much hope ahead that the lovers tried not to feel *very much* afflicted. Many were the plans that were laid for the future, during those two weeks. Uncle Dan approved and aided them all. He told some of his own plans also, and many a merry laugh rang out at the queer notions and expressions of "the old bachelor"—the "dear uncle Dan." But they all agreed that they were glad he never married. "His wife would have been just like a step-mother to us, maybe," said James, "always putting a thousand things into his head he would never have thought of, and telling him we ought not to do this thing, or to have that thing, &c., and then he would not have been so kind to us, or so much beloved by us as he is now, would he, Eva?"

"No, indeed, I am sure I should not love him half so well as I do now, if he was married. I should not like it at all to have any one mistress in *this* house but me—or to have any one about *that he loved better than he does me*. I'm sure I should never have been so happy all my life, if uncle Dan had not been an old bachelor."

Uncle Dan laughed merrily.

"Don't be alarmed, little one," said he—"no one shall ever come here to excite your jealousy—you need fear *no rival* in uncle Dan's heart or home. To you and yours they are both devoted, as they were long ago, my children. I will leave you to yourselves now, and go to my chamber, for I am tired—make the most of this eve, for 'tis the last one you will spend together for a long time—good night," and he was gone.

"Dear uncle Dan!" said Eva, as the door closed behind him—"was there *ever* a man like him? What would have become of us, James, or at least of me, had it not been for him? I owe him life and all. Tell me all about that awful night, James, when you found my dead mother and me on my father's grave!"

And for the twentieth time was that story told to the same attentive listener.

James returned to his studies, and uncle Dan and Eva were alone again. Letters came often—long ones, filled with affectionate re-

membrances, and they were answered regularly as they came. Eva always showed them, answers and all, to uncle Dan. After awhile they grew shorter and fewer, and at last, when one day a very short and cool epistle came, uncle Dan remarked—

"Seems to me, Eva, you two maintain *rather* a queer correspondence for lovers, don't you?"

"I'm sure I don't know as there is any thing strange about it, sir. I don't wonder James gets tired of writing so many long letters—I *did long ago*, and maybe that's the reason his answers are short."

"You *are* a philosopher, Eva, *that's* certain, if *anything* is so," laughed uncle Dan. "Why, most young ladies would tear their hair, and cry their pretty eyes out, if their lovers should write them letters like this!"

"Well, they wouldn't be like me, then, for I am not at all troubled. It is pleasant to hear from James, but I hate to write letters so much that I should not care if he didn't write once in three months, for then I should not have many to write in answer."

"You are a strange little Eva," said uncle Dan, and there the conversation ended.

It was in August that Eva was left to keep house alone, for a whole week, for uncle Dan was called away by urgent business matters. The days passed away well enough, for Eva was busy about many things. The *evenings* were, however, a lonely time. Dear me! how lonesome the empty arm-chair in the corner did look!—Eva used to go and curl up in it herself, on purpose to have it out of her sight. Somehow or another she could not read with the least attention, although there were books of the greatest interest around her. How she longed for the time to pass, and for uncle Dan to come back.

Friday night came at last, and that was the time set for her uncle's return. Feet and hands were very busy, making all things neat and cheerful to welcome him to his pleasant home. Eva was dressed in white, and white roses crowned her curling hair. She was happy, and she was very beautiful as she sat in the fading light of sunset, watching for her uncle's returning form.

A cunning and pretty rabbit was playing at her feet, and she stopped and lifted him to her knee. Bunny was as tame as a pet lamb, and he nestled down on his snowy couch, and prepared for a comfortable nap. A long time did Eva sit singing to the rabbit, and looking from the shade of the trees, under which she was, down the winding road by which her uncle was to approach. Twilight was fading, and so were Eva's hopes and happy feelings. She was

disappointed and sorrowful, for she had given up all hope of seeing uncle Dan that night.

"Oh, dear me!" sighed Eva, "how I do wish he would come!"

"Here he is, darling!" said a kind voice behind her, and with a sudden turn Eva found herself in the arms of uncle Dan, and she burst into tears on his breast.

"What is the matter, my child?" asked he anxiously.

"Nothing, only I was so afraid you would not come, and I have wanted you so much—I have been *so lonesome* without you!"

"Don't cry any more then, my *sweet little baby*, for I am certainly here. I think I shall take you in the house and rock you to sleep, to cure your lonesomeness."

* * * Time wore on—months lengthened into years, and still Eva and her uncle lived quietly alone, for James, now become a physician, had been a long time in France for the purpose of obtaining all the advantage which he could from the superior attainments of the French medical schools. In his last letter he had informed his friends that he was about to visit Italy and Spain, and should then return to his home. In his whole letter there was not one allusion made to the state of affairs existing between himself and Eva, and when, during the day, uncle Dan caught Eva several times in tears, he believed it was the cold and strange conduct of his nephew which caused them.

"Good for nothing dog," muttered he between his teeth, "what can the scoundrel mean? Here has this dear child been waiting, year after year, with patient and uncomplaining devotion, for his return and the fulfillment of his promises, and now *this* is her reward. I'll cut the cold-hearted rascal off with a shilling, if he don't mend his manners, and that right speedily."

Uncle Dan was in a very bad humor. He was both angry and distressed. But uncle Dan had missed his way that time—he was altogether at fault in his conclusions.

Soon after the letters (which were received by the morning's mail) were read, Eva had descended to the kitchen, to attend to certain matters there. A conversation which she had then overheard taking place between the gardener and the housemaid, had sent her to her room in tears, and caused her to weep several times during the day. Poor Eva! it was clear that something was wearing upon her, but it was also easy to see that she meant to confine the knowledge of the cause of her trouble to her own breast. So silent and shy of conversation had she become, that even uncle Dan was unwilling to question her; but he watched her with a careful and troubled eye.

A young friend sat sewing with Eva one pleasant day. The two girls had been chatting briskly for half an hour or so, when Lucy Carl said suddenly—

"Look there, Eva, there comes Miss Horton—she is coming *here*!" Eva's face reddened violently.

"Let us run away," said she, springing to her feet and flinging her work into a stand draw. "Hurry, hurry, Lucy! I will *not* see her, and there is no one else at home—let us jump out of this window, and run down to the bath-house. She will soon be gone."

Out of the window and down to the river side flew the light forms of the young girls.

"But what on earth makes you do so?" questioned Lucy, as soon as they were safely locked into the bath house. "I thought you and Miss Horton were such excellent friends—what is the matter between you?"

"I can't bear the sight of her, that is the matter, and I just wish she would keep away from our house. The deceitful, mean, sneaking thing!"

"Why, Eva Hunter! what ails you? I never saw you look or speak so wickedly in your life, as now! What *has* Miss Horton done to you?"

"I don't want to talk about her any more, Lucy. I *shall not* say another word about her, so do not ask me. Only see how cool and clear the water looks! Don't you want to take a nice bath, Lucy?"

In a few moments the girls were swimming and splashing about in the cool water, like two white swans. That evening, when all others beneath that roof were resting, Eva sat in the moonlight which flooded her chamber, and wept. Her long ringlets fell glittering about her, rolling their rich masses over her white robe, and sparkling, in their golden glory, like an angel's crown. But Eva never thought upon her sweet, bright beauty, as she sat and wept. She did not realize that she was one degree more charming than the plainest cottage girl.

"What shall I do? What *shall* I do?" groaned Eva. "Oh, what a *wicked* girl I am!"

But we will not tell the cause of all this sorrow, for Eva wished it not to be known.

One Saturday evening, Eva and uncle Dan sat alone in the parlor. There had not been a word spoken for almost half an hour. Eva's look had been absent and sad. Uncle Dan was trying in vain to think of some good way to discover what it was that grieved her, or rather, he was trying to find some manner of winning her to *speak* to him of the sorrows which he believed he already understood. He

thought it would do her good to open her heart freely to one who would give her heartfelt sympathy ; but he could not tell how to approach the subject. As the clock struck eight, the servant entered with a letter. The gardener had just brought it, she said. A glance at the post-mark and the address told who and where it was from.—It was directed to uncle Dan, so he, with no very gentle hand or pleasant face, tore it open. As he glanced over the first page, his face grew as white as a sheet, and Eva sprang to his side, crying—

"What is it, uncle Dan ? Tell me what is the matter, or you will frighten me to death."

"My poor, dear child—my unfortunate Eva !" was all that the kind-hearted man could utter, and his eyes overflowed with tears as he looked upon her. He tried to crush the letter, but she snatched it from his hand, and read, in the bold and handsome handwriting of James, "I love Eva as a dear, dear sister, *but nothing more*. Words can never tell my sorrow and remorse for the cruel mistake I made when last with you—but I cannot, I *dare not* marry *her*, when my whole soul is filled with the most devoted love for another. Break the matter to her, dear uncle. Tell her I deserve her hatred, her scorn, but tell her not to shed one tear for me. I cannot ask her to forgive me—I cannot forgive myself for my accursed folly."

The letter fell from Eva's hands, and with a cry, which sounded strangely like a note of *joy*, and a fervent "Thank God !" she flung her arms about the neck of uncle Dan, and clung to him as if to one who was to save her from drowning.

"Eva, Eva, what means this ? Have you read aright, my child ? What *do* you mean ?"

"That I am *so glad that James does not want me to marry him, that it almost makes me crazy !* Oh, uncle Dan ! if you *could only know* how I have dreaded to have him come home—but *now* I can rejoice to see him back again, just as I used to do. Dear James ! I wish he would make haste and come."

Uncle Dan was confounded—he could not tell whether he was asleep or awake. He sat a long time silent, holding Eva to his side, and looking at her with an absent and mystified expression. At length a new light seemed to dawn upon him, and he looked as if he meant to unravel the snarl of circumstances which had passed before him. He said slowly and calmly—

"But, Eva, what are to become of all our nice plans now ? And *who do* you wish to marry ?"

Eva was silent, but her heart heaved with suppressed emotion.

"There *is* some one, then, that you prefer to my boy, is there,

you young traitor?" said uncle Dan, trying to look stern. "Tell me who it is, miss, this moment."

"It is some one who will not take me, uncle Dan—some one a great deal better, and wiser, and more noble than I, but I dare not tell *you* his name."

This was said with a grave and solemn earnestness, while the clear eyes of the speaker looked steadily and mournfully into those of him who listened, and an influence was shed from them which thrilled every nerve in his proud frame.

"Tell me his name, Eva—*do not torture me, my child!*"

There was earnestness, equal to her own, in the tones of uncle Dan as he spoke, and his clasp on the young form his arms encircled grew closer, while she felt that he was greatly moved.

"I will obey you—I will name the man I love, and if he refuse to love me, if he despise and turn from me to the arms of another, I will lay down and die. The name of him I love—whom I have loved with the affection of childhood, youth, and womanhood, is *Mr. Hunter*, and *he is my dear uncle Dan.*"

The maiden's offering was not despised, but the sacredness of the scene which followed her honest confession, my pen shall not profane. Suffice it to say that a man more perfectly happy than was uncle Dan, never breathed or moved upon the face of this green earth.***

"But what will the world say, my treasure, when it knows that an old man like me, has won to his bosom such an incarnation of youth, and grace, and beauty, as my Eva? The world is censorious ever, and it will cry out with scorn upon our union, saying that it is not one of love. Can you brave all those taunting and jeering cries, Eva? Are you not afraid you may become ashamed of your choice?"

"An old man! You are *not* an old man in the eyes of any one but yourself. You are just the right age to *suit me*, at any rate, and 'tis nothing to any one else if that age were one hundred, instead of forty-eight. *You*, with your curling hair, and beautiful eyes—your fair teeth, and nobly handsome face and form, to talk of 'old age,' and people being ashamed of you! Oh, it is *too* bad, and I know you do not mean it. You are ashamed to be seen marrying a girl of twenty. I have caught you—you want to creep out of your promise, and yet manage to throw the blame all on me—but you can't do that, for *I* shall never prove the faithless one—never, never! But there! you want to marry Miss Horton, I know you do!" And Eva threw her head back against the window, and pouted decidedly, as memory presented to her mind things she would gladly have forgotten.

"Ah, ha, ha! Ah, ha! ha, ha!" laughed uncle Dan. "I'm

not going to have you twitting on facts at that rate, young sauce-box. But what ever put *that* notion into your perverse head?"

"I should think I had heard and seen enough to put it into my head. You need not make fun of me, either, for I assure you it was no fun to me to suppose I was to have a *step aunt* to reign over me, and, what was far worse, to see you bestow your love and your hand on any other than me!"

"Poor, jealous little girl! Tell me, then, what made you think I intended bringing a new mistress into our quiet and happy home? It was a naughty thought, Eva. Had I not often told you that no such thing should ever take place?"

"Well, but, dear uncle, cook told me men *always* changed their minds, and then I heard Jim, the gardener, tell the housemaid, to whom he is engaged, that Miss Horton had told her mother, in strict confidence, that she was engaged to be married to you, just as soon as James returned from Europe, to *take me out of the way*. She said you wished the matter to be kept a profound secret till that time, as it might cause some unpleasant feelings were it known sooner. The frequent visits of Miss Horton to this house, and her long talks with you, gave confirmation to this story, and I hated her with all my heart. The hatred and jealousy she inspired, told clearly how the case stood with me, and I opened my eyes, when I supposed it *too late*, to the full knowledge that the love which I felt for the kind and generous guardian of my childhood and youth, was the *only* true and fervent love of my soul. I cannot tell you how I suffered. I dare not think of it, but I had determined to write to James, and tell him I could never marry him, and leaving a letter on my table for you, to disappear from your sight forever. I was thinking how dark and long and weary my life would seem to me, and trying to strengthen my weak and suffering heart, when that blessed letter came. Had it been two days later, I should never have seen it, for I was going to write my letters that very night, and on Monday morning you would have looked for your little Eva in vain."

"God forbid, my child!" said uncle Dan, in great emotion, "the good God above forbid that I should *ever* miss the face and form of my darling from my side. And so you would have forsaken your home and your best friend, and left him to mourn in his desolation for his loss, to sit solitary in his darkened and joyless home, all because of a miserable lie! Oh, Eva! how *could* you have had so little faith in me?"

"Don't, uncle Dan—I am sure I did not want to go, but what could I do? I thought if you loved Miss Horton, I'd rather be gone."

"Loved Miss Horton! Eva, never repeat those words. *How could you help knowing* that you were nearer, far dearer to the heart of uncle Dan than any thing on earth could ever be? I used to wonder that you did not know it, Eva. *How could you lie* so often on my breast, and listen to the quickened beating of my heart, how could you look so calmly in my eyes, and meet my kisses as you did, without betraying *your* secret, or discovering *mine*?"

"I don't know. Oh, we were both very stupid, I think," laughed Eva, all her tears and sad looks flying to the winds, and the joy and sunshine of her glad heart leaping upward to her beautiful face, till she became a radiant creature to look upon—doubly so in the eyes of uncle Dan. "Oh!" said she softly, nestling to his bosom, "I am so glad I am to be *your wife* after all! but I mean to call you 'Uncle Dan' as long as I live."

"So you shall, darling," said the intensely happy man. He folded her closer to his heart, and her shining curls floated lightly over his broad breast. Her fair young face was turned upwards toward his, and the warm, pure *life* of love unutterable, flowed into his soul from the heaven-tinted eyes gazing into his own clear blue orbs. The mysterious influence of love swelled like a sea around them—it entered and *filled* their souls. The lips of the lovers had met too many times to number, but never before in a kiss which seemed so holy, so *soul-given*, as that which joined them *then*, amid the silence and sacredness of that twilight room. * * * *

A letter was despatched to James, stating that Eva had behaved very bravely and forgivingly under her disappointment, and that she earnestly desired him to hasten home, that she might assure him, with her own lips, of her entire submission to the will of Providence in this particular dispensation of sorrow, as well as all others.

And James did return soon, bringing with him a fair-haired English *bride*, whom "from her own bright hearthstone he had won."—Annie Gray, now Annie Williston, was as pleasant and gentle-hearted as Eva herself, but not *one-half* as beautiful. "*Love will go where it is sent.*" Not *always* does the unaccountable thing fly after beauty, or grace, or even goodness, but it "*goes where it is sent,*" and none can hinder it. So the heart of James Williston turned from the peerless and magnificent beauty of Eva Hunter, and rested, with all the fervor and devotion of manhood's love, on the plainer and unpretending Annie Gray. Nor did he ever regret his choice, for Annie was his true partner, an help *meet* for him. His nature and hers could blend harmoniously together, and each derive new beauty from the mystic union. In short, they were to each other just what Eva

was to uncle Dan, and uncle Dan to Eva. They were the *two halves of a whole human being*. Such a union, and *such only*, is marriage in the sight of God and the angels.

Warmly, by her new relations, was gentle Annie welcomed to her new home. Both she and Eva felt, instinctively, that they should love each other very dearly, and be life-long friends. When she was made to understand that the golden-haired and angel-faced young maiden was to be her *aunt*, her surprise was second only to that of her husband. *His* astonishment and joy knew no bounds. He was nearly beside himself, and Eva had to use all her strength to keep him from hugging and kissing and shaking her into "another world," as she declared he was trying to do.

"You see I am not likely to mourn myself to death for you," laughed the malicious gipsey, as soon as she could get out of his grasp.

"Little fishes, in the lake,
Always swim away,
But the larger, one may take
Any time of day."

Where's the fisher would not take leave of *trout* for *salmon's* sake?" sang wicked Eva, shaking her curls and dancing about the room, just as she did when a little girl in pantalettes.

"A pretty one for an aunt to *me* and *my wife*!" said James, trying to look scornful, but finally joining uncle Dan in an uproarious laugh at the antics of the wild creature before them. Annie was greatly amused.

"What a good time I shall have here!" thought she. "Eva is the funniest girl I ever saw in my life."

"You've got to call me '*aunt*,' said Eva, in reply to the exclamation of James. "Yes, *both* of you, and with *you*, sir, I intend to be very severe. I'll make you smart for all your past misdeeds, *see if I don't*, now."

"I think you had better cut off those curls, little girl, before you ascend the throne matrimonial," suggested James.

"No she won't!" broke in uncle Dan. "She shall wear her hair just so, till she is thirty years old. On her thirtieth birth-day she may put them up as other women do, but not before."

And so she wore them, flowing over her white shoulders, on her wedding night, and so she wears them still.

The two happy pair live together in the wide old mansion, and, although children have been given to both families, they have not yet had one feeling that they need two dwellings. There do they live and prosper, and are happy, James and his English Annie, with "charming, darling Eva" and "dear uncle Dan."

FARMER'S NOONDAY HYMN.

~~~~~  
BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.  
~~~~~

Noon is over Earth—the flowers,
Drooping, wait reviving showers ;
And the flocks, to shun the heat,
Seek the forest's cool retreat,
While the sun, with burning eye,
Glares from out a cloudless sky,
And beneath his torrid rays
All the landscape seems ablaze.

From the meadow newly shorn,
Summoned by the blatant horn,
Lo ! the weary reapers haste
To their bounteous repast—
Simple yet delicious fare,
Spread by loving hands with care.
Healthful meats with odorous steam,
Fruits and curds and golden cream—
Water, clear as that which first
From the founts of Eden burst,
Ere along their margin green
Had the serpent's trail been seen—
Such the banquet that invites
Unperverted appetites !

Gathered round our ample board,
Let us thank the loving Lord,
And to Him our prayers uplift,
Giver of each perfect gift,
Who doth all our needs supply,
Pouring bounties from the sky.
Lo ! the wide-extended plain
Sentinelled with sheaves of grain !
Lo ! the hillsides, where the maize
Glimmers in the noonday blaze !
Lo ! the orchards, through whose green
Red and luscious fruits are seen !
Lo ! the vines whose clustered stores
Wait for Autumn's suns and showers !
Prophecies by Nature given—
Pledges of the truth of Heaven
That successive seasons still
Shall His promises fulfill,
And reward, with golden sheaves,
Faith that labors and believes !

Not alone for daily food,
 But for every needed good,
 Trusting Him whose sure supply
 Feeds the ravens when they cry,
 We, in faith, our burdens cast
 On the Love that blessed the past,
 And from thankful hearts, our prayer
 Still invokes a Father's care.

Unto Thee, oh God! alone
 Is the hidden future known,
 But, whatever it may bring,
 Be it joy or suffering,
 Only let Thy Spirit dwell
 In our hearts, and all is well!
 Only let Thy grace sustain,
 Hell shall hurl its shafts in vain,
 Earth in vain its lures essay
 To beguile us from Thy way!

Keep us, Father! by Thy power
 Safe through every changing hour;
 So, when Death, with sickle keen,
 Gathers, Lord! Thy harvests in,
 Ripe for Heaven may we be found,
 Girded by Thy love around,
 Freed from tares of hate and strife,—
 Golden sheaves of endless life!

AFTER hypocrites, the greatest dupes the devil has are those who exhaust an anxious existence in the disappointments and vexations of business, and live miserably and meanly, only to die magnificently and rich. For, like the hypocrites, the only *disinterested* action these men can accuse themselves of, is, that of serving the devil without receiving his wages; for the assumed formality of the one, is not a more effectual bar to enjoyment than the real avarice of the other. He that stands every day of his life behind a counter, until he drops from it into the grave, may negotiate many profitable bargains; but he has made a single bad one, so bad, indeed, that it counterbalances all the rest; for the empty foolery of dying rich, he has paid down his health, his happiness, and his integrity; since a very old author observes, that "as mortar sticketh between the stones, so sticketh fraud between buying and selling." Such a worldling may be compared to a merchant, who should put a rich cargo into a vessel, embark with it himself, and encounter all the perils and privations of the sea, although he was thoroughly convinced beforehand, that he was only providing for a shipwreck, at the end of a troublesome and tedious voyage.

AMY.

BY E. M. FARGO.

THERE is a soul-subduing charm in the rich tones of music, which can unseal the fountains of the inmost heart. A short time since I listened to a song of other days, whose plaintive melody floated around me in the stilly twilight. It was a sweetly mournful air, bringing back to remembrance the half-forgotten scenes and pastimes of early childhood, and a stray waif, with its freight of lights and shadows and hopes and disappointments, came drifting by on the ocean of memory, as the sole relic of those hours that have long been registered in the calendar of eternity.

A quiet sunny vale stretches away before my mind's eye, in the dim distance, with a frolicsome mountain stream winding through its green meadows, where the drooping willow and arching alder cast their shadows "askant the brook," and the wild daisy and buttercup bloom on its borders. The shrill note of the kingfisher blends strangely with the sweet warblings of robin and thrush, producing delightful discord, and over all glows the blue and tranquil sky of the glorious midsummer. That beautiful valley with its wealth of flowers, and its music of birds and streamlets, has called up a thousand memories of light and shade, over which I must dream, before they have flown forever. A face of angelic loveliness appears before me, with eyes so sweetly spiritual in their expression, that we might fancy they belonged to a seraph and not to a being of mortal mould. My little playmate Amy was beautiful, for I remember the pure white brow over which the golden curls so carelessly strayed, and those dreamy blue eyes of melting softness in which I loved to gaze, until my spirit, ever so restless and unsatisfied, seemed partially imbued with the gentle and touching sadness of hers. They told me she was an orphan, and the people with whom she lived did not treat her kindly, but I thought of nothing but happiness, as I rambled with her day after day beside the stream, plucking the daisies and violets, and weaving them into garlands, until the declining sun warned us of the approach of evening. We were often together, for my gentle companion sought every opportunity of escaping from the loud, angry words, which were continually assailing her ears in terms of bitterest reproof for the most trivial fault. How swiftly the hours flew by while seated on the green turf beneath the over-

hanging grape vine, singing our own favorite song, the same which I heard in that calm twilight hour, or listening to the wild, free, and inimitable gushings of melody from the forest warblers, and the soothing murmurs of the rippling waters !

Thus swiftly glide away the dreams of life.

One day I observed Amy looked very sad and pale, while a tear started occasionally in her mild eye, though she tried to smile and play as usual. And when I asked her with childish curiosity why she was so unhappy, I learned that her foster parents had treated her with unbecoming harshness, and for some trifling offence she had been beaten severely. The shadows of night had gathered around us before we separated that evening, and as we gazed upon the "star isled sea of heaven," Amy spoke of her own sweet mother being an inhabitant of some bright world, where there was no sorrow, no sighing, no weeping, and no death. "I saw her last night in my dreams," said she, "and heard her speak to me, while she clasped me in her arms and kissed me so sweetly, just as she used to do, and told me I would soon be with her. Oh, I wish I could go to her now." The first shadow was stealing over my soul, for something whispered that Amy and I would never ramble together again.—The next morning news came that she was very ill. I was permitted to see her, but oh, how changed from the being of yesterday ! Those softly beaming eyes were rolling wildly as she tossed to and fro on her couch in agony, and the delicate veins of her forehead were swollen almost to bursting, with the fever that clouded her brain and burned upon her cheek. She recognized no one, and I returned home weeping bitterly. A few days passed away, and again I stood by her bedside, listening to the short and fitful breathings that came from the bosom of the dying one. The sun was going down in the west, and shone full upon the wasted and bloodless features, on which a sweet and heavenly smile was playing, as if the angel mother were already enfolding her in her arms, to bear her to the spirit land. She turned to me for an instant, and whispered—"Don't cry, I'm going where mother is, good night." The sunny smile still lingered on the beautiful features, but the weary pilgrim of few summers had passed from earth to heaven. Bright angels made the lonely pathway through the dark valley, light and joyous to the little footsteps, and the lovely orphan had found a home where harsh words and cruel blows were unknown, and where she could repose forever in the love-light of a sainted mother's eye.

That evening the moon rose in unclouded splendor, and streamed upon the shining brook with its fringe of willows and alders, where

Amy and I had often wandered ; but the mellow beams had a world of sadness in their dancing light. I watched the pale stars as they looked forth from heaven one by one, and with a yearning look at the pure sky, wondered if some one of those bright spheres were not the abode of her I had loved so dearly. Soon it seemed that one with its faint glimmering, beamed with a lustre like that of Amy's eye, and I fancied she was gazing down upon me from her spirit-home.

My first idol on earth was shattered, but as years came and passed away, it was pleasant to think of my lost flower blooming in the garden of the good Saviour, who loveth children. The form of sweet Amy has long since mouldered to dust—yet, ever as I listen to that melody whose gently flowing strains find an echo in my soul, I think of the playmate of childhood and of the early dead.

UTILITARIANISM.

~~~~~  
BY MYRTA E. WELLS.  
~~~~~

"Or what use is all this, pray tell if you can?"
Said a utilitarian, worldly-wise man,
As he happened to enter a garden of flowers
Breathing fragrance and coolness from blossoms and bowers.
"How many hundred of wheat?—let me see"—
And down went the figures, resulting in three:
"Three hundred dollars here idled in play,
What a shame!"—and he scornfully turned him away.

There are beautiful things in Italia's old halls,
Where the pencil of genius has garnished the walls,
Where fountain and statue and column and dome
Now gild with their magic the ruins of Rome.
But let for a moment cold reason come near,
And see how the merits of art disappear,—
"What folly!" it cries, "this is time spent in vain,
Had it only been saved"—here it sums up the gain!

Oh! how true there are those with a home here on earth,
Who, despising mere beauty, deem wealth, alone, worth:
They'd have markets and wheat-fields the continent o'er,
And think the world never so glorious before.
But for us, while receiving utility's light,
And welcoming all she can bring of the right,
Let us ever remember, in nature or art,
To cherish whatever ennobles the heart.
What glimpses of beauty have prophet and seer
Revealed to our hopes in the heavenly sphere!
And our God, who but prizes all things at their worth,
In His infinite wisdom has beautified Earth!

EXPOSTULATION.

~~~~~  
 BY LUCY LARCOM.  
 ~~~~~

Why do we sigh in June,
 "The roses will not stay;
 The summer winds too soon
 Will bear their bloom away."
 Why let the thought of death
 Creep, worm-like, through the flower?
 Far better in its breath
 Embalm the passing hour.

Why chide the sultry days
 That bring us mist and heat?
 Why groan, when dusty ways
 Do chafe our aching feet?
 The orchards ripen fast
 Beneath the dogday rain,
 And August beams at last
 To gold will turn the grain.

Why, thinking of the dead,
 Should earth seem drear as night?
 What gardener, sowing seed,
 Would mourn it, out of sight?
 Why, looking onward, see
 Our years o'ergrown with ills?
 Faith conquers destiny;
 It is despair that kills.

Why weakly dread to live?
 Why darkly fear to die?
 Each hour to truth we give,
 Writes our eternity.
 If love inspire our song,
 And duty strike the tune,
 Life cannot be too long;
 Death cannot come too soon.

Falsehood, like a drawing in perspective, will not bear to be examined in *every* point of view, because it is a good imitation of truth, as a perspective is of the reality, only in *one*. But truth, like that reality, of which the perspective is the representation, will bear to be scrutinized in *all* points of view, and though examined under every situation, is one and the same.

PHYSICAL DISCIPLINE.

~~~~~  
BY DELIA DAYTON.  
~~~~~

IN the days of chivalry, when renown waited on the strong arm and brawny chest, we find that strict attention was paid to gymnastic exercises, as the means of developing the muscular powers. The hardy warriors, who performed those deeds of renown, at Thermopyle and Carthage, when the art of war consisted more in physical prowess than artifices, were indebted to the gymnasium and the bath for their wonderful power of endurance.

Among the Spartans active exercise entered into the education of the youth of both sexes. They considered it the foundation of mental as well as bodily vigor; and their ladies, so celebrated for dignity of manner and purity of character, were early instructed in those exercises suited to their age and sex, and were finally admitted to dispute the prize in many of their ancient games.

The field of Olympia was to the Greeks the most sacred enclosure of the gods, and became the resort of the most distinguished votaries of every art and science. The candidates for the strife in these athletic exercise, were inured and fitted by the most severe training. History informs us that the greatest heroes of antiquity thought it glorious to share in those games, and meritorious to succeed in them. They were as ancient as the earliest records of those nations, and were introduced, with honors annexed to them, in order to promote health and physical agility—which serve to aid the intellect and lay the basis for the exercise of exalted virtues.

A sad decline has taken place in the physical condition of man.—He is rapidly becoming a degenerate race. Disease, with blighting power, sweeps over the earth, selecting its victims from all ages and conditions. A large proportion of the human family are suffering under the influence of maladies transmitted for generations, or which they have themselves induced. The laws of our being have long been violated, and we are enduring the penalty—sickness and pain.

In order to enjoy that harmonious existence for which we were formed, health must be more highly prized—that precious boon of heaven—and its attainment duly regarded. A reform in the habits of all, especially the females of our land, is ardently to be desired. The ladies of England, who exercise much in the open air, and often

walk several miles in their rambles among the beauties of nature, have set an example worthy of imitation. Could the frail and delicate American lady, who immures herself in the closely-shaded drawing-room, be induced to seek daily, and in proper abundance, the influence of the pure atmosphere, and the cheerful light of heaven, she would ere long be repaid by a serenity of mind, and physical vigor of which she has long been deprived. A celebrated philosopher has wisely said, that "we should not have any respect to pleasure, but only to the preservation of health and strength, in our food, clothes, and other conveniences belonging to the body."

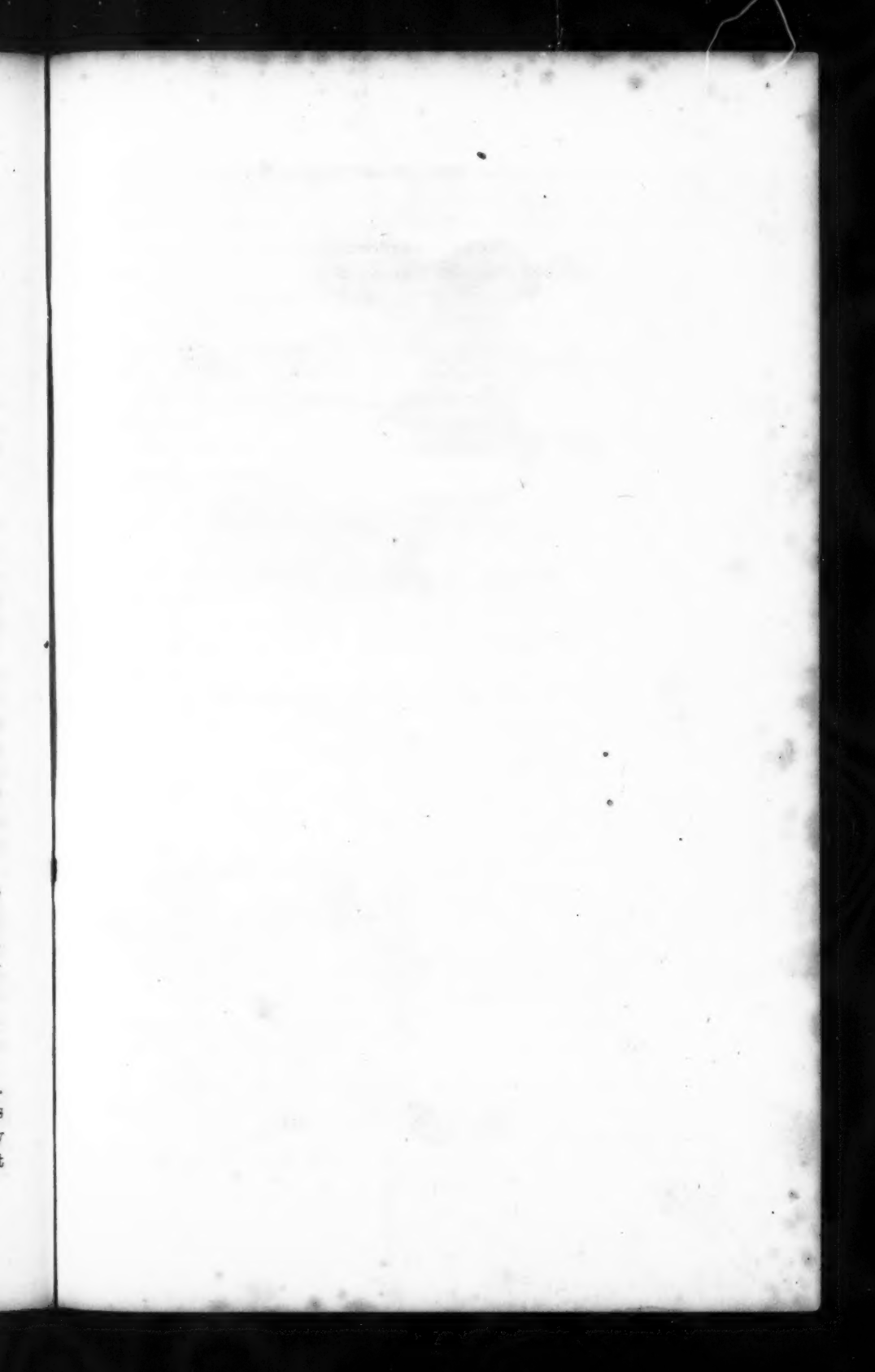
Too little regard is paid to physical discipline, in connection with mental cultivation. The constant sympathy and intimate relation existing between the corporeal and mental organs, render it important that the physical powers, in a corresponding manner, be developed and strengthened, in order that they may be able to sustain the excitement of the intellectual faculties.

Disregard of these laws has produced alarming results—has increased the number of those unfortunate victims of insanity, and laid the foundation of premature decay in many a promising youth, who otherwise might long have adorned the social circle, and proved a blessing to the world.

All the faculties and powers of mind and body are given to be developed, by proper exercise. It is not the latent power which proves available, but that which is brought into service. By disuse, the faculty or power remains dormant, and at length the use is lost—thus destroying the harmony of the system. The highest passions of the soul, by the exercise of which all the elevation of our nature is promoted, in like manner demand activity: and by wisely directing them, may we be able to fulfil our allotted destiny.

We were not placed on the stage of life, to dream the precious hours away, but to be actors: not resting supinely in the bower of ease; but we are "to be noble, exalted souls, wedded to pure, strong, and healthy bodies," making constant advancement toward a limitless perfection.

Relations take the greatest liberties, and give the least assistance. If a stranger cannot help us with his purse, he will not insult us with his comments; but with relations, it mostly happens that they are the veriest misers with regard to their property, but perfect prodigals in the article of advice.



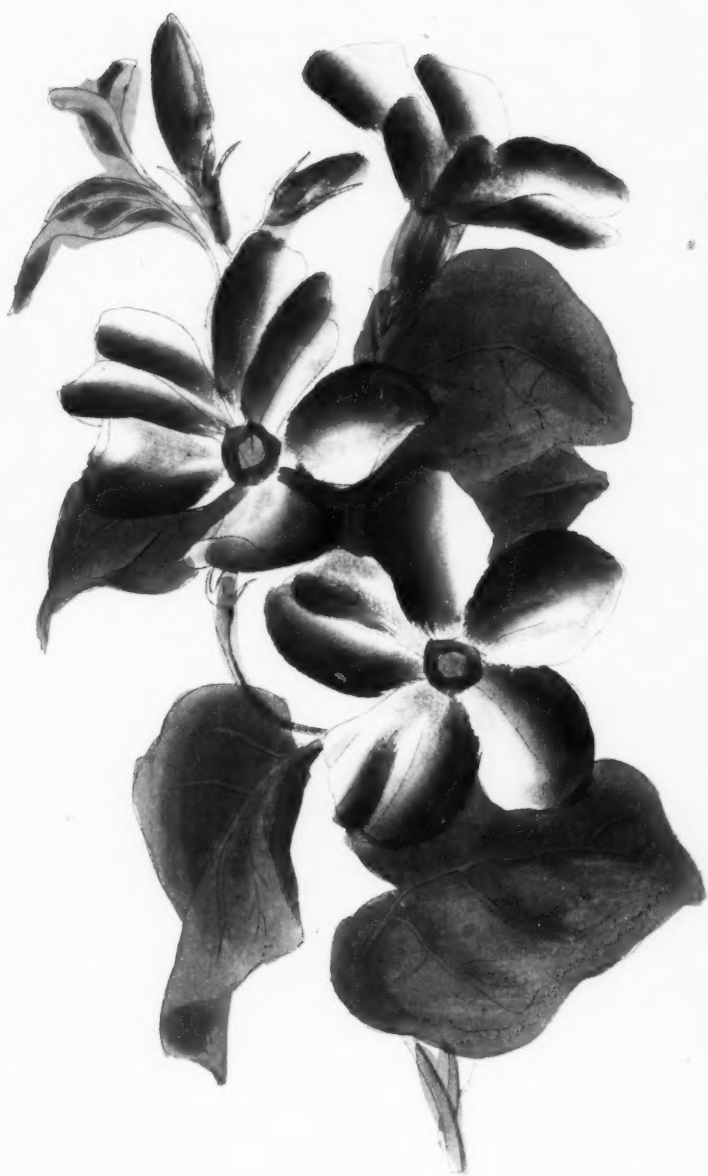


Eng. by J. B. Forrest

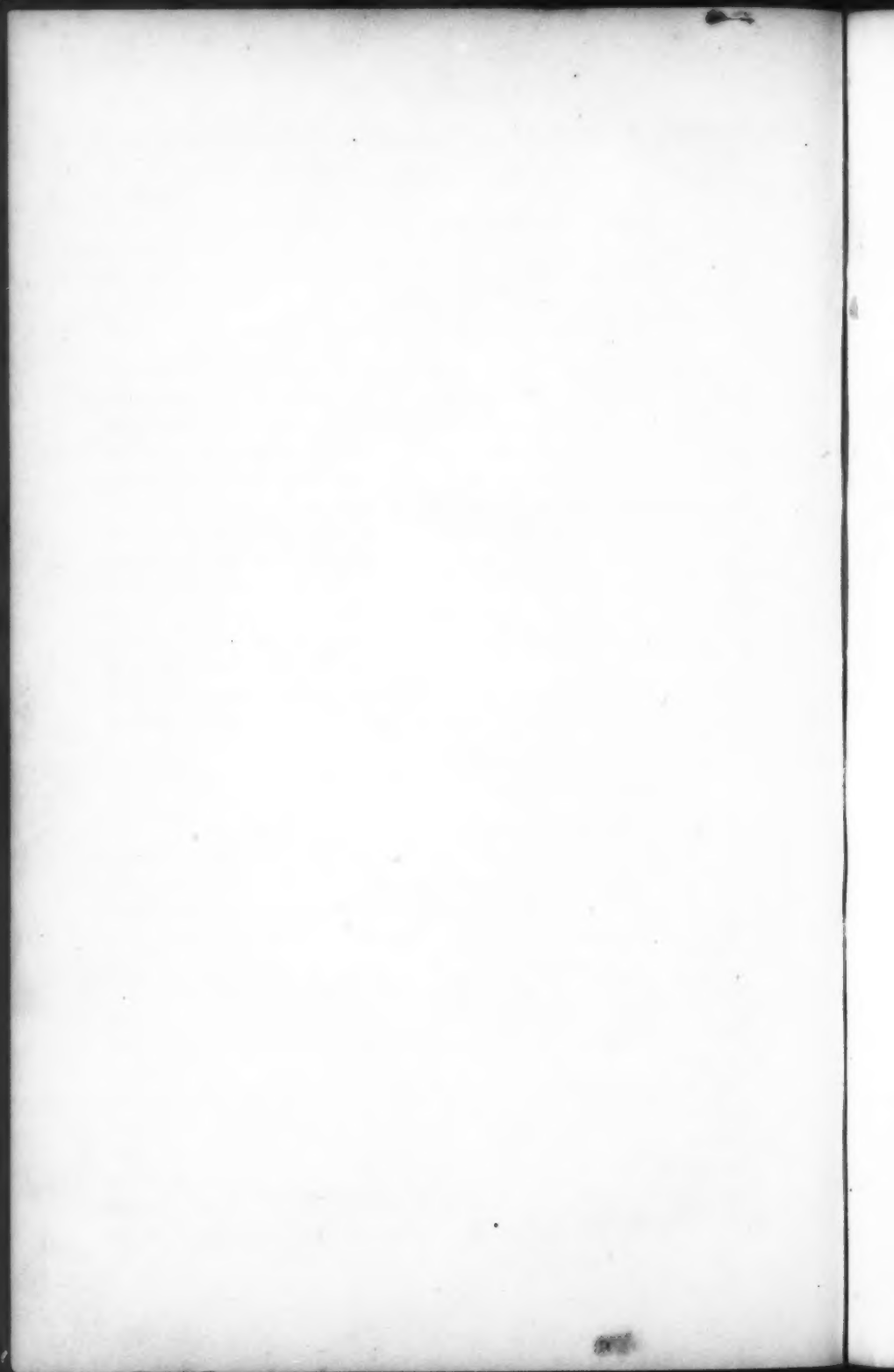
The Wedding

The Wedding





Periwinkle



THE WEDDING:

OR, GRACE BERNARD.

[See Engraving.]

~~~~~  
BY MARY.  
~~~~~

"I WILL write a Journal," said Gracie to herself, half aloud, apparently arriving at this conclusion, as the result of a long reverie in which she had unconsciously fallen. She had been wandering through the garden, and choosing from its rich profusion of June blossoms, her basket full of floral pets; and she tripped eagerly up the garden-walk across the piazza, and in at the wide hall door.

The basket with its fragrant burden was set upon the table, and she ran away up stairs to the library. Going to her own bookcase, she took down an old blank book, and cutting out a few leaves which had been written over, ensconced herself comfortably in the window-seat. Her heart was full of fancies, and the pencil did not linger upon the paper, but as she went on, her face saddened and brightened alternately, with every shade of feeling, whose confession she traced upon the page. Just as she paused, her father entered the library.

"What are you doing, Gracie?" he inquired.

"Writing in my Journal."

"And of what use is that to be?"

"Oh," she answered playfully, "to keep all the secrets I don't wish to tell you, papa!" Grace was suddenly grave. She had spoken lightly; her truthful conscience told her, there was no slight tinge of reality in what she said. Her father did not notice it, but replied—

"Then will you please inform your imaginary *confidante*, that a certain thoughtless young friend has left her flower-basket below, while her sweet buds have been withering from neglect, for a long hour past."

The book was shut in an instant, and penitent Grace hastened to atone for the mischief. Her loving fingers grouped the flowers with intuitive taste, and, nestled in green leaves, they were speedily distributed to their stations. A few of the rarest, moss-rose buds, heliotrope and sweet violets, were last arranged, and Grace carried them to her father, whispering, "I am contrite now, papa, do let

these flowers plead for me. See ! actual tears in their dewy eyes !” He took the gift and kissed the giver, and she knew she was freely pardoned.

Why did the warble of Gracie’s gay song, so often, as on this morning, end in a half-hour’s sober musing ? And why had Grace resolved upon journalizing ? Grace herself could not have told the true reason ; and we must search a little into the record of her past life before we shall be able to account for either present or future developments.

Grace Bernard was an only child, and the sole remaining tie to earthly love, that bound her father’s heart. Her mother had died when she was young, so young that Grace remembered little except the devoted affection which had left a deathless impress on her heart, and the daily prayer, which her mother’s teaching had made familiar to her lips, and by means of which a Divine Influence had sanctified her spirit.

The faithful old housekeeper was now Gracie’s foster-mother ; and Mr. Bernard, whose business had called him much abroad, arranged to transact it by correspondence, and retired to the village home, which he had purchased as a retreat for his wife in her failing health.

Gracie’s intellectual advantages were limited to occasional instruction by her father, and, to what was far more influential in her progress, a varied and extensive course of reading. Books were her companions, her recreation,—and her youthful memory treasured from them large stores of knowledge.

Mr. Bernard became at last sensible that Grace needed more systematic training, and, anxious at the same time to improve the means of public instruction, he secured as teacher in the village school, a young collegian of high literary standing, but whose health impaired by too close application, together with his limited means, compelled him to suspend study and seek some such situation.

Gracie’s sympathy in his misfortunes, of which the world knew nothing, strengthened her interest in one who gained an uncommon hold upon the affection of all his pupils. Mr. Grant, attracted at first by her docility, then by her rapid mental development, and feeling a great debt of obligation to her father, bestowed no ordinary attention upon her culture. The result was, that teacher and scholar, were soon united by a friendship, which on Gracie’s part amounted to actual veneration. Mr. Bernard wondered at the intellectual maturity she was acquiring in so brief a period, and his gratitude was only less strong than Gracie’s.

Thus when the school term closed, and Mr. Grant's contract for one year's services expired, Grace was in her sixteenth year, and unconsciously growing into rare beauty both of mind and feature. But her feelings, her affections, and manners still seemed those of childhood. Only a month had passed, since the end of school, and Grace grew day by day increasingly lonely. It was this which had weighed upon her thoughts in the morning, and of which she had complained in her journal. Going to her room at night, she took up the book, and glanced over the record.

She had written, "I cannot understand it. With all the new enjoyment I have discovered in books, I ought to need less, instead of more society than a year ago. My father and I are surely one in heart, so deep, and pure is our affection. Perhaps my absorbing studies for three months past, have separated our channels of thought. No, that cannot be, for has he not appreciated my progress and encouraged me with the closest sympathy?"

Here a leaf fell from between the pages of the book, and she read as she took it from the floor:—

"Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel-dream, pass'd o'er him.
He carved it then, on the shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision.
In heaven's own light the sculptor shone,
He had caught the angel-vision!

Sculptors in life, are we, as we stand
With *our souls, uncarved*, before us;
Waiting the hour when at God's command,
Our life-dream shall pass o'er us.
If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own—
Our lives that angel-vision!"

It was in Mr. Grant's writing, quoted for her upon a slip of paper, in answer to a question she had asked the day before he went away: "what shall I do when school is closed?"

Grace took up her pencil and wrote rapidly under her first entry. "I have found a clue to the mystery. I am idle, when I should be earnestly laboring to shape my life for some high aim. I will begin study with my father, to-morrow." And having *promised something* to the yearning which was so restless in her heart, Gracie slept peacefully.

With Grace, as far as outward action was concerned, the will was signal for the deed; and she immediately commenced the course

which her decision had suggested. Her firm resolve, and strong love of learning kept her steadily to her purpose ; yet her faithful journal had frequent reason to suspect, that some charm, which had drawn Grace to her student-life, was wanting.

But this was to be a year of events to Grace, a year of eras ; each as it came, " casting its shadow before," and eclipsing its predecessor. One night Gracie's journal-page was blotted thick with tears. " My father is very ill : I fear ——." Gracie's fear—the fear she had no power to name, was too truly prophetic. Her tender watching, that knew no weariness, her devoted love which accepted no respite—a hope that wrestled with, and almost conquered that fatal fear,—were quite in vain. Kind friends came and buried the dead, and her father's brother, named in his will as her guardian, took her to his city home.

Grace said farewell to the sweet spot, which was now so sad, so dear. To the library, whence her father's footsteps still seemed to echo ; the garden, which had garlanded so many years of happy childhood ; the climbing roses that latticed the piazza, and were never content with climbing, until they had peeped in at her chamber window :—she looked out from that window thrice at parting, saying to herself each time, " Once more, only once more." And when the last elm tree on the right, and the last maple on the left, had dismissed her from the avenue, Grace felt that all those golden clasps which linked the sacred past, to her present and actual life, were undone.

No ! *not every one*. That instant the old school-house came in sight ; there was still a pulse of human love, beating fast and full at her heart. Grace understood this now, and for the first time consciously acknowledged it. Her sorrow had quickened and deepened the current of her being. She was no longer a child. Her memory went swiftly back to another scene, when Mr. Grant had stood here, warmly shaking her father's hand, and quietly holding her own, while he said : " You have been much to me, Grace—I cannot believe, that we are never to meet again." And her father had answered with frank feeling : " No sir, no. I trust Heaven will kindly ordain otherwise." Gracie looked out the carriage window again, at the familiar picture fast receding, and reproved her wandering thoughts with a sigh.

For six months Gracie had been tenderly cherished in her new home. Her uncle was a man of quick and generous sensibilities. She had always been his favorite ; she was even more so, now, and

her aunt's delicate appreciation of her feelings, read her wants and supplied them, almost before she was conscious of them. Her cousins Carrie and Annie, were merry-hearted girls, and their cheerful spirit sometimes won Grace to a moment's gaiety. But those were transient gleams of sunshine.

" Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and swim away."

She spoke freely and calmly of her father, and her own orphanage. His mind, she said, framed to grasp the largest and loftiest themes, was yet with all its dignity, patient of tedious investigation, and so readily condescending to simplest investigations for her sake. And his noble heart ! her memory of him was a *proud*, a blessed memory, and her sorrow unrepining.

So the months wore on. But when Summer came again, the hazel of Gracie's eye was still deepened by a shadow, and there was a plaintive touch in her voice which her watchful aunt noticed with frequent anxiety.

One evening in July, the family circle was formed in the library,—all talking except uncle George, who was absorbed in the evening paper, and Grace who sat more than usually silent with her hand gently resting on her auntie's. A letter was brought in for Annie. "From Charles?" enquired her mother. Annie read a line or two, and announced—

"Charley is coming home to-morrow, and promises to bring his college-chum, Ned, with him." "He is a splendid fellow, Grace," interrupted Carrie. "A perfect genius and a perfect gentleman. Handsome too—dark hair, dark flashing eyes, a rich voice, perfectly fascinating in conversation—and then so politely reserved, that it keeps one in a delightful state of agitation, as to whether"—

"What is it?" asked her father, disturbed by Carrie's animated eulogium. Anne read again—"Commencement is over. Edward Grant is coming home with me for the vacation, in order to escape endless congratulations, here. He has graduated 'with the highest honors,' kindly vacating the station, which your humble servant hopes to distinguish another year. We shall be with you the day after to-morrow."

Why did Grace withdraw her trembling hand lest it should betray her? The most secret shrine of Gracie's love, had long held a hidden portrait, and now it was suddenly drawn forth to light.

"Audacious youth!" said Carrie, commenting on Charley's letter as she handed it to her mother. Mrs. Bernard inspecting the date, cried,

"Why, Anne, they are to be here to-night!"

A ring at the door bell echoed her words. Anne ran out, and with an exclamation of delight, returned with the two travelers. A single look at *one of the guests* satisfied Grace. She felt her self-possession fast forsaking her, and was availing herself of the excitement of the family greetings to slip from the room. But Carrie brought her back, saying "Cousin Grace—my brother Charley—Mr. Grant." The latter gentleman bowed cordially. He did not know her! Grace was calm again; and in a few moments trusted herself to look up, but met a scrutinizing glance from "those handsome eyes." Mr. Grant relieved her embarrassment by enquiring—

"Am I to be allowed the favor of saying 'Cousin Grace?'"

"No," said Carrie. "You will be condemned to the formality of Miss Bernard."

Edward Grant was silent. Could that be *his* "*Grace Bernard?*" Yes. There was the same exquisitely chiseled face, the rich brown ringlets shading it—the soft brown eyes lighting it—the same fragile gracefulness of form, only more symmetry. Strange that her mourning habit should have so disguised her—

The spectators were puzzled. Mr. Grant resolved the mystery.

"I think I may claim the privileged title, after all," he said. "Miss Bernard and I are old friends—is it not so?" Grace assented.

In that long questioning gaze of recognition, the company had read only surprise. Grace saw—"I'll not tell what!"

When Grace laid her happy head upon her pillow that night, some sweet-singing bird, or perhaps Grace herself, whispered to her heart, something which deepened the tint of her cheek, even in the dark. But "we are none of us responsible for what we say in sleep," thought Grace, and she ingeniously contrived to persuade herself that she must have been dreaming.

Reader, a public *denouement* always shocks us. Can you not imagine a wooing—a successful one? And then "a wedding," at which our Grace wears bridal veil and orange wreath, and is lovelier than ever before? And we shall be content to hear her speak the marriage vow, when the bridegroom is no other than her heart's chosen, Edward Grant!

He that can enjoy the intimacy of the great, and on no occasion disgust them with familiarity, or disgrace himself by servility, proves that he is as perfect a gentleman by nature, as his companions are by rank.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

BY MRS. J. WEBB.

ONE evening wet and weary, came Friendship to my door,
And begged for shelter from the storm—Id' sheltered him before;
A piteous look he gave me, and asked in accents mild,
If his companion I'd admit, a tender, harmless child.

I stirred the dying embers, and soon the faggot blazed;
I spread my frugal table, the wine their spirits raised:
For Friendship a soft couch I made, and ere he sunk to rest—
The urchin, his companion, thus his thanks to me expressed:

"Dear ma'am," lisped he, in accents
So winning, soft and sweet,
"If not saved by your kindness,
I had perished at your feet;
I pray accept my warmest thanks,
For ne'er was bounty cast
On heart that more could feel its force,
Or where 'twill longer last."

I stroked his flaxen ringlets,
And kissed his snowy brow—
"You are welcome, pretty child," I said,
"No thanks to me you owe."
Then first I saw the urchin had
A quiver by his side:
And with good store of arrows, too,
That quiver was supplied.

I started at a sight so strange,
And begged their use to know:
"They are arrows, ma'am," he archly said
"And this, this is my bow.
I hid it 'neath my cloak, ma'am,
Lest it some harm should get,
And much I fear the bow is spoiled—
For see, the string is wet!"

"But if to all your kindness, ma'am,
You'd add one favor more,
I'd beg to try just if my bow
Is good as 'twas before."
And ere I could reply to him,
He pulled, and sped the dart;
"You've hit me, little wretch!" I cried
"I feel it in my heart."

"Compose yourself, dear ma'am," said he
 "I'll hie me to my rest."
 "And I," I said, "will pour my woes
 Into kind Friendship's breast."
 Then quick to Friendship's couch I flew,
 To tell him my despair;
 But, ah! I found that he had fled,
 And Love alone was there.

OUR LIFE.

~~~~~  
 BY JOHN ADAIR.  
 ~~~~~

How like our life the seasons are!
 Childhood, like Spring, bounds gladly gay!
 And e'en its tear-drops, free from care,
 Vary the charms of each brief day.
 'Tis then Hope beams with promise bright,
 And strews our path with blooming flowers,
 Sheds o'er our hearts her cheerful light,
 Plants seeds that grow in future hours.

Summer, like Youth, its beauties yields!
 Unfolds the buried germs of Spring!
 Covers with flowers or weeds the fields,
 And its own early fruits 'twill bring.
 Then dream we not of Life's dire woes,
 How it of joy may yet be shorn;
 How Pleasure colors like the rose
 And yet developes many a thorn.

Autumn appears! 'Tis Manhood's prime!
 Yielding its certain, bounteous store,
 Shows, ripened by perfecting Time,
 Whate'er has filled our lives before.
 The teeming harvest then is shown!
 The gorgeous bloom of active Youth—
 The choking tares of *follies* sown,
 Or golden fruits of early Truth.

Winter, like old Age, comes at last,
 With raging storms and frosts made drear,
 Covers with snowy shroud the Past,
 The good and ill of all the year.
 And as we totter to the tomb,
 May we record but well spent hours,
 That memories of them may bloom
 Pure, holy, amaranthine flowers.

OUR FIRST DONATION VISIT.

BY MRS. SOLOMON POUNDTEXT.

"Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may."

MACBETH.

I HAD found a new home in the great Mississippi Valley—in a small but flourishing and pleasant village, growing up so rapidly, that if confined by a cold to the house but for one week, you were sure to lose sight of the old landmarks, by reason of the multitude of new dwellings that had sprung up like mushrooms in a night.—It was a *fast* place—not in the good old dictionary sense of the term, implying stability, fixedness—but in the modern acceptation, which denotes rapidity of movement. Every thing seemed to go by steam. Families moved into town and out again, before I had learned even their names, and the whole town, to my sober Eastern vision, resembled a vast kaleidoscope with ever-shifting views.

"Husband," I said one day, "we must call on our friends the Gaylords, in their beautiful new house," of which, by the way, they had just taken possession.

"My dear," replied Mr. Poundtext, with a quiet smile, "you are quite behind the times. Mr. Gaylord sold his new house a week ago, and is now living in the old Welton place again."

I had been accustomed to suppose that people built and furnished houses for their own comfort and accommodation, but in these western towns they are built and occupied only to render them more saleable; and one woman assured me she never expected to live more than a fortnight in a new house, having gone through the process of taking possession and leaving, eight different tenements already. Every thing a man possesses is understood to be in the market, and if he does not sell wife and children, it is only because these commodities are at a discount, and no bidders can be found.

For a time, this state of things interested and amused me, but I soon wearied of the perpetual whirl, and began to look back with a wistful feeling toward the rising sun, when I was roused by the intimation that we were to have a great donation visit, as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made. Now I had never known by actual experience what such a visit was—but it was connected in

my mind with floating ideas of domestic comfort and abundance—of kegs of butter and lard, barrels of flour and sugar, juicy hams and fat turkeys—to say nothing of woolen stockings for husband and children, pieces of cloth for family use, and possibly a new dress and hat for the minister's lady. With these and various other items confusedly mingled together in my brain, I listened to the intelligence with great satisfaction, for somehow, the amount of our income and of our annual expenditure, never could, by any coaxing, be made to square exactly—and the assistance to be derived from a donation visit, was therefore of consequence to us.

How pleased and conscious I felt, though I tried hard not to look so, when the announcement was made from the pulpit, that on the Thursday following, the friends of the Rev. S. Poundtext were invited to make him a donation visit, in the name of Mr. A., B. and C., and Mrs. D., E. and F., comprising about twenty of the principal persons of the church and congregation. As I passed little knots of men and women gathered together, on my way home, I fancied they were all talking of the projected visit, and felt grateful for the kindness that was thus devising liberal things for us.

On Monday morning all was in commotion at the parsonage. The whole house, from garret to cellar, was to pass under review on the great day, and fitting places of deposit must be found for my expected treasures—so we had in fact a house-cleaning, though as a good housekeeper, I was bound not to recognize it as such, since it was not the orthodox season for that Saturnalia. I was rather tired on Wednesday night, and my children, who had been sadly in the way all the week, were peevish and restless, but the looked for to-morrow was to make amends for all.

I expected, as a thing of course, that the committee of arrangements would make their appearance early on Thursday, to prepare for the guests of the afternoon and evening, as I had been especially requested to give myself no trouble about it, but the hours flew by, and no one came. Our early dinner was over, and I begun to despair of seeing any one, when young Mrs. Grant came, with her bright and blooming face breaking upon us like a sunbeam, and loaded with all sorts of delicacies for the table, which was to be spread in the study, and at which all were expected to find in turn their places during the evening. The plot now thickened fast. Baskets and hampers came pouring in, filled with delicious cakes, snowy biscuit, cold ham and tongue, and pots of golden butter, all of which, as they were intended for immediate consumption, I looked upon in my verdancy, as only the preliminaries to the business proper of the

afternoon. Good Deacon Myers and his wife drove up, in their large wagon, out of which came an immense covered basket, which was seized by a member of the lady committee, and its contents transferred to the pantry, already loaded with contributions for the supper-table. Mr. Bryant next made his appearance, smiling like May, as he deposited a paper of sugar on the table, while he made the agreeable to the ladies who were commencing their preparations for the coming feast. As the table was in constant requisition, and the ladies were all busy elsewhere, I ventured in defiance of etiquette to empty the sugar into my sugar-basket, but as I was preparing to leave the kitchen some time afterward, I was startled by the voice of Mr. Bryant, blandly inquiring whether any one had seen a package laid by him on the table, an hour or two previous? I wondered at the question, but with some secret misgivings, confessed my share in the matter. "Why, ma'am," he exclaimed, rather warmly, "I was a carryin' that sugar home to my woman. I couldn't afford to give you that, no how." I was at that moment

"The cynosure of neighboring eyes,"

most certainly, though not exactly in the poet's sense of the phrase. With a meekness that ought to have disarmed criticism, I proceeded to rectify the mistake, measuring out the sugar again, while Mr. Bryant stood by during the operation, kindly telling me when I had transferred nearly a pound of my own, to the paper containing his—"There, ma'am, that'll do; I don't want to be too close with the minister."

Somewhat chagrined at this failure of my first attempt to gather in the sheaves, I retreated to the parlor, and tried to entertain the good people there assembled, but conversation flagged, and but for the new arrivals, which were now very frequent, the spirit of dulness would have reigned over this part of the scene. My husband was away—for, having been told early in the afternoon, of several ladies who would gladly come if sent for, his services, with those of our faithful Grey, were in requisition to bring the missing individuals, every one of whom, as I afterward learned, came empty handed to the house.

I had been absent from the kitchen an hour or more, when the full-moon face of Gerty, my German girl, appeared at the door, so full of trouble, that I saw at once something was going wrong in her premises.

"Indeed and indeed, ma'am," she exclaimed, as soon as we were alone, "you never saw nothin' like the way the kitchen's in. Those

women are a ransackin' everywhere like mad, and they're usin' our tea, for they didn't bring enough of their own, and nothin' would serve 'em but your very best damask table-cloth, bad luck to 'em ! and now they've gone and taken some of our mangoes to put on the table. I told 'em they couldn't have them pickles, but they made as if they never heard me, and they'll use 'em all up."

Now these mangoes were the work of my own hands, and moreover they were really a little out of the ordinary, so I sympathised with poor Gerty in her unwillingness to have them thus summarily disposed of, *pro bono publico*. "What can you do?" I inquired—"I give the matter up to you, and you may save them if you can."

Thus empowered, Gerty walked back to the kitchen, took up the large jar in her arms, and without saying a word, carried off the pickles with a look of defiance, to some safe hiding place, where, as she said, no committee-woman could find them.

Shortly after this little episode, Mr. and Mrs. Green arrived, bringing with them their guest, and my sweet young favorite, Bell Carleton. The moment she entered the house, everything seemed changed, as if by magic. She had a kind word and sunny smile for all, and as she glided about, managed, without appearing in the least degree forward or intrusive, to place every one on the best terms with his neighbor and himself. Often as I had admired her beauty and grace, they never shone so conspicuously as on this occasion, when her varied talents were all called out by the numberless demands made upon her. How my heart thanked the dear girl, as she soothed my little tired and fretful Jamie, who had been crammed with cake all the afternoon, until he was quite feverish, and was still begging for more, till attracted by Bell's sweet voice, he listened to her stories, and soon forgot his troubles in the deep sleep of happy childhood. She was repeating the process for the benefit of an elder brother, when our kind and good Dr. Lindsay entered the room, and I had the pleasure of introducing to each other the two friends I most valued in M. I am not a match-maker—heaven forbid !—nor anything like it, having always believed that the man or woman who requires assistance in such matters is hardly worth the trouble, but I own I had often thought that if Dr. Lindsay, who is a most excellent and talented, though eccentric bachelor, should take a fancy to Bell Carleton, and if Bell Carleton could be made to like Dr. Lindsay, it would be an admirable thing for both. I was therefore quite willing to leave them together as I obeyed Gerty's second signal, and listened to a fresh outpouring of complaints. Poor Gerty ! She could not be made to understand that

on that day, cellar, pantry, closet and kitchen were common property, and her astonishment was only equalled by her indignation, as she saw all her defences swept away, and her culinary arrangements laid open to public inspection.

"They may call it what they please, ma'am, a *donation* visit or anything else, but to my mind it's little you'll get of all them fine things. They just come to make a great time for themselves, and they'll eat up all they bring, and more too. But the folks won't need much sugar in their coffee to-night, for there's young Mat Lyons round after Miss Sophy like her shadow, and when she stoops to look into the coffee boiler, what does he do but put his arm round her and kiss her. Such sweet looks must be better nor sugar in the coffee, any how. There's that Mrs. Ransom—she's a real lady. She goes right ahead, doing whatever's to be done, without ordering me like a dog, or meddling or making at all—but Miss Sophy and them Miss Manns, are enough to drive a body mad."

The supper passed off, I suppose, much as other great suppers do. There was crowding, and scrambling, and eating, and drinking, at first soberly and decorously done, while the elders of the company filled the long tables, and when the young people took their places at the well-spread board; though there was of course abundance of jesting and mirth, there was nothing said or done exceeding the bounds of propriety. We had a pleasant evening—and while Bell Carleton played and sang in her own exquisite style, there was stillness through the rooms, and I saw Dr. Lindsay turn away to hide the emotion he could not repress. When Bell left the piano, Helen Arnot was urged to play, and as she is known to pride herself for her musical talent, I was surprised to hear her utterly refuse, and only yield when my husband took her hand, and led her to the instrument. As soon as she was seated, she called on the friend who accompanied her, for a roll of music she had brought—thus proving conclusively that she had expected to play, and would probably have been greatly disappointed if the company had taken her at her word, and passed her by in the list of performers. *Query.*—Why is it that young ladies require so much urging, to induce them to exhibit accomplishments which in most cases are acquired solely for the purpose of display? Leaving this question to be settled by nicer casuists than myself, I proceed with my reminiscences.

The three Misses Myers, who have been termed by the village wag, the Three Graces, were very conspicuous on this occasion, with pink streamers and corn-colored dresses, made so very low on the shoulders, that a little girl said innocently to one of them, "Miss

Sophy, your dress is coming off; shall I put a pin in it?" The look which answered her, was happily not understood by the childish questioner, or she might have been annihilated. Miss Kitty, the eldest, sailed about most complacently, attended by her mature lover, who six months ago followed to the grave the mother of his five children. Kitty Myers is just nineteen, and not long since, when asked if she did not shrink from the responsible station she was about to assume, she answered with a complacent simper, "Oh, I never think any thing about the children—it is not them I am going to marry, but their father." Poor things! They have since learned that though their father may have obtained a wife, they have not found a mother. I heard her address a lady who, during the evening entered the room where she officiated as mistress of ceremonies, "Will you take a seat here, ma'am, or will you circulate among the company?" The lady with a smile declined the honor of becoming a circulating medium, and took the proffered seat.

"I think Dr. Lindsay seems to be enjoying himself first-rate," whispered Mrs. Myers, whose eyes and ears were always on the alert to collect intelligence. My glance followed hers, and I was delighted to see the good Doctor, who until now has always held the whole tribe of young girls in abhorrence, talking with Bell Carleton so earnestly, that he had forgotten his favorite unities of time and place, and was drawing on himself a whole shower of indignant looks and speeches. Bell was evidently regarded by the unappropriated ladies present as an arrant poacher, for they looked on the Doctor as the property of the town, and though in their own expressive language he had proved a "hard customer," still while he remained a bachelor, there was hope that his hand, with a handsome house and comfortable fortune in it, might be extended to some one of them. And now—that a little Buckeye girl should attempt to bear off the prize—it was not to be tolerated, and those who would have been at deadly feud with each other as rivals, were willing to make common cause against a common foe. Bell was accordingly called off on some pretence by Miss Emily Skinner, a juvenile maiden of some thirty-five or forty, who fluttered about in the extreme of fashionable dress and manner, and with an affectation of girlish simplicity quite wonderful in its way—while the Doctor was seized upon by Sophy Myers, and carried off in triumph to the kitchen.

This little by-play amused me so much, that I was surprised to find the evening almost spent, and our guests preparing to take their leave. By eleven, the last laggard had departed, and we pro-

ceeded to take a survey of the premises, and learn the extent of *our* good fortune. The committee of arrangements had disappeared with the rest of the company, without waiting to ascertain the amount brought in, and I noticed early in the evening that our kind friend, Mr. Lyon, had silently laid aside the memorandum book in which he had been making entries, without resuming it again.

Our first visit was made to the study, but what a sight met our eyes, as we entered that retired and usually quiet sanctum. A "banquet hall deserted," is never a pleasant spectacle, but the dire confusion that reigned there can hardly be conceived. As my eye wandered over the chaos of glass, china, plate, and broken fragments of the feast, it was caught by a stain nearly as black as ink, of more than a yard square, on my best damask fable-cloth. A large pitcher of strong coffee had been spilt upon it, and the warm liquid had brought out some latent stain from the old mahogany counter which did duty as a table, thus saturating the snowy cloth with a preparation that we found to possess most of the properties of indelible ink. It had evidently come there to stay, and while I sighed over my loss, I heard Gerty's voice exclaiming—

"Do look here, ma'am, and see what has happened to our tea-pot!"

There it was, indeed, my nice Britannia tea-pot, one of the best of its kind, with the bottom melted off, and thus robbed of its fair proportions, and reduced to a shapeless, dumpy nondescript, looking, as it sat, or rather reclined on the salver, like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage—itself a monument of fallen greatness. I beg pardon of the stern old Roman for the freedom of the comparison, but indeed I mean no reflection on his memory, for the tea-pot was truly respectable in its own way, and had perhaps contributed as much to the welfare of society as any old Roman of them all.

Somewhat saddened by this second domestic calamity, I attempted to collect my scattered spoons, and found several missing, and though four of them were discovered by Gerty the next morning in the drain, where they had been inadvertently thrown the evening before, by some of the improvised cup-bearers, two of the deserters never came back.

"Never mind," said my husband, soothingly; "accidents like these must be expected. Such large parochial parties can hardly pass off without some little drawbacks to mar the enjoyment"—and, though the good man's tongue did not utter it, his eyes said, "We shall find ourselves much more than repaid for these trivial losses."

As I entered the pantry, though there was a profusion of bread,

biscuit, and plain cake, strewed over the shelves, I saw not one of those rolls of golden butter, which in anticipation had flitted so temptingly before my mind's eye. There were no packages of tea or sugar, no barrels of flour, none of those numberless et ceteras, minute yet essential, which I had supposed to be the usual accompaniments of such a visit. A small pan of lard stood in one corner, alone in its glory—and two small unsmoked hams nestled lovingly side by side, as if sympathising with each other in their littleness and isolation. There was nothing in all this to induce me to prolong my stay in the pantry, and I bent my steps toward the table, which in a large, light closet, had been set apart for the reception of contributions, and which I had not yet seen. Its leaves were invitingly spread, but the articles which lay upon them, reminded me so strongly of scattered bones bleaching in the desert, that it seemed a sin to disturb them. The table contained: *Imprimis*—a pair of half-worn woollen stockings; *item*—three or four small skeins of yarn; *item*—a few half-pound packages of spice, starch, etc.; *item*—a paper of tobacco left by some roguish boy for the minister, and behold the inventory complete! For a moment I stood in speechless amazement; and then, as the utter absurdity of the whole thing struck me, I burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, in which my husband was fain to join.

"I am very glad," he said, when he could speak, "that my thanks were so judiciously worded as to be equally applicable to a large or small donation. It would have been too ridiculous to express much gratitude for such results as we have here."

Poor Gerty, whose temper had been at fever heat all the evening, looked on our mirth with surprise and indignation, and at length exclaimed, "I don't see what there is to laugh at, in having the whole house turned upside down—one beautiful table-cloth spoiled—the tea-pot melted down, and the spoons lost, and nothing to show for it but these poor lonesome bits"—looking with sovereign contempt as she spoke, on the little packages before us. "I'm sure one more such visit as this would ruin us entirely."

"It must be confessed, Gerty," I said, "that we are not much enriched this time, but we have gained some experience, and have had a pleasant introduction to a great variety of people."

The girl's lip curled as she replied—"There were a good many of them, to be sure, but to my thinking, the few folks that come here oftenest, are worth the whole of them, with their airs and graces. I'm sure I was afraid Sophy Myers would lose her head, tossing it up so; and there's Emily Skinner"—

I was compelled to stop Gerty in the full tide of her gossip, though the pictures she drew were so life-like that I could scarcely command my countenance as I did so.

In two days, by the united exertions of Gerty and myself, the parsonage was restored to its usual state of repose, and by a sort of tacit agreement, the donation visit, with all its "belongings," was laid to rest in "the tomb of the Capulets." I was agreeably reminded of it, however, some months afterward, when on receiving a visit from Dr. Lindsay, he said, with a little embarrassment, as he rose to take leave—"I am about to visit Ohio on a very pleasant errand, and if, as I hope, I should bring back your young friend Miss Carleton with me, I feel that to you I am partly indebted for the acquisition of such a treasure. I am aware," he continued with a smile, "that your donation visit was not very profitable to you, but you will rejoice in the good fortune of a friend, and but for that visit I might never have formed the acquaintance that has resulted so happily.

Bell Carleton is now Mrs. Lindsay, and for the gift of such a friend as she has proved herself to be, I must gratefully confess myself indebted to "our first donation visit."

"THE WORLD AS IT IS."

ALAS! the *truth* we plainly see,
Though poets may enchanted be,
And sing of "lakes" with "peaceful breasts,"
Or lofty mounts with "hoary crests,"
And lovely "landscapes," green and wide,
Where purest waters "gently glide,"
Of "golden light," and "silvery" too,
Of "verdant fields" and "glistening dew,"
Of "angel forms" within the bowers
All sweetly decked with "perfumed flowers."
Birds warbling on the "fruitful trees,"
And "music wafted by the breeze."
Ah! this is but the *brightest side*,
In lovely colors richly dyed!
Has not the bee on busy wing,
With all its sweets a *hidden sting*?
Are not some berries, rich and red,
With *poisonous* juices ever fed?
Is not the leopard in his lair
As *savage* still, though peaceful there?
Has not the sweetest rose a *thorn*?
Is not frail man to trouble born?
Is not his life like wasting dew?
Are not his years distress'd and few?
But those who trust the *Savior here*,
In heavenly robes shall soon appear,
Where peace and love forever flow,
And sin or sorrow none shall know.

AUTUMN.

~~~~~  
 BY HADASSAH.  
 ~~~~~

THERE is a solemn light on Nature's face.
 The year is dying, and the forest trees
 Lift high their flaming torches on the breeze
 To light him to his grave. The swollen stream
 Comes rushing down the rugged-pointed rock,
 And, wildly murmuring, tells in notes of woe
 Its tale of sorrow to the trembling vale.
 There is a mournful rustling on the wind
 Of yellow leaves and crimson, borne along
 In strange, unearthly chase, upon the slopes,
 Or through the woodland shades. The far off mounts
 Rise, one behind another, tinged with blue.
 The lofty crags, that overhang the vale,
 Are crowned with solemn cedars that hang out
 Their mournful, funeral banners on the wind
 And speak in whispering tones of life and hope
 That never fade. No more the songs of birds
 Delight the listening ear. They've passed away
 Upon the wailing air, to fairer climes,
 And earth puts on her sober suit of brown.
 Farewell, farewell, ye long-drawn summer hours,
 The moonlight sails upon the silver lake
 Tuned to the sound of music, the seat
 Upon the verdant slope, beneath the tree,
 And all the rural sports in vale and glen!
 God calls us now to make a solemn pause,
 To stand by Nature's grave, and think upon
 The bourne to which we haste, the narrow house
 Appointed to the living. Let us heed
 The earnest warning!

Now o'er mount and vale
 The day too fades, the foaming torrent hides
 Its face in sombre shade, the trees beneath
 Are wrapped in indistinctness, while above
 A tender yellow light, mid purple lines
 Of tinted clouds, is resting o'er the heads
 Of the far mountains. like the hope of heaven
 God sheds upon the dying Christian's heart.
 Now darkness veileth all; the sober clouds
 Are borne across the sky, on hurrying wings,
 While, here and there, a merry star peeps out
 Upon the lonely traveler as he wends
 His weary way amid the wailing woods,
 Cheered by the cricket's chirp, and thoughts of home.

LIZZY LINDSAY.

~~~~~  
BY FRANK WILLOUGHBY.  
~~~~~

"Yes, my lips to-night have spoken
Words I said they should not speak :
For I meant to keep one secret
In my bosom always hid.
And I never meant to tell him
That I loved him—but I did."

"I won't read another word ! I am disgusted both with the book and its author. Such indelicacy ! for a woman to own herself in love ! to avow it, too, to the lover ! I never, never would let a man know I loved him, even if I did ever so much, and no generous minded man would wish to exact such an avowal—no woman of proper spirit would ever make it. If a person should ask me to marry him, and I gave an implied consent—should not that be enough for the most exacting son of Adam ? At least I think so—and he who expects to obtain more from me will be mistaken."

"But, Lizzy—excuse me—but I think in that case you would be wanting in generosity—for judging from your disposition, I think you would be one to require a great deal from a lover, before you would give credence to his profession of faith ; and he who aspired to the honor of placing a wedding ring upon your finger, would have to reiterate vows of unbounded admiration, undying love, and unchanging constancy, at least a thousand times, and each time stronger and sweeter, ere you could trust, believe, or bring yourself to yield even a cool and dignified 'yes.' "

"Of course, Mrs. Armstrong, all that is a woman's privilege—what she has a right to exact—and I certainly would not be 'lightly wooed, nor yet unsought be won.' He must kneel and pray, vow and protest, adore and worship, consent to any ordeal, refuse no trial to prove his faith and sincerity, and I must be well assured of both ere I can speak the 'simple sound, within three little letters bound,' the mighty, magic yes."

So cried out Lizzy Lindsay, one fine morning, not very long ago, to the circle occupying the parlor of a handsome country mansion, where she happened to be a guest for the summer.—Not the Lizzy Lindsay of the old ballad, however, who so meekly kilted her coats of green satin, and fled with Lord Ronald over the border, his bride and his darling to be. We know not, either, whether she bore any

relationship to that beauty of the olden time, although she was her namesake, and pretty enough, with her sparkling hazel eyes, and dark brown curls, to have been made the theme of a hundred sonnets.

"Very well, Miss Lizzy, we shall see, we shall see ; I have heard young ladies talk before," said Mrs. Armstrong, an elderly lady and Miss Lindsay's friend and chaperon, who had listened to the above speech with a quiet smile, notwithstanding it had been delivered with an earnestness of tone and manner, which proved the speaker for once to have been perfectly sincere.

Lizzy Lindsay was eighteen—a beauty in her first season of belle-ship—a little haughty, a little self-willed ; but gay, witty, intelligent, and possessing withal, and in no slight degree, that winning charm of manner which gains more hearts than even wit or beauty. But our heroine, charming and fascinating as she naturally was, had one foible, one very common among young and sprightly girls, but one which the discipline of years, earlier or later, is sure to wear away.

Not content with the claims to admiration furnished by partial nature, she sometimes affected a character not her own, merely for the sake of striking and surprising people ; she had a sad random way of talking, uttering whatever came into her head, without much regard to fitness or reason ; and because she had an original way of expression, and an air which was calculated to carry off the effect of anything she chose to say, because in fact she was Miss Lindsay, people laughed and applauded. It was her way in society oftentimes to profess opinions, of which in her own mind she well knew the fallacy, to ascribe to herself motives of conduct for which she would have blushed had they been true—so frivolous, childish, heartless, and unworthy as she would make herself appear—but if she could make others believe, and admire her, faults and all, so much greater the triumph. To be called piquant and original, flattered her vanity, for it must be confessed she was not without a little of this womanish weakness—how could she help it ?—a beauty and a pet from her cradle up : and as long as her caprices were always kept within the strictest bounds of feminine delicacy—so long as they never led to the commission of any thing harsh, or coarse, or rude, we know not but this sort of vanity was quite as harmless as though it had all been centred on person, dress, or accomplishments. And if she did say odd things sometimes, and if she was a little too fond of hearing the sound of her own voice, we, the hearers, could forgive the sentiment, the voice was so sweet ; at heart we knew she was generous and affectionate, and thought it a pity she should take the trouble to assume a character, when the natural one was so loveable. As we

said before, it was her first season, and she had flitted away the first half of it—the winter half—without even one passing fancy, one girlish dream of love, and the June roses found her in the country, a guest for the summer at the house of a friend. The house was filled with company, comprising all the varieties of mind and character usually to be found in all unassorted assemblages of the kind. There were ladies, some plain, some pretty, some sensible, some silly, the brilliant and commonplace, the awkward and the elegant. There were gentlemen, some men of sense and ability, some sadly wanting in both these attributes. Among them all our Lizzy shone preeminent.

The leading star of every eye,
The theme of every gallant's sigh.

One morning at breakfast, when Lizzy had been at Thornhill about a week, she was introduced to a new arrival, a Mr. Sydenham, who, as he came late the previous evening, most of the company now saw for the first time. Our heroine was that morning in unusually high spirits, and, we must say it, unusually trifling, uttering nonsense enough, during the course of the meal, to have served for the whole small-talk of a three volume fashionable novel ; but just as she was in the midst of a remarkably sophistical and extravagant assertion—for argument it could scarcely be called—on some sentimental subject, she caught a glimpse of Mr. Sydenham's eyes, fixed upon her with a very peculiar expression—a glance half disapprobation, half surprise—accompanied by a smile the least bit sarcastic. It was a new thing for Lizzy Lindsay to be the recipient of such a glance, and at first it fairly startled her from her self-possession, and for a moment she felt half ashamed of her recently expressed opinion, while the singularity of the sensation caused her to regard the audacious individual who had been the cause, with more attention than she had hitherto bestowed.

He was a calm, serious, dignified looking person, who, judging from his face and manner, could not have been younger than thirty. A rather handsome face it was too, Lizzy thought, only that the expression was so horribly grave. The eyes were dark, mild yet piercing, the forehead high and thoughtful. The face was rather thin, the features almost too sharply chiselled, but the mouth was certainly very fine ; he smiled, and the serious expression vanished,—he should always smile, she said to herself : on the contrary, he smiled but seldom,—and upon the whole Miss Lindsay came to the conclusion that she did not much admire Mr. Sydenham. She was

sure he was one of the kind of people she professed to detest—so wearisomely proper, so tediously discreet. That look—it was downright saucy of him to look at her in that way, but she could be revenged—she vowed it then and there, she would win him to look at her without scorn in his eye—she would charm him to listen, and to smile, whether she talked sensibly or foolishly, and none knew the difference better than she. So, with ready tact, she for awhile laid aside all extravagances, and appeared in her natural unaffected character. Be it understood, Lizzy was not a coquette—admiration she liked, applause she coveted—love she cared little about ; she would have schemed to win approbation, not to gain a heart, and Arthur Sydenham was no stoic to remain insensible to the united charms of beauty, grace and sweetness ; he plainly showed he was attracted, but as yet he did not join the circle of admirers who ever surrounded the lady—he could not forget his first impression, and though with admiration and interest sometimes in his eye, he gazed at a respectful distance. Lizzy could not read him now, for in fact he was a rather different species of the genus homo from that to which she had been accustomed. A man of much and varied experience in life, he had learned to value sincerity and truthfulness as the highest beauty of the female character. For himself, earnestness and conscientiousness spoke in all he said or did. He never flattered, he never sacrificed sincerity to politeness. His thirty years experience of life had worn away whatever of enthusiasm he might once have possessed, but still without destroying his faith in human worth and virtue. Stripped of all illusions, he looked upon men and things as they really were—serious but not cynical, grave but not harsh, genial and kind-hearted, modest and unassuming, yet always self-possessed, calm and dignified. His conversation, distinguished by sense, knowledge and refinement, won him the attention of the learned and intelligent ; his worth and amiability secured the esteem of the good and true, while his pleasant voice, his speaking eye and winning manner, gained the admiration even of the more superficial. Young, tittering, silly girls sometimes professed themselves afraid of him, and brainless coxcombs sneered, but not in his presence, at the stately dignity of his manner, so different from their own affected airs and fashionable nonchalance, but none withheld respect.

The admiration of such a man was a triumph, and Lizzy, after a few days, thought the game was won ; and then she changed her tactics, acted at times the heartless, frivolous woman, then the thoughtless, silly girl ; sometimes sentimental and enthusiastic, generally wild, wilful and extravagant—and Arthur Sydenham was

again surprised and repelled. Lizzy had mistaken her game. She glanced at him for approval, and in spite of herself, the coolness of his glance abashed her; in vain she appealed to him for assent to her affected sentiments, in vain she tried to win even a smile for the oddity and originality upon which she prided herself, in vain to extort one compliment upon the ingenuity of her fallacies. Mr. Sydenham smiled not, praised not, yielded not. At first, he listened as if to something new and curious, and if he answered at all, it was with a tone of quiet satire, that always had the effect of bringing Lizzy's enthusiasms down to the freezing point. Once or twice he dared to hint at the folly and unworthiness of a reasonable, responsible being allowing herself to be actuated by motives so unimportant, so frivolous as she sometimes chose to profess; and Lizzy, baffled, humiliated, but not reformed, declared to Mrs. Armstrong that "Arthur Sydenham was the torment of her life; she was sure she hated him desperately;" she called him "a bear and a savage; how dare he preach to her? and then those awful eyes of his!"

"Take care, Lizzy! he has beautiful eyes, majestic eyes, and I hope that some day or other you will acknowledge their influence."

"Fie, Mrs. Armstrong! And if they are handsome, that is no reason why he should look lectures at me. And then his manner!"

"Lizzy, his manners are perfect!"

"Yes, perfectly polished, I suppose they are; but you can't deny that he is always calm and cold as an iceberg. I would prefer less polish, and more feeling. It seems to me, too, that he always puts on an extra degree of refinement for me, as if to shield himself from the effect of contact with one who possesses so little."

"Well, my dear, you know you will wrong yourself sometimes by acting the hoyden."

"And if I do, he certainly has no right to constitute himself my mentor. Did you notice this afternoon, when I came down just before tea, and some one asked where I had been so long, and I replied, as was the truth, 'taking a nap and finishing a book'—and then, just by way of horrifying that simple Mrs. Parsons, I added—what was not exactly true—that I thought the most delightful, in fact the only rational way of getting through these long summer days, was lying on a couch and reading a novel.—Mr. Sydenham happened to be present, and inquired very seriously what would be Miss Lindsay's most rational mode of existence during the winter? And then his look, when I answered, 'To dance all night, and sleep all day,' he did not say a word, but his glance expressed that he thought I was actually too frivolous to live."

"And I must say you deserved the implication. Why will you say such silly things ! If you would only be a little more rational."

"But I can't be serious always, and he acts as if not to be, were a sin ; and I am sure it is downright impertinent in him always to disagree with me as he does. Does he think to put me down, or make me look foolish, with that everlasting, 'I do not' of his, in such a solemn voice !"

"Lizzy, his voice is remarkably soft and sweet."

"To you it may be, but to me it always sounds like the croak of a raven."

"You are determined to be unjust. I did hope you would some day be brought to acknowledge Mr. Sydenham's worth and superiority, but I fear I am to be disappointed. If you would but lay aside this trifling."

"But I will not. I have no desire for Mr. Sydenham's admiration. He shall see that his wisdom is all thrown away upon me ; I will be worse than ever."

And so she was, but to her surprise Mr. Sydenham no longer looked surprised, no longer combatted, no longer disapproved ; he noticed her airs not at all, and now, whenever she tried to astonish, to provoke, he turned away with silent indifference, or if his eye met hers, the sarcastic glance she always received, was to our wilful heroine infinitely provoking.

One day, from a mere love of mischief, or as she expressed it, on purpose to excite one of her auditors—a simple-minded, matter-of-fact sort of Mrs. Partington, who always listened to her extravagances with such exclamations as, "how can you say so ! is it possible ! I am surprised ! how strange !" etc., all of which were highly amusing to Miss Lindsay—she commenced rattling off some of her fancies and follies, and Mrs. Parsons listened with the never-failing "La ! how can you, Miss Lindsay," and now and then looked up with such a deprecating glance, that Mr. Sydenham, who was sitting by, apparently engaged with a paper, as if pitying the woman's simplicity, remarked, "My dear madam, don't be at all alarmed for Miss Lindsay. She does not mean one word of what she has been saying."

Had the earth opened at Lizzy's feet she could scarcely have been more surprised. Seen through, understood, and by a man like him, of course despised. Poor Lizzy ! This was not the result she had anticipated, not the triumph she had schemed for, and while feeling anything but satisfied with herself, she tried to think she hated Mr. Sydenham all the more ; and yet try as she might, she felt she could not succeed as she wished, and while her own vanity was sorely tried

by the admission, she could not but own that she must yield him more of esteem and respect than any gentleman she had yet seen. But he should never know it. Oh, no. And after all what was the admiration of one, when she could command the homage of so many ! and too proud, and too polite to show displeasure in any other manner, she affected to treat Mr. Sydenham with the most marked indifference, and often felt vexed and angry when she found herself listening with rapt attention, quite forgetful of her unworthy resentment—carried out of herself, as it were, by the charms of his conversation. She resolved to be extremely guarded, lest some expression of her real feelings should escape, and under the influence of this effort, the resolve to dislike, and the assumption of indifference, she half forgot to play any other character, and as Mrs. Armstrong said, did not mount her stilts half so often as formerly. And Mr. Sydenham somehow did not seem much to mind or resent her coolness ; perhaps he admired reserve in ladies ; perhaps, disliking flattery and obsequiousness as much as he did, he found the absence of it rather refreshing than otherwise. Unconscious of any intention to offend, he appeared ignorant of having given offence, and his manner to Miss Lindsay was, if anything, more deferential, and Mrs. Armstrong thought more interested than ever before, and once she hinted as much to Lizzy ; but Lizzy could see nothing of the kind, and with determined misapprehension, avowed her opinion that his increased politeness was only assumed for the purpose of humbling her, by showing how superior he was to her resentment.

So matters went on for some time, and Lizzy, growing each day more dissatisfied with herself, more indifferent to all around, that is, to all save one, sat one morning in the parlor, with a book in her hand, the leaves of which she was idly turning without the slightest knowledge of its contents, without even having glanced at the title, when a young lady, one of the tactless, witless, “Mam’selle Nothings,” of society, entered the apartment, and observing the book, exclaimed,

“Why, Miss Lindsay ! are you going to read that book, after all Mr. Sydenham said about it yesterday ? He said it was not a book to be placed in the hands of any pure-minded woman, and if he should see it in those of a sister of his, he should feel he was not doing his duty if he failed to snatch it away.”

This was a very unlucky speech, considering Lizzy’s state of mind just then ; once or twice that morning had Mr. Sydenham, purposely as she thought, opposed his opinion to hers, and she, convinced in spite of herself, had yielded her own, to regret the next moment his power and her own weakness. But to be met at every turn—could

she indeed do nothing without his approval?—and for once her temper triumphed over her discretion, and with a flush of indignation mantling over her face, she exclaimed—

“Thank heaven! I am not Mr. Sydenham’s sister, so that his disapprobation can be nothing to me; and I beg leave to inform you, Miss Morton, that I shall read what I please, without reference to his opinion. Does Mr. Sydenham imagine he is to think for us all? I, for my part, am quite tired of his airs, and shall be heartily glad when he is away, for I hate both him and the very sound of his name.”

Just then a shadow darkened the doorway. She looked up, and Arthur Sydenham stood before her, having evidently heard the latter part of her ungracious sentence. He looked astonished for a moment, a crimson flush passed over his face, and then turned silently away. “He can at least feel a lady’s scorn, for all his impenetrability,” said Mrs. Armstrong to herself, who had seen the blush, and who could never quite forgive him for his apparent want of interest in her favorite, though she could not deny that Lizzy had behaved very badly. The momentary anger having passed away, Miss Lindsay felt more uncomfortable, more deeply self-condemned than ever in her life before. She had a perfect right to hate him if she chose, but she did not feel she had a right to tell him her opinion unasked. It was rude, it was unlady-like, and—for Lizzy could be just sometimes—she must apologize, she must tell him that she did not intend the declaration for his ear. But an opportunity for this did not occur so soon as she hoped; when she again saw Mr. Sydenham, he seemed just as calm, just as polite as ever, and showed no difference in his manner to her, and the other ladies, unless it might be that he held himself more aloof than before. Two very uncomfortable days passed by, and she had found no opportunity of performing her duty of explanation. The third day came, and some of the company had planned a ride, and a visit to some scenery of interest a few miles distant. The carriages were assembled at the door, most of the ladies and gentlemen were seated, and only awaiting the word to start, when Miss Lindsay, who had for a moment been unavoidably detained, appeared at the door. There had been no previous arrangement as to the way in which they were to ride, and Lizzy saw with a sudden tremor, that only one carriage had a vacant seat, and that one belonged to Arthur Sydenham, who stood at a little distance, carelessly leaning against a pillar of the portico, apparently thinking of any thing but what was passing around, when a voice from the forward carriage aroused him.

“Come, Sydenham, what are you thinking of? We only wait

for you," and turning, he met the eye of our heroine, who for once seemed to have lost her self-possession. He must ask me to ride, she thought, and if he does, I will do my best to atone for my rudeness. Alas, for Lizzy!—instead of offering to assist her to the carriage, he said—

"I beg you will excuse my inadvertance, Miss Lindsay, and not for a moment imagine that I would intentionally have exposed you to an alternative so repugnant to your feelings. But if you will allow me to hand you to my carriage, I will send Thornton to drive you, and take his place by the side of my sister. He, no doubt, will be delighted with the exchange, and it will be the least awkward way of arranging the matter."

His coolness and self-possession—his resolute rejection of what all other men would have considered an honor and a privilege, abashed the lady to such a degree, that scarce knowing what she said in reply, she allowed him to settle the affair as he pleased, and for the first mile or two she sat beside young Thornton in perfect silence, until he broke the spell by wondering what could be the cause of so strange an effect, and for the rest of the day Lizzy was wildly, extravagantly gay. But the next morning when she came down, Mrs. Armstrong noticed that her face was pale, and her eyes were dim and swollen, and the good old lady fairly wearied herself in wondering what could be the matter with her darling—but Lizzy would not explain, and only asked in reply to her queries, "had she seen Mr. Sydenham that morning?" and two or three times during the day she asked the same question, while Mrs. Armstrong wondered again why she should be so anxious to make peace with a person she hated.

Mr. Sydenham, however, did not appear until near evening, when he came in with gun and game bag from a "day's shooting," and professing himself fatigued with his rambles o'er moor and moss, through bush and briar, went almost immediately to his room, and was seen no more that night. During the evening, some one remarked that Sydenham had said he was going to leave in a day or two, and all were loud in their expressions of regret—all but Miss Lindsay, who said just nothing at all, but as soon as possible escaped to her own room to plan some way of conveying an apology to Mr. Sydenham, for, she said to herself, "he shall not go with this opinion of me, and I, I shall never be happy again without I am forgiven." Next morning she rose very early, before any one else was stirring, as she thought; but on entering the parlor was surprised to find Mr. Sydenham there before her. He said 'good morning,' and rose

immediately to leave the room. Now or never, thought Lizzy, and with a desperate effort said—

“Stay, Mr. Sydenham, one moment—I have something to say.” He paused in surprise, and she went on, but what she said she could never afterward remember, only she acknowledged herself guilty of rudeness, in speaking as she did, though all unaware of his presence, and ended by asking forgiveness. And Sydenham, pleased and surprised at the admission, all unexpected as it was, replied—

“You have not offended, Miss Lindsay—indeed I am not sure but I have reason to rejoice at your inadvertance, as your candid declaration, made without suspecting my presence, was perhaps the best, the most fortunate thing that, at that time, I could have listened to, inasmuch as it showed me the folly of indulging in any foolish or delusive dreams, such as I—but I am presuming. I would rather say, forgive me for obtruding too pointedly my opinions, for dreaming that my experience was worth any weight with those whom difference of years and temperament prevented from seeing things as I did; and for viewing and treating in too serious a manner what I have since been convinced was not in reality levity of character, but only an assumed lightness, which prevented at first the deeper and better qualities from becoming visible. I have, I doubt not, often appeared to you harsh and cynical, and while I must regret—how much I will not say—having failed to secure your—your good opinion, I trust I have not enough of vanity, or of self-esteem, to imagine myself irresistible, or to question the justness of a lady’s taste, or to feel in the least degree offended when she says she hates me. And I beg you will not hereafter allow yourself one feeling of self-reproach, one moment’s uneasiness upon a subject of so slight importance.”—And with a bow and a smile, which, had Mrs. Armstrong seen, she would have affirmed was only essayed to conceal a little quivering of the muscles around the mouth, the gentleman turned away.

His magnanimity, however, was quite too much for Lizzy’s philosophy. She sunk into a seat, covered her face with her hands, and—we are ashamed to say it, but truth is truth, and must not be withheld—burst into tears, nay, worse still, she actually sobbed.—Sydenham heard the sound, and turned back, scarce believing the evidence of his senses. A moment he gazed, irresolutely, then with a bright beam of hope lighting up his eye, he sprang forward, and gently drawing the trembling hands from the blushing face, and looking earnestly into the tearful and averted eye, he asked—

“Lizzy! Lizzy Lindsay! is it true, or am I dreaming? Do you love me, Lizzy?”

And Lizzy, the proud, the scornful, who had vowed so resolutely never to say such word to any lover, answered with a "yes" as distinct as the most doubting lover would ever wish to hear.

"And can you forgive all my offences, Lizzy? forget my seriousness, my gravity, the difference of years, of sentiment and manner—can you overlook them all, and take me for better or worse? Will you be my wife, Lizzy?"

And again the answer was "yes," without reserve or hesitation.

Oh! Lizzy, we are ashamed of you;—won without having been wooed, without one vow, one protestation, one prayer; positively ashamed when we think of the assertion with which this true authentic history commenced. And so say some of her most intimate lady friends sometimes, when they witness her entire devotion to her noble lover, her affectionate assiduity to please, her graceful yielding to all his wishes, her entire reliance upon his judgment, her gentleness and trust. The gentlemen say, not without some little jealousy of him who so unexpectedly bore away the prize for which they were all contending, that "being engaged" has come near spoiling the spirit of the finest girl in the world, and that Lizzy Lindsay is now just as little independent—in fact, just as insipid—as any other young lady under the same circumstances. Mrs. Armstrong thinks differently, however, and insists that the gentle, womanly spirit, called forth by true affection, supplies all that was wanting to fill up the measure of her favorite's perfections. She says, that in spite of the differences between the characters of the two, they harmonize beautifully. Her sprightliness tempers his seriousness; his mildness and dignity act like a charm, in repressing the impetuosity of her more excitable nature; and, on the whole, they bid fair to present, what is unfortunately a somewhat rare sight in this world of care and contention, the spectacle of a perfectly harmonious, perfectly united married pair.

If some persons were to bestow one half of their fortune in learning how to spend the other half, it would be money extremely well laid out. He that spends two fortunes, and, permitting himself to be twice ruined, dies at last a beggar, deserves no commiseration.—He has gained neither experience from trial, nor repentance from reprieve. He has been all his life abusing fortune without enjoying her, and purchasing wisdom without possessing her.

REST HEREAFTER.

~~~~~  
BY EFFIE.  
~~~~~

"I am weary and would rest." Thus spake one, envied of the thoughtless world, a proud, gifted being, who had been for years a successful warrior in the "world's great battle-field." While yet a simple child, he had looked upon the brow radiant with genius, had gazed long and silently at those for whom science had no mysteries, those to whom the lore of antiquity was as familiar as the face of a friend; and he had deemed them blest of heaven, blest with happiness, that boon so seldom given to mortal man. Oh, who can tell what spirit stirred the depths of that young heart as he looked through the vista of coming years, and in imagination called these blessings all his own! Who knows the strength of that determination that recoiled at no difficulties—that could be intimidated by no obstacles, however great—that valued no toil, but ever, ever, pressing onward, at last reached the goal. But now the toil, the restless anxiety, that attended a long life of strife with the busy world, is almost o'er, and with what wearisomeness does he turn away from fawning sycophants which surrounded him, and with what heartfelt longings after the unattained does he sigh for rest!

I saw another, a fair young girl, "whose silver voice the fifteenth time had welcomed back the robin and the blue-bird to their home." She seemed the very soul of mirth. All loved her, for her very presence brought happiness. Her approach was heralded by a laugh more musical than the soft tones which zephyrs breathe, and joyous as the gushing song of nature's minstrelsy. Though at times words breathed from happy hearts may find no echo in our sorrowing bosoms—though the merry laugh as it falls on the weary ear may seem to "jar like a discord in some mournful tune," and though we turn away from the face beaming with smiles, and the eye sparkling with joy, and sigh as we think in our despondency that all the world save us are blest—yet we love the happy, for we cannot be in their society without partaking of their spirit; some ray of the pure sunshine of their souls will be sure to penetrate the darkness that envelopes ours, and shed its vivifying influence abroad through the chambers of the soul. I gazed upon this fair young creature in her loveliness, and asked—Will it ever be thus with thee, bright one? Shall

sorrow never cast its blighting influence o'er thy path? Will the fair green earth always seem to thee so bright and beautiful? And wilt thou love it, and deem it Eden, as thou dost now?

"I looked again, but the light had fled
From her eyes of blue, and her hopes were dead."

The pale-faced king had entered the circle of her love, and had borne away friend after friend to his cold and silent mansion, and she (left in the world, which now seemed to her weary spirit a barren waste) would fain have left it for a brighter sphere. I heard her speak—I listened, and as she cast her eyes upward toward the haven of the heavy-laden and weary, she faintly murmured, "Is there no calm for the broken, bleeding heart? Oh, I am so weary! I would rest."

And I saw yet another. Hers were not the gifts of beauty, the charm of soft, wavy ringlets, or form of faultless shape, and eyes of heavenly blue. But higher, holier gifts were hers. She was a child of genius. Mental wealth was given to her in rich profusion. She gave expression to the warm, gushing thoughts that filled her soul, and they awakened echoes in a thousand hearts. And did this bright being grow weary and sick of earth? Was not even she exempted from suffering? Go with me to her quiet room. She is alone now,—the last of the numerous visitors that crowd around to pay her homage has departed. Mark how heavily she presses her hand upon her throbbing brow! See that look of agony that flits across her features! Be still! She speaks! "They are gone now—I suppose it fashionable, popular to adore me—but they are gone, and I am free.

'No longer now the torturing mask I'll wear,
Of smiles above a weary heart whose griefs are hard to bear.'

Oh, I am weary—I would rest."

Immortal! of what art thou weary? Of thy toil and thy cares? Of the unloved and unloving life which thou dost lead? Of the disgusting admiration of those who have not hearts to love, or intellects to appreciate thee? Repine not, gifted one! there remains to thee a brighter, a more glorious day. And though among the myriads that throng the stage of life, there beats not one heart that's free from suffering, one spirit that does not grow weary and sick of earth, yet for the disconsolate there is hope—for the weary there is rest—a rest which the softest couch or the downiest pillow could not yield—a rest more quiet than slumber, and more oblivious than tranquillity itself. Then toil on, thou who art blest with genius—it were not well that thou shouldst "fold thy wing above thy weary heart,"

and rest on earth. Toil on, nor deem thou livest in vain. Cast thy gifts and thy affections on God's altar. Employ all thy powers in the service of the Prince of Peace, then

"When the Ancient bard of earth
Shall roll his numbers o'er the track of Time,
And sing of men, at noonday and decline,"

thou shalt be accounted worthy to rest forever in the bosom of thy God.

TO MY THOUGHTS.

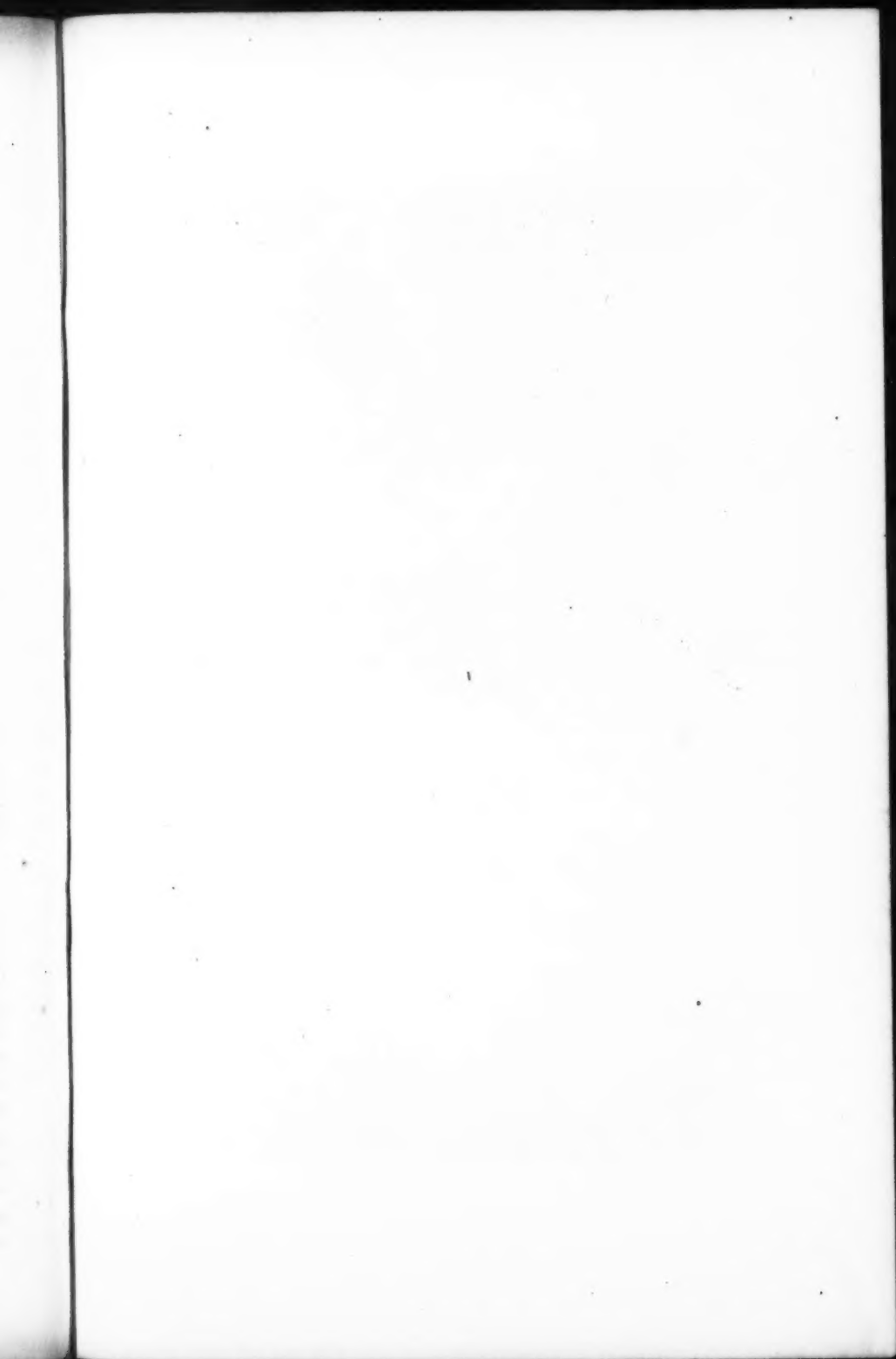
BY LUCY LARCOM.

Come, groping thoughts, come home!
Why burrow 'neath the loam
Like moles, with lowest toil of lower things?
Leave grovelling unto brutes unblest with wings!
Ye, made to soar and shine among the stars,
The dust of sense your golden plumage mars;
And ye are stifling with the heavy clod
Your songs that grew from the dear name of God.

Come home, vain thoughts, come home!
The wild waves' beaded foam
Makes the sea beautiful in its unrest;
But 'mid the billows ye can weave no nest.
Light waifs of Fancy will ye ever be,
Borne here and there across a gleaming sea?
The ark is open; let the weary dove
Alight upon the outstretched hand of Love.

Come, dizzy thoughts, come home!
Beyond the sky's great dome,
Vaster than vision, save the Rearer's eye,
It is in vain for moles like you to fly.
Bring home this message from your flight once more,
That there are heights to which ye cannot soar.
Faint with your wanderings through the lonely sphere,
Take humbly Life's neglected crumbs for cheer.

Come home, tired thoughts, come home!
Ye need no longer roam.
Your flutterings in one shelter may be stilled,—
See, by the Cross there's room enough to build.
The Cross—firm root, upspreading to a Tree,
With boughs that overarch eternity.
Oh, vagrant thoughts! deceived, bewildered long,
Rest in this shade, and sing your grateful song!





17 Aug.

A. B. C.

Mount Washington Falls, Berkshire Co. Mass.

Mount Washington Falls, Berkshire Co. Mass.



Brazilian Humming Bird

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
IN TWO VOLUMES
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY
VOL. I.
BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY
J. B. ALLEN, 1856.

"SUNSHINE IN A SHADY PLACE."

BY INEZ.

WE are often disappointed in our expectations, as we pass through this strange world of ours. Where we look for light we find darkness, and where we look for darkness, behold there is light! There is a great deal of sunshine in shady places. We see it every day where we least seek it, and every day we go away, and forget the beautiful revelation of our Father's compassion.

In the summer you may go down into the deep glen in the woods, where, you would think, no light could ever enter. The path which leads to the little forest brook is mossy and dark, and the few flowers which blossom by the wayside, have never been kissed by the genial sunlight. The water glides black and cold at your feet, and you may perhaps sit down there, and a fit of musing will come over you, and you think, with a sigh, that this glen of shadows is like a poor, desolate, human life. So it is.

But what is that which sparkles and gleams on that one little ripple, breaking on the edge of the stream? It is a sunbeam!—And now is the woodland glen any the less like a poor, desolate human life?

Down through a thousand leaves that sunbeam has wandered, until it reached the brook, and there it was welcomed. It almost seems that the glad little wave knows the sunshine is sent to it from God, so lightly and musically does it dance along. It were well if the light was always received so gratefully into the shady place.

The homes of the poor seem to the eyes of the world as its shady places. They often are so, but, thank heaven! they are not without their sunshine. That is a very poor hut, standing on the bleak and lonely sea-side, and it contains but few of this world's comforts. The fisherman toils early and late for his daily bread, and sometimes, though he is a simple-minded man, he thinks of those who dwell in the high, bright places of earth, and rebels in his heart against his hard lot. But he is oftener unmindful of its hardness.

The night is coming, and he turns his boat to the shore, and soon the flickering light of the candle in the window, seems to beckon him home. He is very weary, and after his fishing boat is secured for the night, he drags himself heavily along, dissatisfied with his day's work, and in his gloomiest mood. But as he climbs the rocky

path, his step grows stronger, and, unconsciously, the shadows steal out of his darkened heart, and a bright sunbeam enters in. Why is this? the candle is still in the window, but he does not see that; he is looking at something a thousand times brighter—he sees that white, childish face pressed close against the pane, and lustrous, dark eyes peering forth into the darkness for him.

There is a sunbeam in that poor hut which he would not exchange for the wealth of a world; it is the little child that watches for him, and will not sleep until he comes.

The long day of toil is forgotten, the anticipation of home warms his heart as he approaches that little spot. Not once has that face been removed from the window, but now that he is so near, he can even see the smile on her lips, it disappears. In a moment the door is flung open, and a glad, sweet voice cries, "Papa!" "Yes, it is Annie's father!" he replies, and she springs into his arms, wide open to receive her.

The door is closed behind them, and while the gentle-faced wife places the coarse food on the table, he rocks his darling to sleep.—But first he must tell her just how far out on the water he has been, and how many fish he has caught, and all these questions he answers with a smile. Yet once more the bright head is lifted from his shoulder, before her eyes are closed for the night. "Don't go away in the morning, papa, before I wake."

"Not for the world, Annie!" and in a moment she is sound asleep—the poor man's sunbeam.

And all this is in the summer time.

But the winter has come. Hard and cold it seems to those who are 'clothed in soft raiment,' but what must it be to the poor? It is night. The supper is finished, and the fisherman's wife sits knitting by the fire—her cheeks are paler than they were on that summer evening. The fisherman sits near her, his head bowed and his face covered in his hands. Now and then he looks around to the storm-beaten window, with a haggard gaze, then his head sinks lower than before. The wind wails without keenly and bitterly, and the storm beats down against the window, and out on the desolate hills, and far, far down in the village church-yard the snow is drifting above little Annie's grave.

The great Sun of life and light has called home the one little beam which brightened the poor man's poverty. Is not his home one of earth's shady places now?

But God is merciful and very pitiful. He sees that despairing sorrow, and sends his Holy Spirit, the Comforter, unto those poor

cottagers. They cannot see that God is with them, but a new presence, a new hope, kindles in their breasts, and they begin to talk, very sadly at first, but soon more hopefully, of Annie who is away from the storm and cold forever.

Out of the heavy shadow grows a new sunshine in the cottage home. It draws them away from earth and earthly sorrow, nearer and ever nearer to heaven, for now they have a child-angel there.—God has inspired them with *faith*, and in “the shady place” there is a new and never fading sunshine.

MY HOME.

BY MRS. J. WEBB.

IN life's gladsome morning,
How joyous I strayed
Through the flower-covered vallies
And green hazel glade!
There was music, to me,
In the torrent's white foam,
As it rushed from the mountains
That circled my home.

Blythe caroled the lark,
With the first blush of morn;
And the thrush sweetly sang
From the white-blossomed thorn.
I since have heard music,
'Neath grandeur's proud dome,
But none like the wild birds'
That sang round my home.

I've wandered afar,
Since I left that sweet vale,
Through lands where rich perfumes
Were borne on the gale;
But my heart still clings fondly,
Wherever I roam,
To the mist-covered mountains
That circle my home.

MY LITTLE BROTHER.

BY GENEVA.

My little brother, yes, I see thee now,
 Thy fair blue eyes each joyous thought revealing;
 The light curls tossing from thine upturned brow;
 I seem once more to feel a small arm stealing
 Around me softly, and upon my breast
 A little head sinks lovingly to rest.

I sing once more the songs of long ago,
 And with the strain thy childish voice is blending;
 Again I see thy busy footsteps go
 About the silent room, thy presence lending
 A charm which nought else can so well impart
 As the fresh gladness of a sinless heart.

The vesper hours return; once more I hear
 Thy well known voice repeat the ev'ning prayer;
 And then the glad "good night," while stooping near
 Thy little couch the parting kiss I share.
 With a sweet peaceful smile thine eyelids close,
 And silently I leave thee to repose.

My brother! is this life-like vision all
 A mocking dream of fond imagination?
 For lo, thou'rt changed! death's icy fingers fall
 On thy sweet lips, paling their deep carnation;
 And closing them above thy silent breath,
 Thou *sleepest*, but it is the sleep of death.

My brother! can it be thou art not here?
 That thou art gone, gone from our midst forever?
 Doth not thy spirit sometimes linger near
 These aching hearts that may forget thee never?
 May not thy angel-pinions even now
 Though all unseen be waving o'er my brow?

Ah, yes! I feel thy gentle pinions near,
 Hovering around my cheek as with the air of even—
 Within thy seraph eyes, my brother dear,
 How radiantly beams "the look of Heaven!"
 Thou art not parted from our hearts forever,
 The ties of love death hath no power to sever.

THE WHITE SUNBONNET.

BY MIRIAM F. HAMILTON.

BARRINGTON was a pleasant country village. It possessed the usual number of thriving stores, quiet churches, and pretty dwellings, also the usual variety of inhabitants. There were the lawyers, the two doctors, the three ministers, and several merchants, who, with their respective families, composed "the best society" of the place. There were also those who strove to get within this charmed circle, and those who pretended to despise it; those, too, who without these pretensions *were* indifferent to a call from the wives of the doctors or lawyers, though it must be confessed they were but few.

In fact, Barrington differed from most country villages in but one particular, namely, in being the dwelling place of a witch; not one of those most bewitching of witches which Whittier describes as

"Young and gay and laughing creatures,
With the heart's sunshine on their features,"

but a bony, skinny, and fierce-looking old woman, who would have beaten Xantippe herself with her own most powerful weapon, the tongue. This old woman lived in a log cottage in the woods, at a little distance from the village. It was a pleasant place where she lived, near a quiet lake and surrounded by fine old trees, but the path that led to it was shunned by all. The children never took that road in their merry rambles, and her only visitors were some of the bolder girls whose eager desire for a glance into futurity led them to old Granny Morgan's cottage, for she was supposed to possess the gift of second sight. But even the boldest of the village maidens trembled a little on going to consult her, for she would never allow two to be admitted to her presence at once; she who wished to peep into the future must come alone, and must also take an oath of secrecy before hearing her destiny; and the stern and wrinkled old woman, dressed in her quaint and striking costume, well knew how to invest her proceedings with sufficient mystery and solemnity to overawe her timid listeners. Old Granny Morgan well knew the reputation of witchcraft which she had gained; it afforded her a grim delight, and she spared no pains to retain her title: a shrewd and unscrupulous woman, she easily succeeded in making herself both feared and hated, and this seemed to be the end of her ambi-

tion. She in turn hated all mankind. She had but one pet, and that a huge cat, which shared her reputation as being her familiar spirit, and being both wild and savage, seemed at least congenial to its mistress in character. Vague reports of strange doings at the old cottage were often in circulation, of lurid lights at unseasonable hours, and of horrid sights, which, though only vaguely hinted at, were sufficiently appalling to indispose the eager young listeners to go into dark rooms at night or to venture towards the cottage by day.

It had been said of late that the old witch had another inmate in her family, that a child had been seen there, and various were the speculations as to who and what she was, how she came into the old woman's power, and a thousand similar wonders which were destined to remain unexplained. The school children talked of and pitied the poor child, and the readers of fairy tales insisted that she must be an enchanted princess who had in some way fallen into the terrible clutches of the old woman. They longed to see her and question her, but this was no easy task; the boldest never dreamed of going to the cottage, and she never came to the village. It had ceased to be the topic of conversation, when one day, as the class in reading were standing in a line before their teacher, pretty Miss Rice, in the old brown school-house, suddenly a slight figure appeared in the open door: a little girl, dressed in a fantastic crimson dress, her fair shoulders veiled in her long curling red hair, and her bright eyes peering curiously around; she held in her hand a white sunbonnet, which she swung carelessly as she leaned against the door, while a great cat rubbed lazily against her feet. "Come in, little girl," said the pleasant voice of Miss Rice, but the child started and ran swiftly away, followed by the cat, who scampered after.

It was the witch's little victim, no doubt, and this glimpse of her only excited greater curiosity to know more of her. Before many days, the same vision reappeared; no one spoke to her, and she staid longer, looking on curiously. Her visits became more frequent and longer: she was always accompanied by the cat, and departed abruptly as the fit took her.

At last she lingered even after school was dismissed; this time Miss Rice spoke to her.

"Wouldn't you like to come to school?" she said.

The child shook off the teacher's hand, which rested on her curls, and made no reply. Miss Rice repeated the question.

"What for?" was the answer, rather shortly spoken.

"To learn to read beautiful stories, and a great many things about the world we live in."

The child twisted her sunbonnet which she carried as usual in her hand, but said nothing.

"What is your name?" asked Miss Rice. No reply. Miss Rice supposed her shy—"What did you say it was?" she repeated kindly.

"I didn't tell you," retorted the child with a look in her eyes that betokened anything but shyness, as she sprang to the door and tripped away in her usual rapid fashion. The children, grouped together, looked after the wild little thing as she stood in the attitude of flight under a tree at a little distance, looking back towards them.

"What a queer little puss she is!" said Walter Manning, the lawyer's son, a fine looking boy of fifteen years of age. "I'll go and make her talk," he continued, starting after her.

She saw his intention; waited till he came quite near her, then with a wild shout sprang off with the speed of an arrow. Nothing daunted, he followed.

They were now far from the school-house. Some of the other children had followed at first, but weary of the pursuit had gone back; no other persons were in sight but the slight figure of the girl and the agile and vigorous boy.

She was evidently growing tired; he redoubled his speed, reached her, and laid his hand on her shoulder. Quick as thought, she bit it.

"Stop that!" he exclaimed angrily, seizing her firmly. "Sit down on the side of the road now."

She looked at him fixedly; his eyes were flashing, his tone impatient and determined; she hesitated an instant but obeyed.

"What's your name?" he exclaimed, flinging himself down by her side.

"The children call me White Sunbonnet," she answered. "Why don't you? It's a good enough name."

"What is your name? Tell me this instant."

"Ruby," replied she gently, for his manner awed her; had he spoken mildly, she would not have replied.

"Where do you live?"

"In the witch's cottage."

"Where did you use to live?"

"I don't know."

"Where is your mother?"

"I don't know."

Walter found that he was not likely to progress much in his catechism on the past, so he began on the present.

"Does the old witch make you work?"

"No! she can't," said Miss Ruby with a toss of the head.

"Are you afraid of her?"

"No."

"Don't you work any?"

"Yes, if I choose—I do what I have a mind to."

"Why don't you come to school?"

"I don't want to."

"But you ought to go to school."

"I don't care."

"And you *shall* go to school, Miss Ruby."

Ruby made no reply in words, but her flashing eyes spoke volumes.

"Aren't you sorry you bit my hand?" he asked.

"No."

"Well, you ought to be—you shall give me a kiss to pay for it," and he bent towards her.

She sprang to her feet and out of his reach in an instant.

"On second thoughts," said Walter, "you *shan't*. I won't have a red-headed girl kiss me—I only kiss girls that I like."

She approached a little nearer.

"Don't come near me!" said he.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid—I shan't kiss you," said Ruby, "but I *am* sorry I bit you."

"Well then, will you go to school?"

"I guess so."

"To-morrow?" he persisted.

"If you will come for me."

"I will," replied Walter as he walked on with her, talking of all sorts of things in his frank whimsical way.

"Now, good bye, Ruby," he said at parting. "I shall like you very much. Shan't you like me too?"

"We shall see," she replied gravely as she turned away.

The next morning saw Ruby at school, and though she was universally pronounced odd, she entered upon her studies with ardor. She did not seem, as days passed on, to become attached to the gentle teacher who was idolized by her pupils; she appeared to care for no one except Walter Manning. To him she was devoted; his will was her law—at his imperious words she never took offence, though she resented the least exercise of authority in others. Walter too returned her affection. He assisted her in her studies, walked with her, played with her, in short was her constant companion.

So two years passed on. Ruby had grown to be quite tall, and possessed much grace, but no one could call her beautiful. Walter on the contrary was remarkably handsome. He knew it, and knew

also that he was a fine scholar. But his self-conceit, though evident, was not disgusting ; he was liked by every one, and was the pride of both father and mother.

His father decided that he was to be a lawyer, of course ; his mother predicted that he would be a senator some day at least, but he had far different plans. He had confided these to Ruby. He had shown her his sketches, his paintings, and talked to her of his future life, the *artist life* that he was to lead ; he had imparted to her his glorious visions of fame, and she had listened to him with full appreciation of his thoughts ; had cheered him, and believed even more firmly than he, in his coming greatness.

To no one had he so fully disclosed his inmost soul as to Ruby.—With her he had read the lives of the artists, the great masters, whom he hoped one day to be numbered among ; with her he had read his favorite poets ; with her he had thought aloud, sure of being understood. No wonder that he loved her and sought her society ; no wonder that Ruby loved him in return.

His lady-mother had not heeded this growing intimacy while they were children, but now Walter was going to college, and Ruby would soon be a young woman—this must be stopped—and while the two friends were walking in the forests, the one talking and the other listening with her soul in her eyes, Mrs. Manning dressed in silks and laces, that she might overawe this bold girl with her splendor, went to the witch's cottage.

She found only Granny Morgan, who listened to her carefully-chosen words with disdain, and the fine lady drew a long sigh of relief, as somewhat humbled she left the cottage. She had been gone some time when Ruby entered, but Granny Morgan told her all, doing full justice to the haughty words of the lawyer's wife.—Ruby listened with undisguised anger. Her eyes flashed fire. She could hardly wait for Walter's coming, to do—she hardly knew what, something to avenge the insult she had received. But his presence always calmed her, and when he came, she walked silently by his side to the lake. He read in her eyes that all was not right, for he knew her well.

"What is it ?" he said, throwing himself at her feet.

"Your mother has honored the witch's cottage with a visit," she replied with heightened color.

"I know it," returned Walter coolly.

"Do you know *why* she came ?" asked Ruby.

"I can guess," he replied.

"Then you know that she came to insult me ! to tell me that I

was not a fit companion for you—to *command* me never to have any further intercourse or communication with you. She! To command me! I hate her! I hate her! She is the most——”

“Stop, Ruby!” exclaimed Walter, in a tone that she dared not brave. “She is *my* mother, and a good mother to me, and what she says of you is true, Ruby; you are *not* beautiful, for who ever heard of a beauty with red hair and gray eyes? and you have both, and you *have* got an awful temper. She is right in that—but after all,” he continued, “I *do* love you better than all the beauties in the world, and though I love my mother, in two things I shall not submit to her, for she was not right to require it. I shall *not* be a lawyer, but an artist, and I shall marry nobody but you, my bright gem, my beautiful Ruby.”

“Take care,” said she, sitting by his side and lifting his hair fondly. “Remember, I am *not* beautiful.”

“No, Ruby, but you are charming, and that is better. You are radiant. You are rightly named a Ruby, you are, but I shan’t put you into my pictures, because others might not see you as I do.”

Ruby was silent. She was sad. She looked into the clear water as into a mirror for some time, and then turned away with a sigh.

“Why do you long for beauty?” said Walter, reading her thoughts. “You are beautiful to *me*, will not that content you?” and he looked at her fondly.

Ruby smiled. “I had rather be beautiful to you, than to all the world beside,” she said cheerfully; “but you are going away—changes will come—you will see others, and when you return——” She paused, overcome by emotion.

“I know what you mean—but let change come, I will never forget you, dear Ruby; I will come back and marry you.”

“You *will* indeed; how do you know that I’ll have you?” she replied with her old gaiety.

“Nonsense, Ruby, I know well enough. We love each other, and shall marry of course. Here is a ring, ‘a serpent with a ruby in his mouth,’ one like that of Preciosa’s that you fancied so much in the Spanish Student: I had it made for you. Wear it for my sake, to remind you always that you are mine.”

He placed it on her finger. She held her hand up in the moonlight; a beautiful hand and arm it was, and so Walter told her.

“What shall I give you?” she said musingly: “*not* a curl of this poor despised hair, and I have nothing else. Yes, here’s my sunbonnet. Will you take that?”

Walter smiled. “No! but, Ruby, you shall give me a promise.

As soon as I come back, will you put on that sunbonnet, and come to meet me? I have seen you so much in it, that it has become almost a part of you, and no matter what changes had taken place, the sight of that would bring back dear old times in all their freshness. Will you do it, Ruby?"

"Yes, Walter, I will," she said aloud. "Ah! when shall we meet, and how?" she asked herself, but she did not give utterance to her thoughts.

"Ruby, let us go and sail on the pond," said Walter, breaking the silence, and she willingly consented.

His sail-boat was moored there, and they floated over the water, sometimes talking and sometimes silent; sometimes Ruby sang songs and Walter listened, but whatever their employment, always both were happy.

They came suddenly to a bed of pond-lilies, and from the number that they gathered, Ruby made garlands and decked herself with them; she had a correct taste, and the pure but fanciful wreaths added greatly to the beauty of her dress.

"You are—you will be beautiful, Ruby," said Walter, his eyes kindling with appreciation of her taste. "I may put you into a picture yet."

Ruby smiled. She did indeed look charming, and it was very pleasant to her to know it.

"Take one of these lilies, and keep it as a memento of to-night," she said.

"I shall not need it," he answered, but he took it nevertheless.

"How soon every thing pleasant comes to an end!" sighed Ruby, "and how long it will be before we meet again!"

"It shall not be long," whispered Walter, as he embraced her and bid her "farewell for a little while—a few years at most."

A few years! and what have they in store for you, young dreamers? Shall the bright sun of happiness so shine on your pathway that this quiet sunrise shall be lost in the glory of the mid-day radiance, or shall your eyes, dimmed with weeping, look only sadly into the past and hopelessly into the future? Shall your severed paths ever meet, or if so, shall that meeting be only a bitter mockery, when courteous words and cold smiles shall play their part, veiling sad or chilled hearts that were once all in all to each other?

Change there must be; you cannot be exempt from the lot of all. What and how great shall it be? With what longing glances Ruby gazed into the future! How she yearned to lift the veil that shrouded it, as she stood looking down the path that Walter had taken, long

after he had disappeared ; some sad forebodings she had indeed, but she was young and hopeful, and hope conjured up fair visions before her of that future she so longed to see, and she was content.

The days seemed long after Walter's departure, and the well known haunts, where they had spent so many happy hours, had lost half their beauty to Ruby's eyes.

She was growing both listless and unhappy, for she did not understand the solace that employment gives the sad, and idly wandered round, brooding over the loss of her friend.

It was twilight. She had just returned from a long walk, and as she approached the cottage she heard loud and angry tones ; she leaned against the open door and looked into the little apartment. A stranger was there—a middle-aged and handsome man, who was standing with one hand resting negligently on a chair. His attitude was careless, elegant and defiant. He listened with indifference to a stream of vituperation from Granny Morgan's lips, seasoned as it was with the most shocking oaths and imprecations.

Never had Ruby seen the old woman in such a fit of passion. She absolutely shuddered as she looked on her face, livid with anger, and heard the shocking words that fell from her mouth.

"You shall not have her !" she repeated again and again. "You shall not steal her and kill her as you did her poor mother, my own Mary !" and again she loaded him with curses.

She paused at last, quite out of breath.

"Have you finished, Granny ?" said he coolly, then without giving her time to reply, he continued in a low, stern and determined voice, "I shall take her. She is mine. I have a right to her——"

"You have not ! You have not !" shrieked the old woman.—"You would take her, fondle her a while, then cast her off, as you did her mother before her, cold-hearted villain that you are ! Yes, fiend ! I stood by that bedside—the death-bed of my poor wronged daughter. I took her child, *your* child, and there I swore that you should never see her, and you shall not."

"Hag ! Fool !" he ejaculated. "Mary was my wife—I never deserted her. She was too much like you ; in a fit of rage she left me, and all my search was in vain. I have spared no pains to find her and my child. Thank heaven, I have found one at least. I am rich, but I would give all my wealth to feel the clasp of that child's arms around my neck—to hear her voice call me father."

"Do you swear to me that Mary was your wife ? That you never deserted her ?" exclaimed the old woman, eagerly.

"I do," he began, but she interrupted him.

"What is an oath to you, perjured villain! Fool that I am to ask it." Her eyes flashed. "Oh! I have longed for this hour," she said. "You would give all you possess for your child—and you shall not have her. I have my revenge. It has been long delayed, but it is sweet at last."

"Woman!" he exclaimed—"give me my child! Here is money!" and he offered her a roll of bills. "Ask what you will, but give her to me."

She struck them aside. "Your money perish with you," she exclaimed scornfully. "And you, wretch, get out of my sight. I hate you! Do not look at me with those deceitful eyes, that made my Mary forget her own mother for a stranger. Begone! You who ruined my child, and made me what I am: but this moment repays me for all. Every pleading look of your eyes soothes my heart!"

"Woman! where is my child?" he exclaimed in a voice of agony. She only uttered a scornful laugh in reply.

Ruby could bear it no longer.

"Here I am!" she exclaimed, flinging herself on his bosom.

"Thank God!" he ejaculated, as he folded her to his heart, while the old woman fairly gnashed her teeth in her rage and disappointment. She cursed him again and again; she predicted the most dreadful of fates for Ruby if she went with him; then as the girl clung closer to her father, with still wilder words and oaths she bade them begone, and vanished.

"Will you go with me?" he asked.

"Gladly!" was the reply. "Why should I not? She does not love me. You do. You will always, will you not?"

"Then you are not afraid to trust me, even after what you have heard?"

"Not I. Let us go."

Ruby would have said farewell to her grandmother, but she had gone, no one knew whither, so she followed her father a short distance where she found a carriage; they entered it, and thus Ruby left the witch's cottage.

In a few days' time the village was full of the mysterious disappearance of both Ruby and Granny Morgan. The cottage was deserted, as no one cared to take up his abode where, if report spoke truly, the fiend himself had been to claim both the witch and her victim.

Meanwhile years passed on, and the cottage, deserted and dreary, served only to keep in mind the evil fate of all witches.

II.

It was a bright and cheerful day. Broadway was thronged with gay and smiling faces, with richly dressed and beautiful ladies, with fops idly sauntering up and down the street, jostled against by hurrying business men, or interrupted in their lounge by the pleading voice and sad face of street beggars. But these last were only the shadow in a picture where all else was outwardly bright ; yet could the hearts of that careless smiling throng have been unveiled, perhaps the very beggar who inwardly cursed while he envied the rich who passed him by without a look or cast him a small coin, would have shrunk from exchanging places with those mortals who to his fancy possessed all that heart could wish.

But we will glance at only one in that throng. He was a young and handsome man, but he did not heed the beauty of ladies who passed him, or the glances of admiration which bright eyes cast upon him. He was not walking for pleasure, or if he had sought it, he had not found it. It was Walter Manning. He had returned from Italy, and had come to New-York without money or friends.

He had incurred the displeasure of his parents by persisting in his desire to become an artist, and his pride forbade his applying to them for the means of subsistence, when he had so proudly told them that he should be both rich and great in his chosen career. He had studied hard and lived humbly in Italy, cheered by the hope of future recognition of the genius that he felt he possessed, and he had imagined that in his native land he had but to display his works to see enthusiastic admirers throng his studio, and eager purchasers vie with each other for the possession of his paintings.

Alas ! his sanguine dreams had been succeeded by a bitter waking, and as he had been exhilarated by hope, so now was he plunged into the deeper despair. He distrusted himself. He began to fear that he was not worthy to enter the *courts* of the temple of art, he who had hoped to enter the holy of holies. He scorned himself. He overwhelmed himself with the bitterest self-reproaches for his presumption in daring to hope to be an artist. Yet he could not give it up. It had been the one idea of his life, the aim of his existence, and if this was taken from him what had he to live for ?

He looked around his studio, for he had reached it, with sadness and disgust. His favorite pictures stared him in the face. He could not bear it. He turned them to the wall. Had not his very best works hung for weeks in a picture dealer's rooms unnoticed, unadmired ? Would this be so, if they possessed even a tithe of the

merit he had imagined theirs? No! he sternly answered himself, and taking his palette and brushes, he would have flung them in a heap, to the end of the room, when he was interrupted by a rap at the door. It was repeated. He opened it, and a young lady entered.

"I address Mr. Manning, I presume?"

He bowed assent.

"Miss Elliott," she added, accepting with a graceful inclination of the head the chair he offered, then continued—"I have just seen a painting of yours which I very much admire. Preciosa, I think it was called; and as the dealer did not seem to know much about it, I got your address and came myself to see if it was for sale."

Manning listened with delight to the praises of his work from the beautiful girl before him. Praise was very sweet just then; it gave him fresh courage in himself. He willingly showed her his other paintings, listening eagerly to her exclamations of delight and watching her kindling eyes with inexpressible satisfaction. The few moments that she had spent there had made him a new man. He was himself again, and when she left, though his Preciosa was unsold, he was as hopeful and light-hearted as ever.

It was not long before she reappeared, accompanied by her father, and this time the picture found a purchaser. Miss Elliott left her address, and urged him to call soon; she wished to consult him about the hanging of some pictures; her father united with her in repeating the invitation, which was gladly accepted.

He found Miss Elliott "at home" in a splendid mansion, where wealth and taste united in gathering all that was beautiful to adorn it, and she herself, he thought, the brightest ornament there. Not regularly beautiful, his artist eyes decided, but the animation and changing expression of her face lent a charm to her irregular features which he would not have exchanged for all the classic beauty of the Venus de Medicis. She was gay and happy, and delighted in society, so that her father's house where she was mistress was thronged with company. She was a leader of fashion, yet not a slave to its rules, and was equally charming to the men of intellect, poets, orators and artists who assembled there, as to the giddy butterflies of high life.

Manning soon found himself overwhelmed with orders, for where Miss Elliott led the way, there was no lack of followers, and he could hardly realize at times that he now, so caressed and flattered, was the same person who a short time before had been so desolate and neglected. Miss Elliott appeared perfectly unconscious that she had done anything to cause this, but he thanked her none the less, and longed for some opportunity to express himself.

Her father wished much that she should have her portrait painted, but no. She "detested this hanging ones self in a parlor, holding a book or guitar, with the same unvarying smile on the lips," she said.

"Would you object to being painted in some fictitious character?" asked Manning. "Let it be called a fancy piece instead of a portrait."

"Ah! that would just suit me. But what could it be? an Evangeline or an Ophelia?" and she laughed gaily.

"No, Miss Elliott—but what do you think of Rosalind?"

"Ah, that hits my fancy again. A Rosalind it shall be," and the hour for the first sitting was agreed upon.

The painting progressed, though somewhat slowly; the hour was often spent in conversations which suggested books that they afterwards read together, or songs which she would promise to sing.

There was always some reason why they must be much together and happy in each others society; they asked not and thought not of the future.

One morning as Walter entered his studies, he found on the table a note. He opened it. It contained but a few words; they were these:

"I hear of you, dearest Walter, as prosperous and happy, and I rejoice with you. It is no surprise to me. Do you not remember when we saw all this in the future? Do you still remember our parting by the lake? I am unchanged, and have faith in you. If you remain the same, come to the witch's cottage, where waits

YOUR OWN RUBY."

Walter was amazed; he could hardly believe his own eyes; he read it again and again, and his heart smote him, for now he knew well that Ruby's place was filled by another. He loved Miss Elliott, and dared to hope that he was loved in return. But did not honor bind him to Ruby? Must he not go to her? His mind was tossed by conflicting emotions when Miss Elliott appeared. She noticed his depression, and her looks and voice betrayed her affection so unmistakably, that he could hardly restrain himself from telling her how very dear she was to him, but he knew that he was not free; the tie which bound him to Ruby, though for a time forgotten, was no less binding.

"Rosalind is finished!" he said, stepping back from the easel, and gazing with admiration on the charming face depicted there; neither spoke for a few moments; both were thinking of the happy hours they had spent together during its progress. At last Walter broke the silence.

"I must bid you farewell; I am going away."

"Going away!" she repeated, growing pale.

"For a short time only, sweet Rosalind," he replied, while she strove to regain her usual composure.

"You must not forget your friends here," she said, smiling.

He longed to tell her how impossible it would be to forget *her*, but honor forbade. He murmured some common-place observation, and accompanied her to her carriage.

He had resolved to see Ruby, to tell her all, and throw himself on her generosity, yet though he trusted to be released, he was not happy. Her love for him was deep, he knew; he had gained her heart, and he was a villain to leave her; but Rosalind, as he fondly called her, how could he live without her? He was restless and unhappy, and the nearer he approached his journey's end, the more unpleasant seemed his task. He longed to have the interview over, and before going home even, he plunged into the well known path which led to the cottage: as he approached it, a figure advanced to meet him. She wore the white sunbonnet which he had once declared would recall his old love should it ever grow cold.

"She is true, but *I*"—he groaned in spirit.

She hesitated, as he did not quicken his pace, and leaned against a tree. He saw that her quick woman's heart felt the change, and approaching her, overwhelmed with remorse, he fell at her feet.

"Oh, Ruby!" he ejaculated, "I am a wretch indeed, but hear me, and do not utterly despise me, though I love another."

He went on rapidly to tell her all—Miss Elliott's kindness and his love for her. Ruby listened with her face buried in her hands. He paused, but she did not speak.

"Speak to me, Ruby," he pleaded. "Speak but one word—say that you forgive me!"

"Rise, Walter!" she exclaimed, in a voice full of tenderness.—

"Ruby would not take your hand without your heart. She gives you up to Miss Elliott!" and throwing back her bonnet, she stood before him.

"Ruby!" he exclaimed—"Miss Elliott! Rosalind!"

"One and the same!" was her smiling reply as he clasped her in his warm embrace.

"But why have I never known this? Why have you never told me?"

"In telling you, my good Walter, I must have reminded you of the honor you once promised to confer on me, that of marrying me," she replied gaily. "Such a reminder, I feared, might prove unwelcome, and my fears you must confess were not unfounded."

"Ruby, are you jealous of Miss Elliott?"

"A little," she replied. "But, Walter, after all you *have* painted poor Ruby, red hair and all. Ah! that same poor hair! but your many fine compliments on its deep golden hue have more than compensated for the old truths about its color. And that magic sunbonnet! so charming once, how petrifying was its effect on you!—I could hardly keep from smiling when your rueful visage met my gaze."

"Laugh on, Ruby," said Walter. "I am too happy now to heed anything you say. But your father—will he give you to the poor artist?"

"Here he comes," was her reply, "to answer for himself."

Her father looked fondly on her bright face, radiant with happiness, and said simply, "God bless you, my children!"

Joyous hearts were there, near the old witch's cottage, that afternoon, and they heeded not the flight of time till Mr. Elliott pointed to the lengthening shadows at their feet. Ruby rose from the grass. Her sunbonnet still laid there. Walter picked it up reverently.

"I shall need no memento of Rosalind," he said, "but I will keep this as all that remains of Ruby."

"Don't be too sure of that," she replied; "the hair, the eyes, and that temper (you see I have a good memory) all remain in an excellent state of preservation."

"Nevertheless I am content," said Walter, "and shall still keep the white sunbonnet."

For further particulars as to the wardrobe and wedding of Miss Elliott, what Mrs. Manning said, &c., &c., I refer you to the good ladies of Barrington, who are able to satisfy the most curious on those important points; and as to the moral, which no doubt every well regulated story should have, this must serve for want of a better one—Take care how you bind yourself too early to one, for Rosalinds don't always prove to be Rubies.

Villany that is vigilant, will be an overmatch for virtue, if she slumber on her post; and hence it is, that a bad cause has often triumphed over a good one; for the partizans of the former, knowing that their cause will do nothing for them, have done every thing for their cause; whereas the friends of the latter are too apt to expect every thing from their cause, and to do nothing for themselves.

AUTUMN MEMORIES.

~~~~~  
BY HELEN BRUCE.  
~~~~~

ONCE I sat where evening shadows,
From a forest, o'er me fell,
Listening to the mournful stories
That the night winds love to tell.
Listening to a tale more dreary,
Sighing, moaning through my soul,
Till the tear drops slowly, sadly,
Down my cheeks began to roll.

As the evening shadows deepened,
As the night winds louder cried,
Phantoms, from the years departed,
Through the forest seemed to glide.
Silently I gazed upon them,
Through the mist of blinding tears,
Dearly loved, and long lamented
Visions from the vanished years.

All the withered leaves were falling,
Whirling downward on the blast;
Dirge-like tones were faintly sounding,
Requiems for the summer past;
All the forest voices, wailing
For the joys of summer time,
Softly, sadly, very sweetly,
Mingled in a plaintive chime.

And the giant trees uplifted
All their ghostly branches high,
As the vandal winds went sweeping,
With marauding fury, by.
And the phantoms calmly glided
Through the fearful forest gloom—
Forms the years long gone had gathered
To the slumber of the tomb.

Softly as the moonbeams glimmer
O'er the cloud tops, rolling high,
Silent, as the hush of chaos,
That pale company drew nigh.
Close they gathered all around me,
With their deep and earnest eyes
Bent upon me fondly, sadly,
Filled with deathless memories.

Stretching out pale hands toward me,
 Did the shadowy loved ones come,
 And, with voiceless pleadings, called me
 To their viewless, spirit home.
 She upon whose faithful bosom
 Forest leaves and shadows lie,
 He who, weary hearted, wandered
 From his father's house—to die.

One whose earliest love was given,
 In its fullness, unto me,
 Keeping now the dreamless slumber,
 Where the mountain winds blow free;
 Sweet young faces, gone forever
 From the noontide and the morn,
 On the autumn winds, at midnight,
 Through those forest aisles were borne.

And my soul grew faint with yearning—
 Sick with longing to depart,
 As I vainly strove to clasp them
 To my torn and bleeding heart.
 And in wildest tones entreating,
 Loudly, bitterly I cried,
 "Torture not my brain to madness,
 Ye who in life's glory died.

"Let me feel your arms enfold me!
 Let me clasp you to my breast!
Mock me not, but bear me with you
 To your Sabbath Land of Rest."
 But they backward drew, and faded,
 In the cold gray dawn of day,
 And they, in the mists of morning,
 Through the forest, passed away.

The reason why great men meet with so little pity or attachment in adversity, would seem to be this: the friends of a great man were made by his fortunes, his enemies by himself, and revenge is a much more punctual paymaster than gratitude. Those whom a great man has marred, rejoice at his ruin, and those whom he has made, look on with indifference; because, with common minds, the destruction of the creditor is considered as equivalent to the payment of the debt.

MAY WILLIS.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

THE home of May Willis looked more like a palace than the country-house of a retired city merchant. It was situated on a gentle eminence, yet one that commanded an entire view of the beautiful village of Kirkwood, with its shining lake and foreground of oaks. May Willis was an heiress, her father worth thousands, and May was indulged with as much money as she liked, which would naturally have spoiled her, had she not been one of that sort of unspoilable people we read of sometimes.

May's face was very lovely; there was no denying that. Her hands, too, were remarkably pretty specimens, with fingers white and tapering. Her form, had she been taller, might have been denominated elegant;—all in all, May was a beauty, and an heiress. What wonders might she not do?

May's home, as I have said, overlooked the village back of which it was situated, nearly a half mile away. In that village, in a poor, plain, but neat cottage, lived the poorest and handsomest girl in Kirkwood—in fact the village belle—Molly Vinton (I am sorry her name was Molly; but being given her at her birth it can't be helped). Every body loved Molly, and nobody envied her her distinction—even the next prettiest girls; and though many were in better circumstances—for Molly and her mother took in washing, ironing, and plain sewing,—yet the circumstance of their poverty did not at all interfere with their influence, for this same "every body" knew that widow Vinton was almost a saint in goodness, and "poor Molly," they only hoped she would come out of her troubles some time. What these troubles were, the progress of my story will show.

Do you not see yonder old farm-house, to whose picturesque beauty decay has added some bright touches of its own? Mark the low, rambling roof, dotted with patches of red and brown moss—the little green pointed doorway, with flower-pots on hanging shelves above it. Look at the small windows, sunken in, glaring with a reddish-green, now that the sun is going down. There is an old man, grey but not shrivelled, sitting by the step, and an old, lean dog lying at his feet. The old man's eyes look from under his long white locks, steadily at the straggling oak that for a century, per-

haps, has sent its uncouth branches into the very windows of the farm-house. Yet there is an earnest of decay about the premises, redeemed somewhat by the lines, and arrows, and broad sheets of sunset light that fall on the russet leaves of autumn, and wander in among the apple-trees in the orchard, changing the fruits to golden clusters. There lives Nat Hunt, the old man's only son, and the lover of pretty Molly. For three long years they have been engaged, and yet they are not wedded. Indeed, for some two years, a snug little house, almost finished, in an oak-clearing, has awaited the reception of the honest couple; but Nat cannot afford paint and whitewash. He progressed as far as that, and then stopped, almost in despair. As to furniture!—the idea was preposterous; how in the world could he ever afford to furnish it, if fortune smiled so hardly upon him?—for his grey-headed father was deeply involved; and his aged mother cried with the heart-ache, whenever the thought came that they might lose the dear old homestead—and so Nat was working bravely, though sometimes almost hopelessly, for them.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

"Shall you go to church, May?" asked her cousin, who had come to spend the autumn at her uncle's.

May lounged languidly upon the richly bullioned sofa, and was just debating in her mind what she should do with herself. Sae had, like many, a *sort* of respect for the Sabbath, without in reality caring a fig for the sacred commands of the holy book.

"No," was her instantaneous reply. "I've been to church most religiously all school-term, and now I'm going to rest. Besides, that little martin-box of a meeting-house! where I'm told the women all sit on one side, and the men on the other. But stop—may'n't we make a sensation, Kate, with our city dresses; and you know my blue bonnet is particularly becoming; besides, that grim old Miss Lynch is, thank heaven, twelve hundred miles from here, and I shan't have her promenading at my side. Yes," she cried gaily, springing up and bounding forward, "let's go and see the country bumpkins and bumphinesses—there's a word for you;" and laughing, she ran from the room.

There was something like a commotion among the rustic congregation, as May, beautiful May, gaily attired, was shown to the pastor's pew, where two sweet children sat, already, their little hands demurely folded before them. Thus located, May had view of the whole congregation. Spite of herself, she was often awed by the

solemn appearance of an aged couple, who sat together as nearly as they could, being only separated by the space of the broad aisle—indeed, the only aisle the little meeting house afforded. How old and venerable, and altogether saint-like they seemed to her; he, with his long, white locks, serenely classic profile, and calm, dark eye—she, with her silvery hair, that had slightly uncurled on one side of her pleasant, yet somehow sorrowful face, her eyes still blue as the heavens, though encompassed by wrinkles.

From these, May's glance wandered to the farmer's son, and as she caught a glimpse of his fine countenance, though partially turned away, she started, unconsciously exciting her companion's attention, who turned quickly, and seeing May's cheeks flush and then pale again, she whispered hurriedly,

"May, you are ill."

"No, no," returned the other, in an agitated manner. "I'll tell you all about it, going home."

After striving to compose herself, she noticed for the first time a fair-faced girl, sitting by the side of the aged woman. Her bonnet, which was of singular and uncouth shape, and worn yellow by time, was yet neatly trimmed; and, though it did not enhance her beauty, made no material change in her appearance. For the dark brown hair was banded smoothly down, over her broad forehead, and hung from under that singular bonnet, in short, bright curls. Her cheeks were perhaps a trifle too deep in rosy hue, but a lovely expression smiled upon her lips. A small white cotton shawl, nothing fashionable, was folded over her graceful shoulders, and a dark cotton gown finished her poor looking costume.

"That," thought May, "must be his sister; how gawkily she is dressed—yet she is handsome. I should like to know her for particular reasons—I'll find out who they are when I get home."

Her soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of a meek-browed, middle-aged man, who, after leaving his wife in the "parson's pew," ascended to the pulpit. A gentle silence now reigned, and the assembled hundreds, who had been quiet before, bowed their heads, as the minister bent his knee, and called down a blessing on the services then to commence. It was all so new and strange to May, that involuntarily a feeling of awe crept over her. Beyond was the flower-guarded churchyard. Bright wreaths of sunshine o'ertopped the little tomb-stones, and low weeping-willows softly waved over many an humble grave. Calmly asleep, yet smiling in their sleep, lay the rich meadows. The sloping hills far beyond, seemed rejoicing in the glad beauty of the Sabbath, and the scene, on every side,

was one of unmingled sweetness and changeful loveliness. And within, what contrast to the temples built in city precincts, to which May had all her life been accustomed. I should not include her infant years—for the fair girl dimly remembered a time when she came, with a delicate young creature robed all in white, and with white cheeks too, whom she called mother, and listened with delight to the old fiddle, the shrill clarinet, and hoarse bass viol, that prelude the grand efforts of the country choir.

But now how different. The congregation stood, and altogether sang an effective and beautiful hymn, led by a grey-headed man near the altar. Here was no splendor of fashion, no rich mantillas or embroidered bonnets, the cost of which to estimate during sermon-time; no envious faces, no flirtation on which to speculate—every person wore the aspect of serenity; and whatever passions slept beneath those homely exteriors, nothing of the kind made food for observation.

GOING BLACKBERRYING.

"How tiresome!" cried May's cousin, springing lightly into the carriage; "how in the world *did* you manage to keep wide awake? As for me, I counted the pulpit railings at least forty times; but I felt so dull."

"As for me," responded May, "I tell you the wonderful truth, when I say that I quite enjoyed it."

"Oh! I remember you looked with a great deal of interest up the aisle, where that handsome farmer sat. Is *he* a specimen of your country bumpkins?" she asked, archly.

"Isn't he really and truly noble looking?" answered May, with enthusiasm; "did you ever see such features? such beautiful hair? such dark, deep, melting eyes? Isn't he glorious?"

"Why, May!" cried her cousin, turning towards her with a half-serious, half-puzzled look, "what rhapsody! I should think—I know what I should think," she added; "you are aware, of course, that that is old farmer Hunt's son, and the girl on the opposite side is his sweetheart."

"How did you learn that?" asked May.

"Because he brings milk here, long before you're up," (a deep color mantled May's features at this, to her, new announcement) "and yesterday I happened to want some May-dew, and I saw him as he was lifting a can from his cart. Old George, the gardener, told me all about him; and, spite of his good looks, he's very com-

mon. Dear, dear—I can't help laughing ; but his beloved takes in washing, I believe. She's pretty, though."

"I thought she was his sister," said May, in a low tone.

"No, his sweetheart, and the beauty of the village ; but May, have you forgotten ? You was to tell me the cause of your agitation in church, going home—what was it ?"

"Oh, nothing worth telling—and yet it was," she added, ingenuously correcting herself, while her cheeks still burned with blushes, and unconsciously she had loosened her bonnet string by a series of little nervous pulls. "Last year, while papa was in England, you know, I came home with Letty Ford, who lives in L. city. You remember Letty Ford, she's the sweetest creature in the world, I do believe, and grand times we had in their great house in town, and going just every where we wanted to, that it was right we should. One morning Letty and I agreed to ride out early to a pretty little village five miles off, and gather blackberries. We knew we could change our dresses and get baskets at the house of a friend, and have them sent home ; the fun was all to be in the blackberrying. Well, every thing was arranged—and away we galloped in the early morning, the air fresh and cool, the dew glistening on every side, and as soon as we reached the country, how beautiful it was. See those barberry bushes—don't they look delightfully when the berries are red and ripe, and hang like clusters of diamonds set on crimson ?—Just so they seemed that morning. The roadside was crowded with fairy flowers, and the trees were full of birds and apples."

"Do you remember Fred Thornton ?" she asked abruptly.

"The tall collegian with such long soapy locks, the 'dandy doctor' we used to call him ? Oh, yes—I remember," replied her cousin, laughing, "he used to send *you* notes, and look at you in church, and I believe he once contrived to come actually into the school-yard at recess—how could you slight his ardent love ?"

"Besides the fact that I was a mere girl then," said May, drawing up her little body with great dignity, (May was—astonishing age—all of—sixteen—at the present moment,) "I knew his character too well ; I knew that he had once been guilty of a great crime, and although I laughed at and made sport of him with the other girls, a terrible dread of him haunted me ; I was actually afraid of him in a crowd."

"But just tell me what Fred Thornton had to do with your blackberrying excursion ?"

"I'm coming to it as fast as I can. We had exchanged our dresses for some coarser ones, belonging to farmer Ingleby's daughters, and

commenced our search in high glee. What sport it was to part the heavy bushes and struggle through the tall grass and the spiky weeds, to some spot where certain signs gave indications of fruit. And how rich it looked, that black, luscious berry, with beads of ebony sprinkled all over it ! At first, we made little progress in filling our baskets, we were so busy calling one to another that here was the best bush, and that they hung, oh, thick, thick as blackberries in that hollow !”

“Seems to me, May, you are making a great story out of this affair, whatever it is ; I never heard you branch off at description in that manner. Do be quicker, I’m so anxious to get at the romantic part, if ‘any such there be,’ as the song says,” cried May’s cousin. “Come now, I suspect this young farmer Hunt is the hero of your ‘ower true tale’—my gentle narrator, is it not so ?” she asked with mock pleading.

“You’ll know when you’ve heard it all,” was May’s brief answer, and she continued, somewhat more vivaciously—“At last Letty and I agreed to go on opposite sides of the road, and begin to fill our baskets, for the sun would soon be getting too warm for comfort.—Perhaps twenty minutes had passed. I had grown selfishly busy over a most splendid bush, with fruit enough on it to fill *two* baskets. I knew that Letty was still traveling onward. I had just set my little load down, preparatory to resting a while, when suddenly an arm was thrown around me, with such vigor of clasp that it was like a pinion, taking from me all power of motion. Imagine my horror, when, on turning my head, I saw I was in the power of Fred Thornton.”

“‘There’s no use in screaming, my little darling,’ he said, gazing at me with such a horrid look—“We’re alone now, and if you scream, I’ll stop that little mouth with kisses.’”

“Oh ! how *could* you help crying murder, or something ?” asked her cousin, shuddering.

“I stood paralysed with fear, for I knew we were far from any human habitation ; and besides I had angered him dreadfully just before I had left school, by calling him a calf. But thank heaven that fear deprived me of speech, for I heard distinctly in the distance the sound of wheels. I pretended that I was not afraid, and had presence of mind to ask him, very gently, to loose his hold, for I could not run from him, and by dint of seeming self-possessed, I managed to get free.”

“‘Why did you treat me so at our last meeting ?’ he asked, a little mollified.

“‘I wanted the girls to see how spunky I was, and how well I

could play the coquette. But did you think, then, I really despised you?" and I laughed so carelessly that I astonished myself—though it might be the flutter of my heart that made it sound so easy—and I pulled here and there a blackberry, to show how perfectly tranquil I was. Well, I talked in this manner, growing every moment more frightened, when the wagon came along, and suddenly, straining every nerve, I shouted, before Fred had time to interfere, "Help, help, for God's sake!"

"It didn't seem two seconds, before a tall, athletic man stood by me, and I saw, as well as I could see for my tears, this same young farmer with his hand on Fred's collar, shaking him; it seems to me he must have shook him almost to a jelly. At any rate, the wretched creature begged off, and the farmer let him go—took Letty, who had come up, and I (poor Letty, how she trembled) in his wagon to the farm-house, from which we were well attended home."

"So Nat Hunt has been your hero ever since, and you didn't know before where he lived, or anything about it?"

"I don't know as he has been my *hero*," answered May coldly. "I'm very much obliged to him, to be sure, for his kindness."

"But you musn't love him, you know, because he's got a sweet-heart."

May turned a cold, dignified look on her cousin, that spoke volumes; nevertheless the words rang in her ears long after she had reached her father's princely dwelling, and her step was listless all day.

THE OLD WASHERWOMAN'S COTTAGE.

It stood fronting a green hill, a little snuggerly, all hidden by trees. Against the trunks of the latter leaned a few old tin pans, scoured perfectly bright, some wooden utensils and several washing tubs. A little path neatly gravelled, by the wonder-working hands of Molly herself, from the river close by, led to the low entrance. It was a very small, poor, unpretending looking tenement outwardly, with grey wooden shutters, and so old that it had settled on one side, and part of the door-sill was sunken in the sods, thick with mosses.—There were three rooms, the first a sort of parlor, if poverty can claim the name of such a luxury, the second a bed-room—the third kitchen and general wash-room in unpleasant weather. When it was sunny, Molly and her mother worked out doors, under the shade of some spreading tree.

The parlor floor was carpetless, but white as snow from age, and the pains taking of the widow and her daughter. Three chairs, a settee once brown, but now partially covered with chintz, and an old,

old-style bureau, that looked as if its primness might have been caught from the pilgrim worshippers themselves, or at the least have held some of their venerable wardrobes, lined the sides of this room. Four or five beautiful specimens of coral stood branching along the narrow mantel, and these the poor widow kept most exquisitely nice, for who knew but the hands that first placed them there were bleaching far down in the haunts of the blue ocean ! Poor widow indeed !— Her only son, a noble, manly boy, had gone to sea. Six voyages he made in safety, but from the last, which was to have been one of three months only, he had never returned ; and it was three years now.

On a bit of a round table laid the "ha' bible," bound in green baize. A few pieces of bright delf occupied the wee corner cupboard, a canary sang in its little brown cage (also a gift from poor brother Will) in one of the four tiny windows, over each of which hung a bit of white curtain, scrupulously clean. And when they waved aside, you might see roses and honey-suckles in abundance ; for they just luxuriated around that humble hut, thrusting their pink and fragrant blossoms into all the rooms, and trailing even along the sides of the house, hanging over the doors, and creeping along the ground. Molly loved and cherished them, and well they repaid her.

Molly was no common girl. To be sure she could only read, and her acquaintance with books extended not much farther than the family Bible. She could write, too, in her way, a tolerable letter. She loved music, and had invented her own self an instrument with strings, over a dry hollow gourd, that made most sweet melody in connection with her voice ; she made her own and her mother's dresses (true they were few and poor) ; she was an excellent house-keeper and economist, knit all her own and mother's stockings, made shoes, in truth, Molly was really a genius in her way.

This morning she was clear starching. She stood by a pine table, with a short loose dress, clean and neat, over her brown cotton petticoat. She had tied her short curls back with a bit of soiled ribbon, but one or two escaping, hung in beautiful contrast against her rosy cheek. Her eyes were sparkling and vivacious, but they had been, and that not ten minutes ago, filled with tears.

"But what's the use, mother, in fretting over what can't be helped ?" she said at last : "it's only now and then I feel bad, and for Nathaniel much more than myself. I hate to see him so broke down with care, and all because that great, rich Willis exacts the last farthing for that old farm."

"Don't feel that spirit, Molly dear," replied her mother, a small, thin, sorrowful-looking woman, "it makes you unhappy, and don't better things, you know."

"I know it isn't right, but even in church, when I saw his daughter May come in, all dressed up in finery that cost enough to buy—there! I'm going right into it again, and I won't. She's a beautiful looking girl, though, that May Willis, and I don't believe there's a bit of her father's disposition in her. She seemed mightily taken with Nat—you never did see how she stared at him once, and then whispered and looked so queer. I don't wonder she liked his face, for he *is* handsome as a picture. There, I do believe the sun's coming out, and I can put the new things on the grass," she exclaimed, laying down her collar, and turning to a pile of well-washed laces.

"Nat wasn't here last night, was he?" asked her mother.

"Oh! that reminds me; Nat said he wanted me to walk with him this evening, and have a little private conversation; but Mrs. Ware's dress must be finished, so I guess if you'll let us have the parlor to ourselves, that'll do—for I can't put by my sewing, and rent due Saturday."

Her mother sighed; Molly's face suddenly assumed a look of perplexity, as she turned round exclaiming, "The very two that were at church, as true as I live, May Willis and that other woman; oh, mother! they musn't come in here."

To her relief they took the little round path, and a minute after their tap was heard at the front door. Molly in the mean time had liberated her curls, thrown on a humble dress, and was ready for them.

She looked so beautiful and blushing, that May stood silent for a moment gazing at her, before she walked into the little parlor. When there—oh! she was very sorry to disturb Miss Vinton; she had only come on a little matter of business; she found it very difficult to get sewing done, and wouldn't Miss Vincent take some home for her, and have it done at such a time? And would she favor her with a glass of cool water just now; she was so thirsty.

Molly started up and hurried to the well, during which time May and her cousin commented on the appearance of the poor little parlor, that was looking its very best, and besides was so cool and fragrant.

Delicious water it was, as Molly said, laughing a little awkwardly, "from the north-east side of the well," at which they all laughed, and praised the sparkling beverage. Molly consented to take the fine work, though she knew she would have to sit up many hours through many nights to finish it; yet a delicious thought set her pulses dancing. Nat, her handsome, bright-faced lover, would sit up with her, she was sure, and only interrupt her at very distant intervals with a kiss.

The cousins took their leave.

"Now what do you think? Isn't she pretty? and she has such pretty manners too," said May's cousin.

"She is certainly coarse and uneducated," replied May, stooping to pick a sweet violet that grew by the road side.

"Uneducated, May, but not coarse, dear. I don't suppose either Nat or herself can much more than say their alphabet and spell in two syllables—and as for—"

"Oh, cousin! he with his noble face, and handsome intellectual brow, he not know more than that? for shame!" and May's cheeks burned with indignation.

"It's the truth, nevertheless, May, cousin mine, for I saw him receipt, or rather I saw one of his receipts, and you may see it too if you like. My little sister, who is only four, could do better; and I know he counts often upon his fingers. Still he may have and doubtless does have every generous, noble trait a man can possess; and he will mate exactly right with that handsome girl. But just suppose such a man united to a woman of faultless taste, great accomplishments, and well educated in the solid branches of study; what sort of a life do you suppose they would live after the charm of beauty and novelty had worn off? Education, you know, is better than birth, or wealth; for my part, I'm heartily sorry that such a man was born in this out of the way place, where ignorance so abounds. Study always elevates, and unfits no one for the humblest occupation."

May looked very serious, then laughing, said, "You have been preaching quite a sermon; but your audience is dreadful thirsty again; and really, the sun is so hot. Now see that dear little cottage over there; it looks so cool and pretty. Let's get some water; or likely as not that nice looking woman will give us a glass of milk; it would be delightfully refreshing."

True enough, the "nice looking woman," seeing them so warm and apparently fatigued, told them to go in the parlor, a cozy little room, whose darkened windows kept the sun out, and induced a delicious coolness. They had not sat there many moments when the woman returned with a pitcher and glasses. She was accompanied by a queer looking old lady, very tall and venerable, whom she called mother. She, no ways abashed by the presence of strangers, began immediately to chat upon common topics, and some way Molly's name was mentioned.

"Yes, she's a good gal," said the old lady, jerking her spectacles above her hooked nose; "she's what I call a prodigy," she continued, busily pulling down the long cambric ruffles that projected from under her open sleeves; "and it's raly a hard case—Molly's is, and so

is young Hunt's, poor fellow. He works and works, but where's the use? crops is so bad this season, he'll git worse in for it than he is now."

"In what are they both so unfortunate?" asked May, setting down for a moment her tumbler of milk.

"Unfortinit!" exclaimed the elder lady, taking off her spectacles and looking hard at May, "why, you must be a stranger in the village if you don't know of the hard goings on of old Willis up there in his great palis; he distressed *us* once, the rapacious varmint, but thank heaven we got out of his clutches, and moved here, which is a much more convenient house."

May turned scarlet, and her cousin moved about uneasily. The younger woman of the two, now holding a little boy, who had come toddling in, suspected of a sudden what the case might be; so she arose from her seat, and by walking before the old lady, tried by signs to stop her, but the windmill had got going and wouldn't stop. May lifted her tumbler to drink the remaining milk, and the old lady ran on.

"I say it's a shame to make those poor young things miserable, for he never will be able to pay off the mortgage, and he's only got a given time, and mark my words, the moment old lady Hunt leaves that house, I tell you she'll never look up agin; I know Mary Hunt, she was born in that old house, and she feels like the oak tree in her front yard, rooted to the spot like. And then there's them two poor things, when times was better, that's two years ago, he went and put up a snug little house, back here, thinking they was to be married, but presently came misfortin, and the poor boy left his house, half finished, and so there it stands. Now nobody needn't tell me," she exclaimed, angrily clapping her spectacles on her nose, "that that man Willis, who lives in his palis, as it were, and hain't only got one chick in the world to provide for, nobody needn't tell me that he might'nt let old Hunt go, yes, and help him out of his difficulty too."

"I must go," said May, rising; very quietly she spoke, yet resolutely; "my father may be sometimes, unknowingly, a little unjust, but I have yet to learn that that is his general character—I—"

It was ludicrous to note the position of the poor old lady as the conviction flashed across her mind that she had been talking to the rich man's daughter. She sprang from her seat with all the agility of youth, and holding up both hands, exclaimed—"There, I wouldn't a' said it for the world if I'd a' known—if I'd only a' known who it was—oh! I beg—"

"Never mind," interrupted May, pleasantly, "we shan't quarrel about it; you were not to blame—don't say another word."

"Why couldn't you take my hint, mother?" asked the younger woman, in deep distress, as May and her cousin departed: "now you've hurt her feelings, and *she* isn't to blame."

"How did I know what you meant with your grimaces?" returned the old lady, tartly, for she was angry with herself: "never mind; the child has only heard a little wholesome truth—sometimes the Lord brings good out of evil."

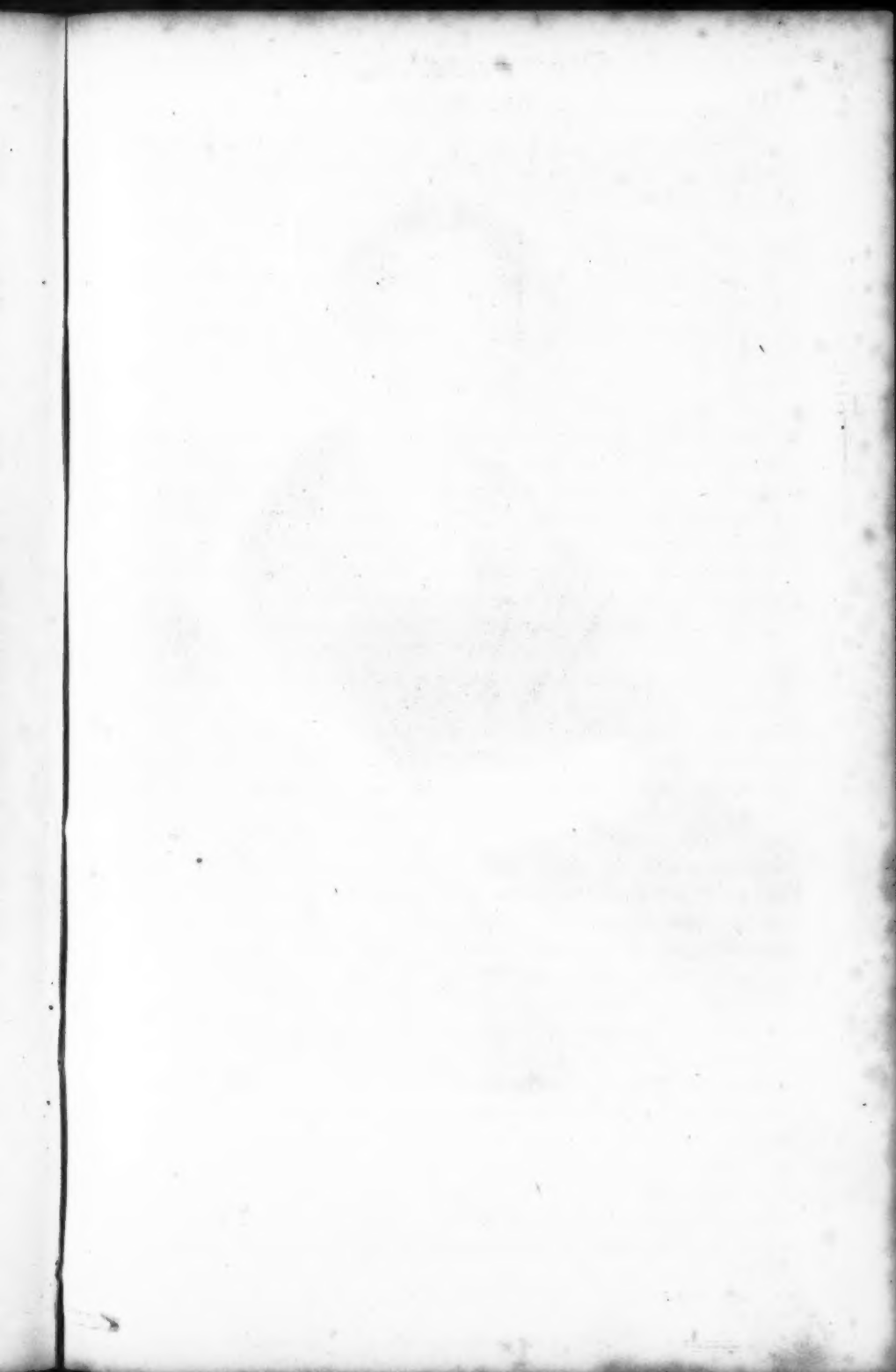
May and her companion were nearly silent all the way home.

THE EVENING CONFERENCE.

The small lamp was lighted in the small parlor, and Molly Vinton sat before the little antique stand, her busy fingers flying, and her busier tongue rattling off the care at her heart. She looked uncommonly pretty this evening; did Molly Vinton, with her plain, neat dress of white cotton, her bright curls clinging about the rounded cheeks and throat, and her small hands, though far from being white, cleaving the air with almost the rapidity of thought.

Nat, as he was called, sat near her, sometimes with his eyes fixed upon her, sometimes gazing abstractedly downward. It was evident that some great care weighed upon his mind, for after he had spoken to her with a soft voice and pleasant smile, the momentary embarrassment came again, and he could not acquire courage to say what he would.

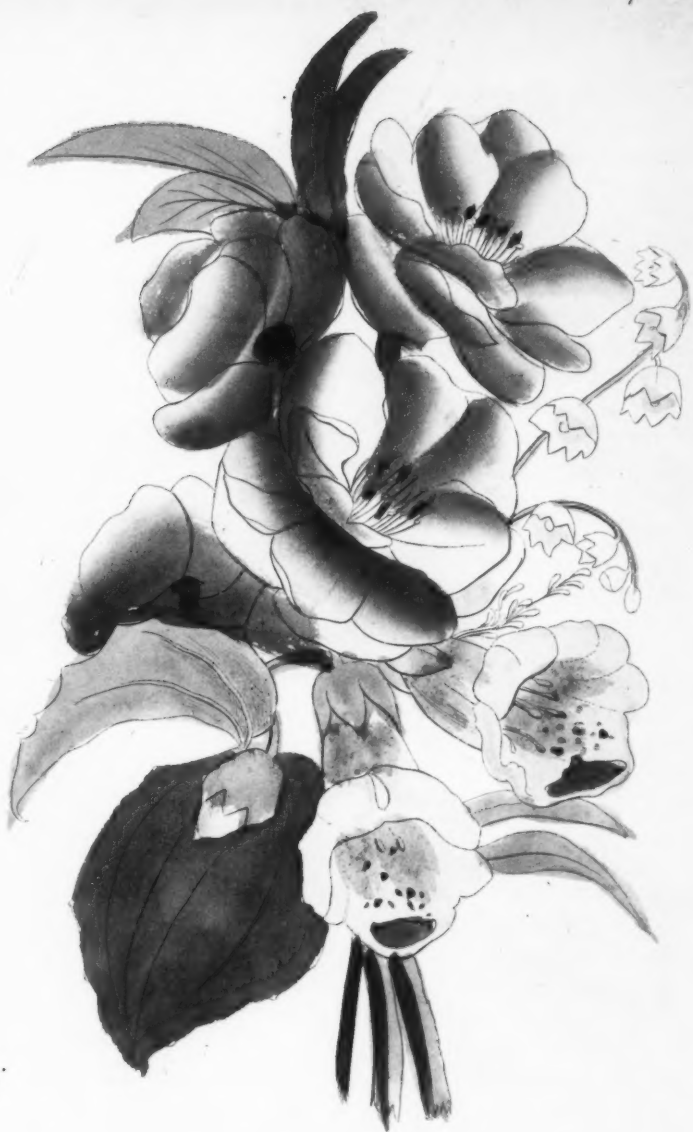
Much reason had Molly to be proud of his manly beauty, for his was such a face as the poet would mark for a hero, the painter for an Adonis. Broad, though somewhat sunburned brow, over which fell brown curls, clustering close to his temples, firm and perfect features, and a beautiful mouth and throat—these were the least of his attractions; for his heart was warm and true, and almost without guile. His parents, if they could not send him to school or college, had bestowed on him that rarest of blessings, a religious education. An oath had never passed his lips, and he scorned deceit. His good heart shone in every expression of his noble face. He had two watch-words for the guidance of his life—duty to God and duty to his parents. Times had, however, gone hard with him, although he dived like a slave. He strove to keep the worst from his aged mother, who still performed her household duties with a patient smile; and always said God bless him, in her heart, when he hid his great care under a cheerful demeanor. His old father knew nearly how affairs stood, but he would persist in saying after every conversation with his son, "*I have been young and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.*"



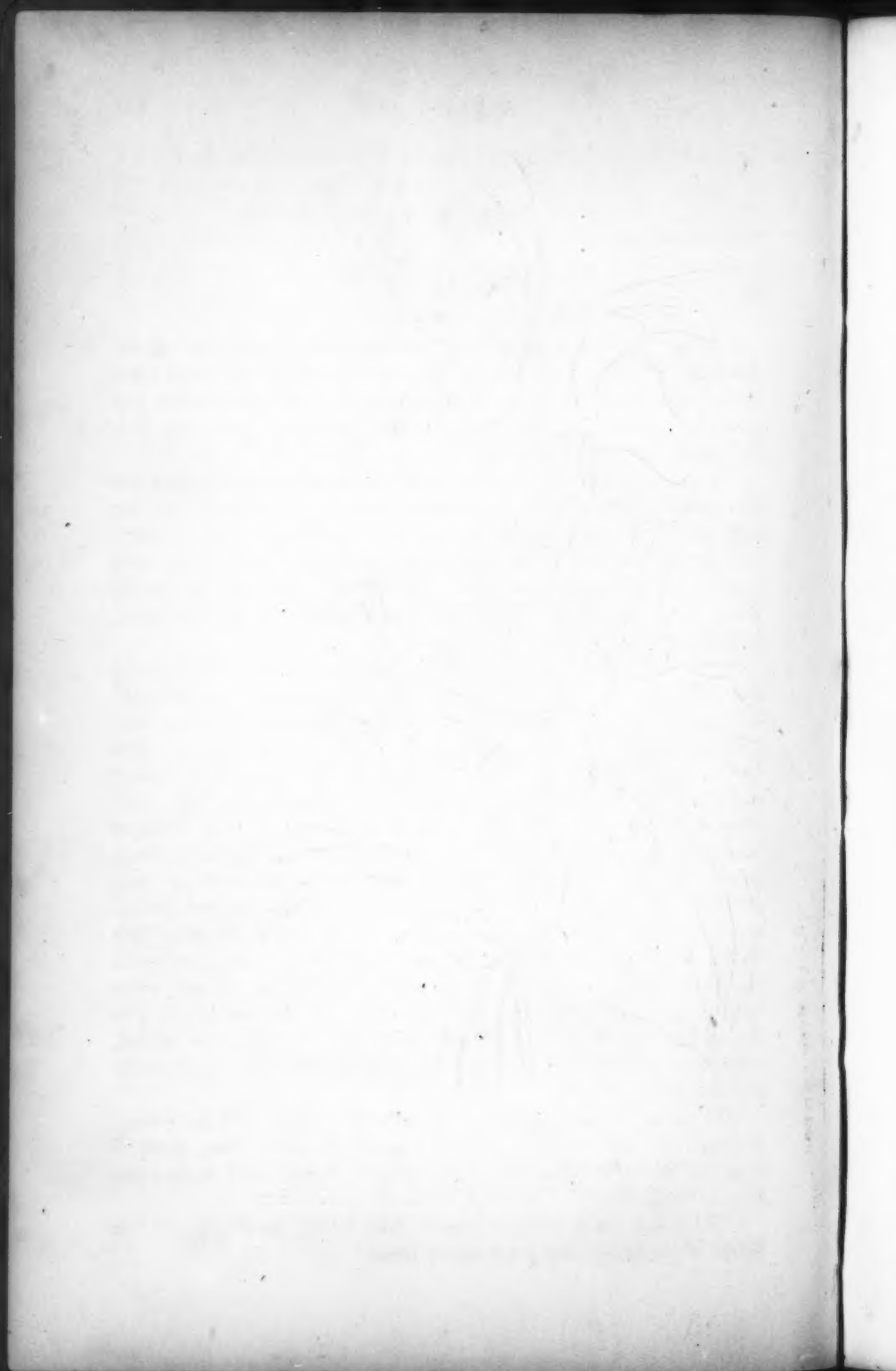


Eugenia





Peach Blossom &



MAY WILLIS.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON,

PART II.

"Why, Nat! how quiet you are to-night;" exclaimed Molly, pausing with her needle suspended, and her bright eyes fixed upon him. "Nothing has gone wrong to-day, I hope—there now you frown; I'm sure you can't be well, don't stay from your rest, Nat, for me, if you don't feel right."

"I was just thinking," he said passionately, catching the hand she had rested on the table, "how hard it seems; I loving you as I do, and longing to give you a home, and yet every thing goes so contrary. To-day our best cow died—Jenny, the young one—and I depended so much on her just at this time; mother says 'the will of God be done,' but it seems as if He didn't care much about us, sometimes, troubles come so thick."

"Oh, Nat! that don't sound a bit like you; I can't bear to hear you talk that way. Don't you remember the sermon last Sunday? did you ever hear of more bitter troubles than that poor minister told us he had had—first laying his dear wife beneath the sod—and then, one after the other, those eight beautiful children, till he hadn't any thing left to love him? And didn't he say he had often and often gone hungry, and been without a bed; and then to hear him wind up so beautifully, that he considered all this as trifling, because the blessed Master had said, that 'whom he loveth he chasteneth.' Why, Nat," she continued earnestly, her lips trembling, and tears standing in her earnest eyes, "even that fashionable May Willis cried like a child, and I'm sure I never felt before so much the good of real religion. Don't say it again, Nat, please, we're both very young and strong yet, something will happen to get you out of trouble, if you only won't doubt God." Then she added, while tears stood on her lashes, "Oh! it seems like the unpardonable sin—to doubt Him."

The young farmer heard her with glistening eyes. "I did wrong, darling," he said, quickly, "I won't speak it again; but, Molly, I wish old Willis would come to our church, maybe he'd learn some lessons of charity."

"He must be a strange man," said Molly, musingly. "I've heard of his being very generous at times."

"I'll allow," continued Nat musingly, "that he's waited a spell over the time, and a good spell ; but then he seems kind of hard on me, too. Father has farmed it badly, I'm sorry to tell ; you know they used to have a saying that Abel Hunt was the very best man in the parish, but the worst farmer."

"Oh ! he's a dear, good old man," cried Molly, enthusiastically, resuming her work, "his face always makes me think of heaven ; it's so sweet and calm."

"He has been a good father to me," said Nat, desperately, "and I feel sorry that I've got to leave him for a while—Molly, I *must* go !"

This he said so earnestly because the fair girl had allowed her work to fall, and sat like one turned into stone.

"I always, *always* feared it would come to that, at last !" she exclaimed, with a burst of tears. "I was always afraid you might get discouraged and go off to sea, or some where, and I should never look upon you again. Oh ! dear Nat, better times *will* come, I am certain of it—don't give up yet, stick to the farm, next year the crops may turn out well ; it will be the third year, you know, and when the management ain't been good, and a hand that knows how takes it, it always prospers the third year. Don't go, Nat ; I'll go up to Mr. Willis's myself ; his daughter is a sweet young lady, I'll—"

"Molly, do you suppose I would send you begging for me, up at Mr. Willis's ? No, no ; that I won't, so long as I'm Nat Hunt. But don't take on, Molly, it's only a little ways I'm going, and not before two months either ; only I shall have to be away from you all, the same as if it was thousands of miles."

"Tell me where it is, Nat," asked Molly with a sort of command mingled with entreaty, "maybe I won't feel so bad, then."

"To the new blasting ground ; they offer excellent wages."

"Oh ! *there* !" cried Molly, in a tone of horror, "where so many men were killed last summer ; I don't wonder they offer good wages ; and they do that because they know it's so dangerous. Oh ! Nat, don't go to be killed, don't ; it would set me crazy to think you were working there. Dear Nat, is there no way to prevent this ?"

For a long time she pleaded, the tears falling from her beautiful eyes, her work forgotten, but Nat had decided ; the compensation, as he said, was unusually large, and as to his being killed, he had no fear of it, for his trust was in Providence, and anyhow he should'nt die till his time came. There was no use in doubting, for a vicious horse might kill him on his own farm ; the lightning might strike

him—a tree might fall—in fact, he never thought of danger—not he ; and Molly must trust to his judgment.

"It has been a sad evening after all," thought Molly, as she went into the little bed-chamber ; "but I will pray to God that Nat may not go to that dangerous place, and he may answer my prayer ; oh ! he will, he *must* !"

MAY IN A MUSING MOOD.

Surrounded as usual by objects that told of refined tastes and much wealth, May sat in her chamber, one bright September morning, little heeding the beauty that reigned alike without and within. The air was filled with melody, for the birds were up and had breakfasted, and now were giving thanks to God full of the perfume of innocent love. Great drops of dew hung quivering from silky or waxen leaves ; all the garden below, and the blessed hills beyond, and the sweet shining river, and every thing whereon or wherein there was life, seemed returning praise to the bounteous Giver. May sat habited in a charming *negligee* ; the cord of the window tassel twisted over her white finger. One hand was pressed under the careless curls that shaded her now thoughtful brow. A rattling noise sounded along the road, and soon she could hear, listening as she was, the ringing of a little bell. Her cheek flushed ; deeper and deeper grew the rosy red ; she held down her brow, and a look of mortification stole over her fair young features. She was musing, and recollection, at the sound of the milk-man's bell, had wandered among past scenes, and threaded the bye-lanes of that romance that had become almost a part of the being of a young impulsive school-girl.

Nat Hunt, after his timely assistance on the day of the black-berry excursion, had (if the truth must be told,) become the hero of her imagination. So handsome, so noble in form and feature. She thought, in all her life, she had never seen any one half as beautiful ; and as toward her he had always been silent, she was of course at liberty to invest him with every attribute, acquired and natural, that man ever possessed, and she did. When on her return she saw him at church, romance, which had been some time slumbering, suddenly waked up again, and May fancied, with all a school-girl's enthusiasm, that she had found the Leander who would live and die for her, (providing it were necessary, of course). Cherishing the sweet delusion, it grew ten-fold in intensity, until it became so intertwined with every thought and feeling, that it almost upset her pretty little head. She was thinking, now, how she had contrived

to see him morning after morning, and she blushed anew at the recollection of the meaning smile upon the faces of the servants as they watched her innocent and sudden appearances, dressed in her dainty French apron, upon which the honest farmer's eyes never once rested. And of late she had almost wept to think he was so humble and illiterate, and wondered if it would not be possible for an accomplished wife to transform the poor farmer into a Chesterfield. She had come to the conclusion that with love "all things are possible," when the question occurred to her whether it was not sinful to cherish such feelings, while already her beau-ideal of personal beauty was actually engaged to another, and she so pretty and seemingly good and gentle. For weeks she struggled with her impulses, old and new. She was a good-hearted girl, though she could not but feel an involuntary resentment sometimes towards her who had stolen her hero's heart. And only yesterday, her cousin, in supposing a case (she was a shrewd girl, that cousin, and could see some ways below the surface,) had drawn the picture of such a match in so truthful colors, painting the displeasure of a doting and disappointed father, by such vivid description, that May rather shrank from her fancy-affection. What she had heard subsequently had quite touched her heart; for the night before, when Molly had brought home the fine sewing for May, the poor girl had appeared so much agitated, that May on speaking kindly and inquiring the cause, had found out the whole trouble.

"It's not that he's going to leave me—that would be the least of my trouble; but he's going to a place full of danger, for the sake of the money to pay the mortgage on his father's farm;" and tears as large as the dew-drops that jewelled the robes of morning, stood on her long brown lashes.

"Oh! if he—you—only would, if he only would take pity—but I forget—I'm not to beg for Nat—he's over proud for that," she exclaimed, with a momentary embarrassment—"but, you look so good, so kind, I—I—thought—no matter, please excuse me;" and smiling through her tears, she was gone.

May interpreted all her trembling agitation, and half-spoken wishes, and now she thought earnestly within her own heart.

"I have been very foolish," at last she murmured in a low tone; "I am ashamed of myself, to think I could be so heartless; I could have helped this poor girl, I can now, and I will. Poor things! the little cottage built and all; I saw it yesterday, a perfect little nest, so secluded that no eye can see it unless it penetrates into the wood. Not another house near it, either, and the grass-grown path tells

that few travel there. I have it!" she cried, springing from her seat suddenly, and clapping her hands, "I know what I'll do; here, Eunice!" and she shook her cousin who was still sleeping, so hardly, that she sprang up in perfect bewilderment; "Eunice!" she cried, bolstering her sleepy-eyed cousin, that she might not sink back again, "how much money have you got?"

"What do you mean?" asked the other, sleepily.

"Why, what I say; how much money have you got to give away; I want a contribution."

"I'll give you a penny," answered Eunice, striving to find her pillow, but May snatched it away, saying as she did so, "Come, wake up, sleepy head, I've got a plan to tell you of; a plan for making poor Molly quite happy. There! now you're wide awake, don't you want to make a donation? I've got a hundred dollars, and I think I'll get father to do something—only I don't know how to bring about the subject. Come, advise me."

"Did you ever tell him about the blackberrying scrape?" asked her cousin, yawning, and pressing back the tangled curls from her forehead, "that's worth at least the five hundred, just the amount of the mortgage."

"No, but I'm going to," said May, a little blush and slight turning of the head showing that she had not quite conquered herself—"and I'll talk him over, I know; but we shan't have much time, for in six weeks Nat is going to his dangerous place."

"Let's see," echoed her cousin, now fully awake, "what's to be done to the little house? Ah! you know—I can divine your thoughts. It's got to be—"

May was summoned by a servant; her father wanted her in his room.

"Now, she is a noble little girl," said Eunice, languidly rising. "I knew, almost, that she thought more of Nat than all the world besides, and yet, see how she is conquering herself. Well, Eunice Bradley," she continued, addressing the mirror, "congratulate yourself, that you have been one of the small means used in this important reformation."

A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT—BUT NOT A BITTER ONE.

Never was May Willis in such spirits. She danced or flew wherever she went, and her voice could be heard at the top of the house, singing like a merry wild-wood bird. Eunice joined her in laugh and song, in walks and rides; and it did seem as if the carriage was in requisition every hour; and such bundles and hampers

came home, all directed to Kate. "Shure," asked the Irish servants, "was Miss May going to kape house all at once?"

It was now November, but cloudless, beautiful weather, kept the sky in a July blueness, and the atmosphere in a delightful temperature, between an autumn warmth, and a clear frosty cold. Apples had been gathered in, and the fields rifled of all their autumnal treasures. In old farmer Hunt's kitchen a "nest" of squashes occupied one corner, two barrels of golden russets waited to be headed up, strings of dried apples hung suspended over the smoke-painted, immense fire-place, and several fitches of bacon hung yet higher. Every thing looked like homely comfort, from the speckled cat on the hearth, to the old man at the window, reading through old-fashioned glasses. The fire crackled, and from under the lid of the pot over the fire, the white froth bubbled and fell.

"Dame, don't look so down," said the good old man, "the Lord is our helper, we shall not want—Scripter warrants."

"Aye! but to lose Nat! such a dear, good son!"

"There, wife, you can't take God at his word. It ain't a bit like you, not a *bit*, to set down and cry that way. Don't the Holy One say, 'cast your burdens upon me?' And that's what I've done; and I feel a quiet heart, and an assurance that our dear boy will be kept from danger. We're too old, dear, to distrust Him now."

The patient wife in a minute more took her apron from her eyes, and went quietly about her work.

May at the great house, was, as I said, very busy. So she had been for weeks; so busy that her father's head-clerk, a young man of extraordinary abilities, who had been invited to spend some weeks by the old merchant—so busy was she, that even he could only see at times a pair of bright dark eyes and rosy cheeks, and an uncommonly pair of pretty feet flying about hither and thither.

Every thing was in readiness for a surprise; May had set apart a certain day, some four or five before the ensuing month, to electrify her humble friends, but, as it queerly happens often at such times, her intentions were unwittingly frustrated.

For, one calm, star-bright evening, when Nat and Molly stood just inside the latter's humble cottage, Molly, pale and dejected, and Nat in an awkward way trying to comfort her, Molly exclaimed all at once, with brightened eye, "Nat, let us walk, let's go to the house; poor little house, it will grow old I fear, before it's completed."

"I'll go any where you say, Molly, but why in the evening? It'll be dark there, you can't see anything."

"Well, we'll take the old lantern then. Something possesses me to go there; it's been five or six months we've neglected it, and I heard Ward's boys talking about it to themselves softly, there might be doing mischief there."

"So there might," echoed Nat, hastily, "but my mind has been bent so long on other things, I never thought of it."

In another minute Molly stood by her lover, attired for a walk; and handing him the lantern, tripped along at his side. Over many a well known path they traveled, the dim lights of the stars shining down. Here was the road where the great dog held her, years ago. Did he not remember how pale and still she stood when he came up, and how she screamed as the savage beast flew at *him*? She was sure she was not near so much frightened for herself. And there was a nook, near what was once the old school-house—now in ruins—didn't he remember, too, how he gave her in that very spot a great yellow pear, because she had been kept late? She should never forget it, nor how he dragged her home on his sled, in the winter, and would fight any other boy who dared to offer the same convenience.

And there was the church; he couldn't have forgotten the time he made his first confession—"it was there, as we were passing those dwarfed apple trees," she said, pointing up the road.

Nat laughed a little, but pressed the fair girl closer to his side. "You have a good memory about those things," he said.

"And I should be broken-hearted if I thought you had *forgotten*—but I know, thank God, that you think of it as much as I, every time you pass there."

The road grew steeper; they were turning to a winding path that led through the hilly parts of the village. The wind rose a little and sang very softly through the tall pines that sheltered them on each side. The happy conversation had turned to regrets now, as they went toiling along—"how blessed they might have been this very day, if old Willis hadn't been so hard—the cottage finished, and they snugly settled."

"But look!" cried Nat, as the faint moonlight now began to make visible the fields and the woods beyond, "here's a track of fresh cart-wheels. Well, now, that's funny, 'cause there's no houses about—and I'll give out if it don't lead right up to the old cottage."

"The new cottage, you mean," said Molly, laughing.

"The half and half," he answered in the same strain; "but look, here we are—and——" he halted short, so did Molly, and both stood silent, quite petrified for the time with astonishment.

At last Nat passed his hand before his eyes, saying as he did so—"what in thun—I never swear, Molly, but I almost like too—green blinds! where'd them green blinds come from? Who put 'em up? What's the meaning of this?" and he rubbed his eyes again to assure himself he was positively wide awake.

"All painted too! the house is nicely painted; how white and pretty it looks!" said Molly, half bewildered; "and see, the front door is finished, and painted green, and there's not a bit of the house unpainted. Why, Nat, Nat, how came it all about? You've been doing this to surprise me."

"I'd like to know which is most surprised, you or I," ejaculated Nat, stepping back and giving the premises a searching look, to assure himself it was the same place. "I don't know nothing about it—it's jest like what they call magic to me. But I'll light the lantern, and we'll see to the bottom of this affair—it's Greek and Latin to me, and that's the fact," he kept repeating. The door flew open, and Molly screamed with delight. There was no entry—it was one of those wee houses where, when you open the door, you are home—and the parlor, as she entered it, looked to her like a little palace, it was furnished so beautifully. A neat bright carpet covered the floor, cottage chairs, a handsome polished bureau, two shining tables were ranged against the walls, and a few pictures hung around in neat frames.

"Oh! was ever anything so perfect!" cried Molly, clapping her hands as she stepped into the little kitchen. "This rag carpet is almost as pretty as the other—oh! look at the tins, bright as silver. What good strong chairs, and nice large table! See, here's a clothes horse, and look in this pantry, *every thing* is here, the blue crockery and all! And see in this low cupboard, here are pans and pots and kettles—why, Nat, Nat, what *does* it mean?"

They passed out into the shed—every convenience was there also, washing tubs, wooden pails, brooms, brushes, every implement a good housewife would require.

"Now, isn't it strange?" asked Molly again and again, seating herself proudly in the parlor rocking chair, "here we come expecting to see our old new house, without a particle of plastering inside, and here we find it painted, papered—oh! Nat, we forgot the chambers;" and she scampered up stairs in great glee. There they were in their prim beauty, all neatly furnished, and looking so wee white and delicate, that they seemed ready for the fairies themselves to take possession. A bureau, like that below, stood near the bed.—Molly drew out the upper drawer, which was already a little open,

and cried loudly that here were articles of houselinen, and that the drawer was full. Suddenly she lifted from its snowy receptacle a purse, to which was pinned a paper, and holding it eagerly up, read :

"A gift to Molly Vinton, for her patience, industry and constancy, from M. W."

"Oh!" screamed Molly, falling on her knees, "it's May Willis has done all this—it's May Willis, that blessed young lady! let us go to her this very night," she added, catching Nat by the hand.—"Why, Nat, how still you are! you don't say nothing!"

But Nat had turned away his head, for he was ashamed to show his tears.

"Oh! Nat—dear Nat," cried Molly again, rising and throwing her arms about him: "Nat, I shall keep you—I *shan't* lose you—tell dear mother Hunt not to cry any more, and the good old man, tell him it's true, as he says, that the 'righteous never are forsaken,' for you shan't go away now; this, *my* present, my own, is gold; pieces of gold; they'll pay *all* the mortgage—dear Miss May, God Almighty shower down blessings on her head! Oh! isn't she beautiful, Nat, and a very angel?"

Full of surprise and gratitude, the tears every now and then falling copiously, they surveyed the house once more, and then retraced their way home, so light-hearted and contented, and yet wondering how it had all happened. The moon shone brightly, flooding tree and field in a wondrous glow-like melody—I was going to say, somehow melody and moonlight go together—a wondrous halo of pure white light. It was too late to see May Willis that night, but it wasn't a bit too late for Nat to sit down in the widow's parlor, and tell all the good news to the old lady who sat in the shadow so they could not see her face.

"Why! mother's crying," exclaimed Molly, seeing the little widow press her handkerchief to her eyes again and again.

"And how can I help crying?" she sobbed convulsively, "but it's all for joy—how can I help crying, for God's goodness to the widow and the fatherless!"

"Avast there! I can't keep in any longer!" it was a strong, firm voice—a noble looking sailor entered from the little dark kitchen. Molly sprang to her feet—gave one scream, one bound, and clung almost fainting to the neck of her brother.

"There, Molly, don't take on so—you're jest like mother, giving a fellow nothing but tears after a three years' cruise (and the back of his jacket sleeve was passed suspiciously across his own eyes.) Nat, your hand, my boy; mother's been telling me your troubles—but

make yourself easy, jest as easy as old Tilly, for thanks be to God, I've come home rich enough for you all ;" he added heartily, spreading his broad, brown palms, "mother, here, shall have a house like old Willis's if she likes, and Molly shall spree it equal to——"

"Don't, Will—don't say a word against dear Miss May. When you have heard all, you'll think as I do, that she's an angel—a real angel."

"No she ain't, she's a *woman*—a real true, noble *woman*—and she ain't nothing else," cried Will, bluntly, slapping his hand upon his knee ; "but come, folks, I was jest eating supper when you came in—come into this blessed old kitchen, and to-morrow—dy'e hear, mother ?—I'll chop up the wash-tubs for kindlings ; no more work for you, old lady, 'long as Will's about."

MAY'S REWARD.

"What on earth are your eyes so red for, May ? Why, upon my word, in tears ! Do tell me, quick, what has happened ? Is the house on fire, or have you lost the pattern of that French apron ?"

"Eunice, you'd cry too," almost sobbed May, as she sat down to weep at her leisure. "Molly's been here, and Nat, and Nat's old father and mother, and Molly's brother just home from sea, and Molly's mother, and they've all been thanking me." She stopped short at her cousin's laugh, and fixed her liquid eyes in consternation full upon her.

"Ten thousand pardons ! Oh ! I beg, I *beg* your mercy, but it seemed so irresistibly ludicrous—I mean my foolish imagination placed them all upon their knees, one behind the other, with their handkerchiefs to their eyes ; indeed so it sounded, you enumerated them so drolly."

"I think," said May, a little indignant, "if you had seen the real tears of gratitude falling down the cheeks of age, if you had heard the tremulous tongue soon to be silenced in the grave, calling down blessings on your head, you would not laugh."

"I should not indeed," replied Eunice, suddenly sobered ; "I sincerely beg you to excuse me ; old age ought ever to be a protection against ridicule."

That day in the afternoon, just at the time preceding supper, old Mr. Willis called his daughter May to his own room. He had never seemed so affectionate, but he spoke as pithily as usual ; he was not fond of talking.

"May," he said abruptly, "how do you like our visitor ?"

The young girl looked up in consternation ; she had heard her father address him as Mr. Wild ; she knew that a stately, tall young man sat near her at meals, not over handsome, and as she had noticed this latter fact, and been as busy as she could be, she had hardly given him a thought, except as her father's clerk.

"How do you like him?" asked her father the second time.

"I—I really don't—don't know, sir," stammered May.

"He's a jewel—one of nature's noblemen," rejoined the old gentleman with enthusiasm. "He's educated himself ; he's educating his little brothers ; he's taking care of his aged father and mother ; he's half supporting a sick brother-in-law ; he's got too much on his hands ; and seeing his noble nature, I'm going to help him. Hereafter, the names of Willis & Wild will stand over 'our mercantile house ;' he shall be my partner—he shall indeed. Now," added the old man, shrewdly, "I don't want you to think any thing in particular about him ; all I ask of you is, show him consideration as my equal in business ; he is no longer my clerk ; just be attentive, you know, as you should be to our guest—and so—now go—that's all. But stop," he cried, as May was leaving, her thoughts turned all hurriedly into a new channel, "have you seen any of those folks down there?"

"Oh ! yes, dear sir," replied May, her eyes glistening, "they all came to thank *me*, and I told them it was *all* your own gift——"

"Tut, tut, child ! what for ? what for ? You know I gave it into your hands—so, the old man Hunt hasn't been intemperate and wasteful, as Giles Hatch represented."

"Dear father ! he's one of the good of the earth."

"Tut—how do you know ? Never mind, May—go, child. Giles wanted that place himself, the old rascal !" ejaculated Mr. Willis as May shut the door.

At supper, owing to her father's singular request, May could not help noticing particularly the tall young stranger. He was not handsome, but he was better. His brow was high and full of the expression of intellect ; his eye dark and searching ; his features large and manly ; altogether there was a superiority in his look and manner that forcibly attracted May. His conversation, too, was so refined, his manner towards ladies the very perfection of gentlemanly delicacy, and she could not but note the lingering glance he often turned on herself. But why not anticipate ? To the father's almost unbounded delight, she in time became his betrothed ; and preparations were making for her removal to the great city as soon as she should be wedded.

In the mean time a beautiful lot, coveted by many of the wealthier villagers, who could not afford its value, was bought by the widow's sailor boy, upon which he erected a house almost as large and costly as old Mr. Willis's. People marvelled why he wanted so much room, but the straightforward Californian told them all that he built it, first for his mother, then for his wife and children, "for," added he, "by and by you'll see me bring home as pretty a lass as eyes ever looked upon,—that is Mrs. Vinton that is to be—only wait a little." And he was as good as his word.

Molly—just ask her if she would exchange that wee bit house for a palace. Not she—but she says, blushing and fondling two lovely flaxen-haired boys, when it gets too small for us, Nat and I are going to the old farm-house, for father and mother Hunt are getting lonesome—but I shall cling to my household goods, for every thing here reminds me day by day and hour by hour of the angel goodness of dear May Willis.

DREAMS OF THE HEART.

BY LENA LIVINGSTON.

Dreams of the heart, how soon they pass away,
Those the most joyous are the first to fade,
Things that look bright and beautiful to-day,
To-morrow may be numbered with the dead.

Friends around whom our best affections cling,
Loved ones whose gentle voices gladden home,
Are always those whose forms the shadowy wing
Of death envelopes for the silent tomb.

We've dreamed of happiness, and with our future twined
Garlands we wreathed in our most sanguine hours;
But oh! the sad awakening to find
The fairest of them all but fading flowers.

There is *one* dream, *one* looking for of joy,
One hope of happiness *our God* has given!
'Tis not of earth, it comes without alloy,
It is the Christian's life-long dream of Heaven.

This never fades, nor passeth it away,
Till we awaken in eternity;
Then, glorious change! and oh, thrice happy they,
Who view in all its brightness—the reality.

BESSIE, THE WASHERWOMAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY MIRIAM F. HAMILTON.

"I HATE her! The tattling little upstart, the beggar's brat!" exclaimed Hortense Carpenter, as she stood in the midst of her school-mates. "It's bad enough to have a washerwoman's daughter, who has to do chores for her tuition, in school at any rate, but when she begins to tattle about us, it is time to teach her a lesson. Miss Chandler has made too much of her. She forgets herself, and really begins to feel on an equality with us. I, for one, will show Miss Rag-Bag her place."

Just then the door opened, and a fragile, delicate girl of some fourteen summers, stepped in.

"Good morning," said she pleasantly to the group of girls.

There was no reply—all looked timidly at Hortense, for she was all powerful there, and her flashing eyes deterred any of the more venturesome who would have addressed Bessie Allen.

"Good morning, girls," repeated Bessie.

Hortense drew herself up haughtily.—"Attend to your dusting," said she. "You do not pay your tuition by entertaining us, and we do not care to hear any of your hypocritical remarks. The society of a tattler is anything but agreeable."

"Oh, Hortense, I did not tattle," exclaimed poor Bessie, while tears rushed to her eyes.

"Tattlers are always liars," replied Hortense, scornfully, as she turned away, while Bessie sank sobbing into her seat. A few of the girls looked pityingly upon her, but no one ventured to approach her.

"I don't believe she *did* tell, Tensia," whispered Martha Myers.

"You are at perfect liberty to think what you please," replied Hortense. "Go, if you choose, take the part of a mean informer and spy. But I thought you had more spirit than to be turned round by a few crocodile tears."

Martha shrank back abashed, and the rest of the girls were easily persuaded that Hortense was right. The bell soon rang, and all entered upon their school duties.

Hortense Carpenter was at this time about fifteen years of age, and certainly very beautiful. She was at once the idol and terror of the whole school. No one could be more agreeable than she when

her will was obeyed ; no one understood better than she how to visit any opposition to it on the heads of the offenders. She was a fine scholar, and had always been treated by her teachers with marked distinction. Her father was wealthy, and delighted to deck in rich attire his child—the pride of his heart. He either did not see her aristocratic and haughty notions, or found an echo to them in his heart of hearts, for his child resembled him much in character ; at any rate he never checked them. Her mother, one of the most gentle and humble of women, indeed often reasoned with her on the folly and wickedness of her pride, and imagined that the respectful attention which her daughter paid her, betokened a disposition to correct her faults. Could she have glanced into her child's mind, she would have been astonished to see what thoughts were passing there.—Hortense loved her mother, but she was well aware that in intellect she herself was far her superior, and it was with a kind of pitying affection that she listened to her parent's admonitions. Her father she revered. She acknowledged that he was her superior, and his words of sarcastic reproof, for that was his usual way of expressing his disapprobation of her conduct, were all powerful with her ; but he never reiterated what her mother said to her on this subject, and she pursued her own course, becoming a leader in school as he was in society. Thus it happened that when Bessie Allen first entered the school, she had incurred her displeasure ; first, because she was poor, an offence which might possibly have been overlooked, had she not proved herself to be a fine scholar, and by her gentleness bid fair to become a formidable rival also in the affections of both teacher and scholars. For all of these reasons, Hortense hated her, and now when a school-freak had been discovered by their teacher, as Bessie had been the only one not engaged in it, suspicion naturally rested upon her as having been the informer, and Hortense gladly availed herself of this to thrust down the usurper into what she considered her proper place. And from this time poor Bessie was subjected to all the petty annoyances which a haughty girl could devise and a sensitive mind could feel.

The girl grew thinner and paler than ever, for she was a loving child, and to feel herself looked upon with suspicion and hatred where she had before experienced only kindness, was indeed a sad blow to her. At home she had never met with anything but indifference, for her mother was dead, her father a poor spiritless drone, and her step-mother, a coarse woman, who meant well but understood nothing of the sensitive child's feelings, had made no secret of the fact that she considered Bessie as a dead weight on her hands.

When Miss Chandler had offered to take her into school and teach her for some slight services, Bessie's heart leaped for joy. Her teacher told her that in time she too might obtain her livelihood by teaching, and this had stimulated the child to almost superhuman exertions, which had soon, by making her a rival, gained her an enemy in Hortense. The kindness and affection of her school-mates had made her young life full of sunshine, and now the sudden change plunged her into tenfold deeper gloom than before. The light of happiness faded from her blue eyes ; she drooped visibly, and one could hardly have recognized the gentle, smiling Bessie Allen in the now pale and thoughtful child. She brooded over her trouble in secret, but her teacher noted nothing of the change. It is needless to say that she was guiltless of the charge, and had Miss Chandler been aware of it, she could have cleared her at once. But she was not an observant woman, and saw none of the mental troubles of her pupil ; and Bessie, who longed sometimes to speak to her teacher on the subject, shrank nervously from doing so, from a dread of deserving in reality that dreadful appellation, "tattler," that seemed ever sounding in her ears ; of deserving that character so abhorred by school-children. She would have been utterly wretched had it not been for the little Lilly, a fairy-like child, and sister of Hortense, who now came to school, and who had at once taken a great fancy to Bessie, and on whom in return Bessie lavished all the repressed affection of her loving heart.

Hortense looked on this with the deepest annoyance. Lilly was her darling, and she could not bear to have any rival in the child's heart—least of all was it to be borne when that rival was a washerwoman's daughter, and Bessie Allen.

Hortense had gained her point in making Bessie shunned by her school-mates, but all this was nothing so long as her darling sister loved her,—and too proud to appear to notice that she had a rival, she could not deprive Bessie of this. It was agony to her to have the child spring from her side, as she did, in the morning, to meet Bessie ; to see her white arms twined round the girl's neck, and her sweet lips pressed to hers, but there was no remedy for it.

Thank God, there are no aristocrats among children.

So time passed on, and finally Bessie was missing from school.—She had been absent for a day or two, when little Lilly too stayed at home. She begged her mother to let her go to see her favorite, and Mrs. Carpenter consented. The servant took her to the washerwoman's, where Bessie lay sick. The child clung to her, kissed her, and, alas ! bore home with her the seeds of the contagious disease,

the scarlet fever, which Bessie was herself unconscious of having, for she had not been attended by any physician.

Poor Lilly was stricken down, and after a short and severe illness died, while Bessie recovered to mourn over the sad loss of her child-friend, and to look forward hopelessly to her own future.

It was the morning after the funeral of Lilly that Bessie, a mere shadow, entered the school-room. Hortense was there, dressed in deep mourning, looking pale and haughty. None of the girls dared address her, as she sat there tearless and still, though some whispered that they "thought she showed very little grief, since she seemed to love Lilly so"; and one little girl said that "she never cried a bit at the funeral, when her mother sobbed as if her heart would break." Bessie heard all these whispers, but she knew better than they what was tearless agony. Her heart bled for Hortense, and she drew closer to her side, and passing her arm round her waist, whispered—"I know how to pity you, dear Hortense. She loved me dearly, too."

Hortense started as if an adder had stung her; she flung off Bessie's encircling arm as she exclaimed bitterly, "She *did* love you, and how did you repay her? You kissed her with poison on your lips—you killed her!"

Poor Bessie was shocked. She tottered feebly to her seat, laid her head on her desk, and wept silently. The next day she did not come to school. She was worse again, so the children said. She had come out too soon, said the doctor, and a relapse was the consequence. Hortense cared not. She felt in her heart that Bessie had murdered her sister, and hated her worse than ever.

It was twilight, and Hortense had been out gathering wild flowers and digging up violets to plant on her sister's grave. It was growing late, and the grave-yard was a dreary place—but what cared she for that? She was no coward, and she walked in among the white tomb-stones, gleaming in the moonlight, without a shudder. But as she drew nearer to Lilly's grave, she started—surely she saw something move! She hesitated, but she resolved to go forward—and there lying on the ground was Bessie Allen. She was dressed only in her night-dress, and her pale face looked even paler, shrouded as it was in her fair hair. She was moaning sadly. "You are gone. You were the only one that loved me—and I *killed* you!" Then sobs and groans would interrupt her words.

She did not see Hortense till suddenly she looked up. "Oh, do not send me away!" she said wildly. "I did not mean to kill her! How could I want to kill the only one that loved me! Let me stay!"

Do let me stay !” and she clung to Hortense’s dress convulsively.—“Bessie Allen, how came you here ?” was all that Hortense could reply.

“I could not rest—I could not sleep till I had asked Lilly to forgive me for poisoning her—so I came here—and by and by I shall rest with her down in the ground,” and she buried her face in the grass, as if she would seek a shelter with her friend from the harsh world.

Hortense knew that she was wild and delirious, and her heart smote her for the wrong that she had done her. There, by her sister’s grave, she could not retain her old animosity. Her own tears flowed faster than Bessie’s had done.

“God forgive me !” cried she, falling on her knees by the side of the grave. “God forgive me my sin towards you, Bessie Allen !—Come, Bessie ! Dear Bessie—*Lilly’s* Bessie !” she said as Bessie neither stirred or moved, but lay prostrate by the grave. “Lilly wants you, Bessie,” she whispered, but Bessie heard her not ; she was with Lilly in a brighter world.

The rest of the events of that fearful night Hortense could never remember clearly. How she made known where Bessie—the dead Bessie lay, or how she reached home herself,—but from that night Hortense was unlike her former self. It was a bitter lesson, but one that she never forgot ; and as the plough-share of affliction rooted up the strong weeds of pride and hatred from her heart, so in their stead was planted good seed that sprung up, making her life beautiful.

HOME.—“Woman is the presiding genius of home. These words, woman and home, are almost synonymous. What husband can think of his home without having his thoughts at the same time rest upon that wife who is or who should be its light and its joy ? What child can think of home, without his mind fondly reverting to that mother who watched over him in his days of helplessness, and who was the guardian angel of the family circle ? Home should form the centre of a woman’s affections, plans and thoughts. She should view it as a little kingdom, in the ruling and managing of which, she must act the most important part, and assume the greatest responsibility—a kingdom which will altogether the most sensibly feel *her* influence, and which will exhibit such characteristics as she pleases to enstamp upon it.”

"CHRISTE ELEISON."

~~~~~  
 BY INEZ.  
 ~~~~~

CHRISTE ELEISON! The night shadows gather,
 Whither, oh! whither hath faded the day?
 Its glow and its sunshine illumined our spirits,
 Yet while we rejoiced, they had melted away.
 Gather the night-shadows, solemn and gray—
 Christe eleison!

Whither, oh! whither have wandered the breezes,
 Warm with the sunshine, and laden with song?
 Like voices of angels, their melody floated
 Over the woods, and the meadows along.
 Gather the night-winds, so sad yet so strong—
 Christe eleison!

They gather—the night-winds, the storm, and the shadows,—
 Like spirits ne'er hallowed by hope or by love;
 How rudely their cold fingers sweep the soul's harpstrings!
 How wildly the notes through the heart's chambers rove!
 Oh, in Thy shadowless mansions above,
 Christe eleison!

Spirit of holiness, love, and compassion,
 Hear the deep prayer that we lift unto Thee!
 Once rend the earth-veil of blindness and darkness,
 Once let us clearly and perfectly see!
 Give but *one* morning-glimpse, radiant and free!
 Christe eleison!

Let us but feel, in *one* moment of gladness,
 All of life's majesty, beauty and power—
 Only bestow on our journey of sadness
 The far-floating breath of *one* heavenly flower!
 Thou hearest the prayer of this sorrowful hour—
 Christe eleison!

Spirit of holiness, love, and compassion,
 Spirit of tenderness, spirit of power!
 Soft fall Thy words, both of chiding and promise,
 "Lo! I am with thee when night-shadows lower."
 Forgive the wild prayer of this passionate hour—
 Christe eleison!

EUGENIA,

BY "BLANCHE WOODBURY."

SEE ENGRAVING.

GENTLE, high-born Eugenia! The shores of America welcome thee, for she acknowledges a debt of gratitude to some of thy name yet uncanceled. Faithful copy art thou, Eugenia, in form and feature, of thy noble relative, Lady Elworth, who more than half a century since, abandoned like thyself the rock-girt shores of Albion—abandoned her palace home, with its proudly frowning turrets and wide domains—abandoned the flattering obsequiousness of vassals and so-called friends, to adopt the plain habits and costumes of republican simplicity. Not that the costume here donned by Eugenia was the same as that of the former exile. It is like it in no respect, unless the open pagoda sleeve of the present day might represent the flowing lace of Martha Washington.

The elder Lady Elworth, though inheriting wealth and rank, was a sufferer from domestic inquietude, long silently and patiently borne—but when her ear caught the first wild shouts of freedom from Columbia's shores—and her soul went out in sympathy for the land of the free—she shook off the trammels of grief, and rose superior to sorrow.

Her mind had for a long time taken an interest in the troubles of the times. She had heard the powerful appeals of Pitt in the British parliament—had heard the eloquent responses of Patrick Henry across the Atlantic—had heard the "clash of resounding arms" and the desperate struggle for "liberty or death"—and when at last the star-spangled banner floated victoriously in the breeze, she was impelled by a Lafayette-like spirit to visit a theatre of such glory, and contribute her mite to the exhausted treasury. Her social position as well as virtues insured her respect, and she became a guest of the excellent Washington. A few years' residence here, and her mind became comparatively tranquil, when she returned to England for the care and education of her grand-child, the motherless Eugenia. Lord Elworth, severe and inexorable toward his wife, was not less so to Eugenia, who, lovely and gifted, had some years since made her entrée into society, but the youthful nobility whom she met were so

universally profligate—so utterly devoid of every thing manly and attractive, that she turned from them in indifference and disgust.

This of course incensed the mercenary Lord Elworth, and made him more vigilant in watching her actions—and, like a prisoned canary, she had every prospect of warbling out her existence unloved and unappreciated, when a plot, which was formed for a purpose totally adverse to her feelings, turned in her favor.

Lord Elworth had long desired an alliance with the house of Lendonnaire, their lands being contiguous. Could he bring about a marriage between Eugenia and Gabor, the young heir who had just obtained his majority, his happiness would be complete. For this purpose no means were left untried. He spoke to the young nobleman of her charities, exhibited specimens of her exquisite embroidery, and as a crowning effort resolved to invite Lendonnaire to visit his princely mansion, and by producing Eugenia's picture, enlist Gabor's imagination on his side, and thus forward his scheme. * * * * *

The studio of George Lawrence, a young American artist, was located in a remote wing of the Elworth palace. A distinguished friend of the Elworths had commended the extraordinary abilities of Lawrence to their notice, and now his first requirement was to portray the features of the heiress Eugenia.

Lawrence was alone in his apartment. Easel, brushes, and palette were in close proximity, while upon the floor, reclining against the walls of the room, were portraits of various persons of both sexes—wrinkled age and rosy childhood placed in happy contrast.

The hour of "sitting" had already arrived—the blank canvas rested in its place—and still the artist was alone. Look at him, as he throws himself carelessly into a seat. He is neither tall nor Herculean in stature—nor has he the bronze complexion, the dark eye and raven hair of a hero of romance. His figure is scarcely sufficiently masculine for an Apollo; yet see that well-developed forehead, where the pale chestnut locks cluster and glow like the sun-tinted fleeces which shade a storm-cloud. See that bold blue eye, with its ever-varying expression—merry, sedate, or thoughtful, or lighting up with the charm of genius. His fine brow is knit, as if with patient and perplexing thought.

"So—so," he soliloquizes; "and I am to paint a high-born beauty to-day—a purse-proud, haughty little minx, probably, whose memory the fact of her exalted rank never escapes. And she is to be my lady-patron—*she*, the only woman whom my proud soul ever paid homage to, and that in seeing her one single night at the London Opera. And when my task is finished, with what a benevolent *air*

she will pay me *her gold* ! how condescendingly she will look, as she patronizes the *needy adventurer*—the *poor artist* !”

George Lawrence sprung to his feet. All the American in him rushed to his brow and flashed in his eye. Then he took a sober second thought. “What !” he exclaimed, reseating himself and assuming a dignified attitude, “do I so soon forget my birthright ? America ! the thought of thee shall fortify my heart—not even an eyelash shall fall before Britain’s titled ones ; I bow to the nobility of character alone.”

The appearance of a servant announced that the disagreeable interview was at hand. Eugenia entered, enveloped in the veritable fur-trimmed satin cloak we see in the engraving—which having thrown off, she appeared in a magnificent robe of white satin, with pearl ornaments.

“A gay-dressed victim of parental authority,” thought Lawrence ; “a lamb decked out for a sacrifice, I’ll wager.”

“Good morning, sir,” said Eugenia, without looking at the person she accosted. *He* was her humble employeè, what else could *he expect* ? The artist bowed respectfully and silently, and she evidently mistook his silence for embarrassment at her august presence ; so, to complete the grand effect, she sauntered across the room with an air of nonchalance, and dropped listlessly into a seat.

“I am waiting, Mr. Lawrence.”

“Tame the shrew !” whispered the tempter. “Respect myself, at least,” thought Lawrence ; and he turned away a moment, to contemplate the position of his easel.

“Proceed, sir—proceed !” exclaimed the lady, imperiously waving her hand.

Poor Lawrence ! It seemed in his confusion—for he strangely admired the lady—it seemed as if the right implement would never be found, among the piles before him ; but this air of hauteur on her part, in spite of all his “preparation,” stung him.

“Your position, lady, is entirely at fault,” he remarked, after an ineffectual effort to sketch the outline ; “recline a little more in this direction.”

The heiress moved her lovely pearl-decked shoulders with much difficulty, as if slow to acknowledge the authority of his profession.

“Now recline a little to the right, if you please ; not too far—that would spoil the contour,” said the excited artist ; “to the left—to the left, now, a trifle.”

“O yes, yes ! certainly !” said the lady, slightly disturbed—and to the left the movement was made, in good earnest. What knew

she of a dictator, forsooth ! Alas, the whole proportion of the sketch was now ruined. What could the artist do ! His reputation was at stake. No, no ! it was not right that he should be sacrificed to her caprice.

"Lady," said he, politely, "it is all important that your attitude be graceful ; you will oblige me if you would rise and reseat yourself ; I could not—"

Eugenia burst into a violent fit of laughter—for the affair was getting ludicrous ; but when she met the calm, dignified glance of George Lawrence, she looked abashed and blushed deeply. Cupid had hit the target at last. The haughty spirit had bowed before that of nature's nobleman—and, awkward as was the circumstance, it directed Eugenia's attention to the manliness and dignity of George Lawrence. She saw, too, that his manners were pleasing, without the polish of courts—that he was far superior to the titled fops of her acquaintance—and that his clear eye and clearer head gave evidence that, unlike many of her countrymen, he "tarried not long at the wine-cup."

She had never met Gabor Lendonnaire, to whom Lord Elworth secretly purposed to espouse her ; but, if she had, the artist could not have suffered by comparison. Lendonnaire was a man of a strong physical nature and weak intellect—just such a person as would use a wife as a mere toy and plaything, instead of an equal friend, and give no intellectual companionship in return.

Eugenia's portrait, of course, went on amazingly from day to day, but not faster on the canvas than on the heart-retina of the enamored limner, where each stroke was indelibly engraved. What wonder, then, that the work was so successful ? that the very intensity of the artist's thoughts revealed itself on the speaking canvas ?

Lawrence was not overcome by Eugenia's beauty, considerable as it was—for he had seen the fairest belles of Italy ; nor for her rank, commanding as that was ; but he discovered in her a lady, it is true, somewhat spoiled by indulgence, but one who possessed a bright sparkling mind and really generous soul. Lord Elworth had had *his* part in Eugenia's intellectual training—for she was the image of his deceased child—he had endeavored and pretty well succeeded in counteracting the democratic ideas of Lady Elworth, by his own aristocratic notions of privileged orders, but Lawrence had been recently fast undoing his work. The young artist sometimes reproached himself for the part he was involuntarily acting, but he tried to think that it could not be avoided, and that he was the servant of circumstances. * * *

The library of Lord Elworth had been newly refitted. A gorgeous carpet took the place of the old but chaste-looking green baize, while a splendid set of curtains of crimson satin gave it a look of elegance it had never before exhibited. The frame-work of the book shelves and numerous easy-chairs were touched with a fresh gilding, while a portrait—the portrait of Eugenia—magnificently framed, was suspended with rich cord and tassel opposite an antique west window, which threw a softened and favorable light upon this work of genius. Lord Elworth entered, accompanied by Gaber Lendonnaire. The old nobleman was now somewhat in his dotage, but still a man of fine appearance and dignified bearing; but, though Time's frost had long rested upon his temples, and shrivelled his frame, all had not had the effect to humble his nature, or make him less rigid in his prejudices.

"Gabor," said Lord Elworth, with much suavity, "Gabor, give me your opinion of my new ornament. My judgment may err, but I call that face and figure one of a thousand."

Lendonnaire gazed intently upon the portrait, and mentally passed a severe criticism upon the lady's features, although he could but acknowledge the air of grace, the soulful beauty portrayed before him.

"Fine! truly, my lord! very fine; a little touch of the fairy in your selection—rather remarkable for one of your years, sir."

"Yes, Lendonnaire, the painting has given me great pleasure, though I think that the artist has hardly done justice to the original."

"The original! then 'tis *not* a fancy piece!"

"The image of Eugenia, Gabor."

"Can it be possible! she of whom you have written me," said Gabor with animation, and with a look that did not altogether please his host.

"As she is now at a marriageable age," continued Elworth, "I thought to present her a little to the world, and as her visits from home necessarily leave me much alone, I thought her portrait would be a pleasant substitute."

"And she is *like* this?" asked Gabor, contemplating the canvas with real interest.

"You approve it then, Lendonnaire?"

"A nice Miss to be sure," simpered Gabor.

"Pardon an old man, Lendonnaire, are your affections disengaged?"

"They are—I mean they were—I am not sure but this pretty fair one has suddenly stolen them," and the boor's free glances were again lavished upon the unconscious painting.

"Give me your hand, my boy; I will introduce the lady herself, and my partial heart is flattering me as to the happy result."

"Lord Elworth—really—I—really," but the simpleton's grateful response was interrupted.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed the voice of George Lawrence, suddenly emerging from a recess of the room, "pardon, I implore you, this intrusion; absorbed in a charming volume, I was not till this instant aware of your presence."

"Lendonnaire, this is Mr. Lawrence, my family artist," said Elworth, coldly; "Mr. Lawrence, Lord Lendonnaire."

Mr. Lawrence signified his appreciation of this new honorable acquaintance by setting off for Italy two hours after. Lawrence's presence in the library at that hour was no unusual thing of late,—for Lord Elworth, gratified at the production of his pencil, and feeling secure as far as she was concerned in the ideas of family pride which he had taught her to cherish, had made him a member of his own household.

The artist, on leaving the library, sought one last interview with Eugenia. He found her in the drawing-room. There she was, her complexion looking more than usually delicate in the plain blue robe she wore, while her canopy of golden curls fell around her in beautiful contrast. She had been reading, but she laid down her book at his entrance, and advanced in a stately manner to meet him. She knew she loved Lawrence; but she likewise knew that no expression on his part warranted her to confess the sentiment; and though love had demolished her prejudice, still woman's pride was nerving her young heart and congealing the bright warm smile that rose spontaneously to her lip, at his appearance.

"I am going to leave you, Eugenia," said George Lawrence.

"Ah!"

"And you are soon to be married, I presume."

"I—married! to whom, pray—really, this is amusing."

"To the—young—Lord—Lendonnaire."

"Lawrence!"

"Even so. Lord Elworth is this instant making arrangements."

"Arrangements, Lawrence?" and a tear stood in the blue eye of Eugenia, then compressing her lip tightly and manifesting something of the determination of her race, she said—"Lawrence, that will never be!"—then as if recollecting herself and thinking of the *artist's* possible scorn, she added with apparent cheerfulness—"Well, well! we cannot always decide upon the future—we cannot perhaps quite control our own destiny."

"Was this all!" thought Lawrence, no token—no word of regret at his departure—well, he had mistaken her feelings—how surprising that she should feel such resignation at her fate! Poor Lawrence! how dared *he*, a *hireling*, aspire to that fair hand? Oh, if he had *dared* to speak!

"Farewell, Eugenia!" and the young man with bursting heart rushed from her presence, as he thought forever.

Italy! land of genius and of beauty, of glowing landscapes, crystal waters, of romance and of classic lore. Lawrence appreciated this land of song and sunny skies in the fullest degree. Italy had been the bright green oasis of the life-desert of his struggling genius, and he longed to inscribe his name upon the bright list of her famous arches. There had his extraordinary powers received their most complete development—there had he discovered his intimate affinity, his brotherhood to the "old masters," the bright spirits who had gone before.

Lawrence was one evening reclining upon a seat in the Florentine gallery, enraptured with a rich landscape, which hung opposite, and which the intensity of his admiration and vivid fancy was fast rendering real; when some one touched him lightly upon the shoulder.

"Tell me," exclaimed a stranger of respectable appearance, "tell me who executed this tiny view of the Deluge—small as it is, it is most elaborately and exquisitely wrought—not even the deep rich colors of a Raphael or Carlo Dolci can overshadow it."

The young artist blushed deeply. The stranger, who was an American, was pointing to his own production, his last effort at Florence, which an indulgent though critical friend had placed in no unfavorable contrast to the time-honored paintings around.

"I am that artist, sir," said Lawrence modestly.

"You? you *are*? then a fortune awaits you," said the gentleman, glancing slightly at the young artist's somewhat shabby attire. "My powers of discrimination may be in fault, but I certainly predict to the wielder of *that* pencil, a wonderful success. Come with me to America—I will engage you my patronage, and of whatever influence I may have among my fellow citizens."

Lawrence's heart beat high with hope and joy. This was a tempting offer. His recent heart-troubles had depressed his spirits, and his circumstances were becoming straightened by his long inapplication to business. Besides, Eugenia must be now on the eve of her marriage, if not already the bride of another; and the tendrils of his affection so suddenly torn from that quarter, now extended earnestly and yearningly towards his fatherland.

The following day saw them on shipboard, and Lawrence once more took up his residence in New-York.

Eugenia, on learning Lord Elworth's stern purpose in desiring her union with one whom she had but to know to detest, fled for consolation to the bosom of her honored grandmother. Lady Elworth's white palsied hand rested among the golden curls of the bowed head of Eugenia, while her usual serene brow, with its silvery foliage, now looked flushed and excited, and tears, long strangers to her aged eyes, fell slowly down her furrowed cheeks. Eugenia's troubles had brought back reminiscences, painful ones of other days.

"Courage, darling! look up!" said the kind sympathizer, trying to compose herself as well as another. "Your sorrows, mountainous as they appear, would seem trivial enough did you compare them with those my aged eyes have witnessed in the times that 'tried men's souls'—but cheer up, Eugenia. I have the power and will to aid you. I know that my rigid lord cannot be moved from his purpose, but you shall absent yourself till his wrath is appeased. A friend of mine will give you an asylum in America, and though you go forth comparatively alone, do not fear; remember God 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'"

Madame de Vere—the friend to whom Lady Elworth alluded—occupied a princely mansion in the upper part of the city of New-York. In personal appearance, she was what might be politely termed "immense"—but what failed in symmetry was made up in majesty—added to which, her woman's vanity suggested (for when did it not?) that *her* particular "forte" or point of attraction was her fine conversational powers. Now it was evident that these could not be displayed to any advantage in her own limited household—the course which she took, therefore, became to her ambitious ladyship almost a matter of necessity.

She became the eminent lady-patroness of all the 'stars' and 'lions' of the Empire city. Not an author, poet, artist, or sculptor, peeped forth from obscurity but the unerring eye of Madame de Vere marked him, and forthwith recorded him on her visiting list; while added to her social morning calls, she occasionally at long intervals gave at her mansion a grand benefit or soireé, where the powers of each had full opportunity of display. It might not be too much to assert that this excellent dame may have been the great pioneer of "literary levees" now extant.

The arrival of Eugenia beneath her roof was the occasion of a grand entertainment, and assembled there were hundreds of the elite of the city. Many distinguished foreigners were present, and among the

numerous artists and quite conspicuous in importance was our old friend George Lawrence. His atelier had become one of the most popular in New-York—not only introducing him to excellent society, but fast filling his purse. The prophecies of fortune respecting him were being realized.

“Do I see Lord Lendonnaire among your guests?” asked Lawrence that evening of his hostess.

“Oh, yes! they have come over on a bridal tour,” was her reply.

“A bridal tour!” gasped Lawrence, and his brief raised hopes were dashed to earth. At this moment the form of Eugenia flitted past him.

“Will you be presented, Mr. Lawrence?” said the hostess.

“To Lord and Lady Lendonnaire? Yes, with much pleasure,” answered Lawrence, rallying. What was our artist’s surprise when having made a giant effort to meet Eugenia with composure as the bride of another, he found in the bride’s place a totally different person. A tall lady, with black eyes and raven hair, which was plainly dressed, instead of the curly haired elf that had so brightly shadowed his memory.

It seemed that Lendonnaire piqued by the sudden departure of Eugenia, had laid his heart, if he possessed one, and fortunes at the feet of another. It was a somewhat singular coincidence, that the *three* should meet, so peculiarly circumstanced, under the same roof.

George Lawrence, now no longer penniless, but the pride of one of the first circles in New-York, at last offered his world-coveted heart to Eugenia. Genuine worth to genuine worth was wedded—need it be said that happiness was the result? Eugenia, no longer in her minority, was free to act as her heart prompted—and when the tidings came of the death of her stern and unforgiving grandfather, she returned with her excellent husband to her native country to receive the dying blessing of the honored and esteemed Lady Elworth.



There are some who refuse a favor so graciously, as to please us even by the refusal; and there are others who confer an obligation so clumsily, that they please us less by the measure, than they disgust us by the manner of a kindness, as puzzling to our feelings, as the politeness of one, who, if we had dropped our handkerchief, should present it unto us with a pair of tongs!

WINTER.

~~~~~  
 BY HADASSAH.  
 ~~~~~

A lovely scene !

Forest, and gentle hill, and spreading lake
 Resting beneath the purple light of dawn,
 Clothed in the robe of white, bestowed by heaven,
 And decked in frosted silver ; calm and still
 As the pale bride of death, and passionless
 As the cold soul of man without his God.

Up springs the glorious sun !

A thousand diamonds catch his golden glance
 And glitter in the radiance. Far and wide
 A fairy beauty trembles o'er the scene,
 Rubies and emeralds hang from every bough,
 And high above, the sapphire-colored sky
 Gleams with a spirit-splendor, shedding down
 A smile of cheerful love.

A short hour more,

And down those glories fall, like autumn leaves,
 A spray-like shower of rainbow-tinted stars,
 Like earthly hopes, to gleam a moment's space,
 Then sink to earth, and die, and mingle
 With the cold, damp, funeral sod.

The cloudless noon

Shines o'er the winter landscape, not a breath
 Of vapor rising to obscure the scene ;
 The far blue hills rise clear, and well defined,
 Against the western sky. The lofty oaks
 Spread their bare arms, and rising heavenward,
 Seem as though graven with an iron pen
 Upon the living blue, while fainter lines
 Mark the lone willows, as they tearful bend
 To kiss the ice-bound lake, that glitters still
 In the bright rays of glory.

Down in the west

The sun hath sunk from view, and left a tinge
 Of flaming light, that passes soon away,
 Like life's last moments, and amid the night
 The angels weave their brightest wreath of stars
 To crown the forehead of the leafless year.
 So when the soul of man is reft of joys,
 And stands, all friendless, 'mid the wintry night,
 God's brightest comforts shine within the heart,
 And shed a fresher lustre o'er the Soul.

WANT AND ITS MORAL,

~~~~~  
BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.  
~~~~~

WE are not born gods, nor even heroes and masters of the world of matter. The eternal tide of events, the whirling orbs of nature, and the inexorable, unseen, and unseeing powers that grind in the prison house of a seemingly remorseless Destiny, sweep and whirl and grind on, with a universal swing, that shows no pity for our helpless wail, no sparing for our utter impotence. We are cast into the lap of a rough world, the helpless foundlings of a lost maternity, to be reared by step-dame Nature in her own rude way, with many a kick and buffet, and ungentle cuff, and sent to solve the problem of our being, with one grim omnipresent private tutor at the heels of each and all of us,—a master whose name is Want, now leading the obedient with a silken cord, now driving the laggard with a whip of fire.

The first condition of all Having is Doing, the price of the first true success is work, the price of the last is no less—work. Work and win, or wait and perish! That is the rigid fact, that looks uglier and uglier in its grim rigidity, the more you stand in idle looking at it, but which softens to a sweet maternal smile of a worthy guerdon for joyous effort, when cunning hand and mysterious brain act with frank earnest in the great life-struggle. With no niggard obedience, no dogged submission to the inevitable necessity, is the rough fate mellowed, and the ripe compensative fruition won. Our step-dame will not so be appeased and turn her potential frown into smiles of mother-love, and her harsh Do or die! into melodious plaudits.

A price is set upon everything worth having, precisely adequate to its worth. If you shirk the price you have simply depreciated the value. You will never cheat the lynx-eyed Genius of Recompense: the law of equation is fixed as the law of gravitation. No rich uncle's dying bequest, or careful grandmother's living attentions will exempt you from the stern discipline of Want, or turn back by one ounce the preponderant scale that tosses your inactive soul aloft—found wanting with all its foreign aids and counterpoises.

I would that the discontented poor, who gnash on the seeming prosperity of the rich, knew the rigidity of this law of God's equity—that, inevitable as the old fabled fate, as the eternal Will of the Omnipotent, is the strict balance of all doing and being. Heaven never cheats the soul, and no skill of cunning power shall deceive the lidless eyes of Heaven.

I would that the rich in the pomp of their wearying cares could remember the law, and see with what a cast to the immortal soul, that burden of consuming care, and temporal glory, is purchased.—If both would look from their extremes of worldly success, to the intrinsic worth of their souls, standing naked in the court of Death, they might both be more contented, and more charitable, and surely wiser to estimate the worth of wealth and the grand uses of Want.

No position is free from want. Money but changes the name of it, poverty increases not its demands. There is a moral purpose in it which the Master Worker will not see evaded, neither by the despair of the indigent nor the pride of the affluent. We may not doubt that God, in creating, might have made things instantaneously entire—the oak a full grown tree, never changing; the beasts mature, and men with no progressive childhood, no advancing manhood: but this is not His way, and therefore this is not the *best* way. The lordly oak shall better serve His purpose and the ends of life, by stealing up, with slow perpetual growth, from the small acorn, through the twig and sapling, to the strong monarch of the forest. Better that in this world there should be lambs, and young birds twittering, and the sweet helplessness of human infancy.

To all finite things there is but one alternative, either to stand in fixed eternal death—for life is motion of some element—or be as now they verily are, subjects of eternal want. That which changes, must give or take somewhat, and for its perpetual mutation, there must be the attraction or repulsion of a perpetual need.

If, then, Want is a necessity of all finite being, it must have its Use, as marked as its necessity. To man, whose higher nature, multiform in its development, feels multiplied wants, that necessity must have a higher use, proportioned to his nature.

How beautifully the wants of the lower forms of life reciprocate with mutual benefit, and to all sentient being with mutual delight. The flowers that, with divided blooms, have no germinal power in their single selves, would yearn in vain in dying languor, for the perpetuity of their kind, but for the hunger of the wandering Bee, who feeding his own sateless want, serves theirs. The golden fruit-dust clinging to his feathered thighs, is carried from flower to flower

by the busy honey hunter ; and, when it finds it, mingles with its own. So, if we could but fathom Nature, we should find all wants so inter-wound that each should serve another, and all, perhaps, serve the superior wants of man.

A conquered necessity has no grudge against its conqueror. The heroism that wars on man can never quite prevail ; the heroism that battles with untoward circumstances, wins a substantial victory at every step. Strength is developed by trial, wisdom by the mystery of things, and human love and pity by human need and kindly helpfulness. A man may grow great in power by circumventing his fellow, but the heart withers while the hand strengthens. He may as greatly win the crown of strength by a stern battle on his natural wants, and the stark wants of all humanity ; and meanwhile feed his growing heart and soul with wider sympathies towards man and deeper devotion towards his God. The conquered necessity lends all its strength to the victor, as the old champions gave up their arms to their vanquishers.

He who is nursed in the lap of luxury, where obsequious ministers endeavor to serve every want, before it can well assert itself, shall not be great, nor wise, nor rightly loving ; but his pithless limbs and listless eyes, will too clearly betray a heart without vigor, and a marrowless brain. It is with mind as with the limbs, it strengthens with action, and within its powers, the more laborious the task, the more invigorating, and the more inspiring it is.

The Poet who drops his high-strung harp for the simpler reed, will drop, too, some steel-fibred strength, some far-thrilling sweetness of his lay. The tax of rhyme and a fixed structure, however mechanical, is a spur to his genius, and an unwonted rhythm will often wring out of his reluctant soul those high and wonderful strains of thought, and harmony of utterance, that sometimes make us think the bard has listened at the gates of heaven, and caught an echo from the choring angels.

The Architect who only feels a prompting to follow old use and wont, and shrinks from all that is difficult, may serve the common need of barn and hovel and human shelter, but only a painful worker, and son of Valor and Patience can make his soul bloom in eternal rock, and fashion a Pantheon to outlive all its gods, or round the dome of St. Peter's with whatsoever grandeur is possible to man in the presence of the eternal God. The majesty of the soul is drawn out and magnified by the greatness of its work.

The Boy is ever stretching forward to emulate the works of the

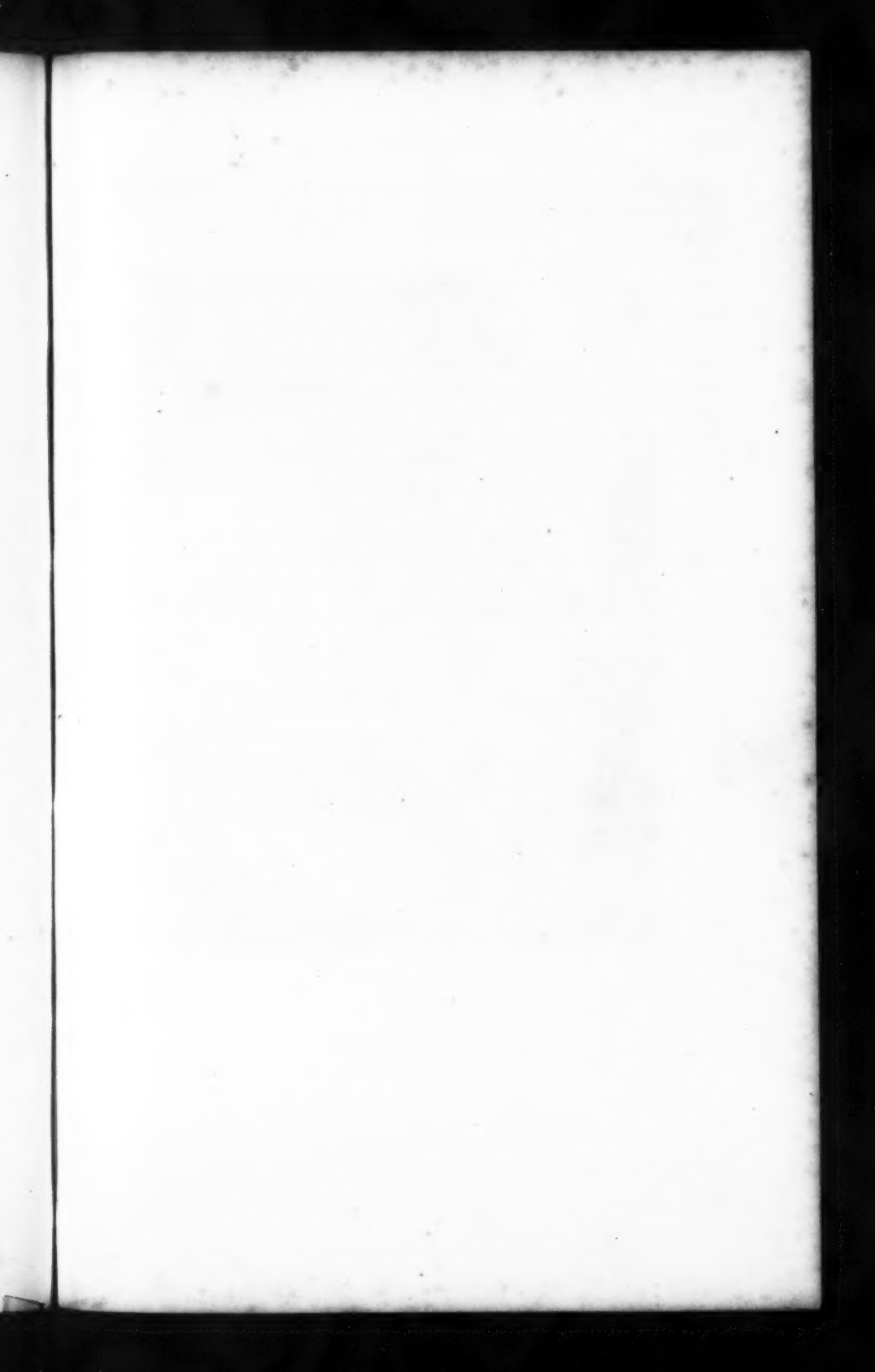
man, little by little anticipating the burden of his years, till they come down upon him and find him strong to bear them.

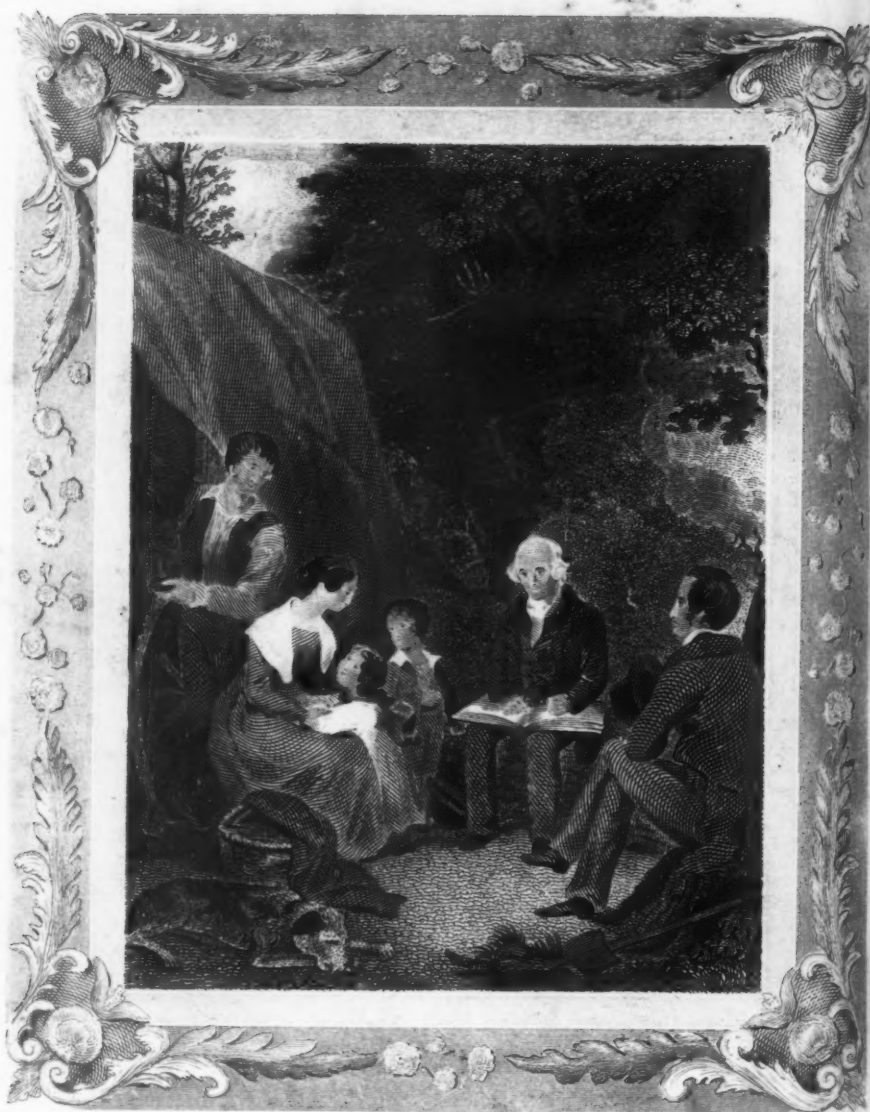
If the Man would but anticipate his Angel-age, and day by day assume some greatness of his immortal future, then should the healthy progress of his boyhood send a pulse to his last heart-beat, and heaven with its high work-in-rest be a familiar scene.

While conquered needs are thus generous to their victors, what end shall we say is served by those sadder wants that gnaw eternally, the hunger of the poor, the heart's more biting hunger unappeased, in a thousand gentle bosoms, and the slow pangs that burn under the ashes of consuming hopes and loves, the lost, the dead, the faithless? This at least, that human tenderness owes all its being to human weakness, and the soft sigh of Sympathy—that most Godlike of mortal passions, is but an echo of the moan of distress. We are all sufferers, and if my suffering moves any heart to a more noble feeling, I have not suffered in vain; and if another's pang has widened my better nature to a fuller development, the debt is paid, and by our mutual benefits the sterner economy of nature is justified.

To the wise heart the goodness of God is unimpeached by the suffering of man. The wide sweep of a Providence that ends not with our narrow horizon, furnishes full compensation for local and temporal inequalities. Successive needs rise, in the vision of the seer, a lofty ladder to the highest life, where man has simply to climb and be blest. If he stands idly at the bottom let him not dare to murmur at his fate,—Heaven is aloft and will not come down to his need. Let him go up, and his growing strength and delight will leave him no wish to murmur.

The most consistent men are not more unlike to others than they are at times to themselves; therefore, it is ridiculous to see character-mongers drawing a full length likeness of some great man, and perplexing themselves and their readers by making every feature of his conduct strictly conform to those lines and lineaments which they have laid down: they generally find or make for him some ruling passion, the rudder of his course; but with all this pother about ruling passions, the fact is, that all men and women have but one *apparent good*. Those indeed are the strongest minds and are capable of the greatest actions, who possess a telescopic power of intellectual vision, enabling them to ascertain the real magnitude and importance of distant good, and to despise those which are indebted for all their grandeur solely to their contiguity.





The Emigrants' Sabbath



Heliotropium scaberrimum



THE EMIGRANT'S SABBATH.

BY DAVID M. STONE.

"Ho! for the west!" What a thrill of emotion this cry still sends through the heart! How it stirs the current of blood in the most sluggish veins! All the stories we have heard of Indian warfare, and border cruelties; of struggles with the bear, the panther, or the buffalo; of patient, heroic endurance, of gnawing hunger; of midnight alarms, or fierce encounters in the thick woods; of days and nights of weary wandering on the trackless prairie without a guide or compass; of the log house—the little clearing fast by the bubbling spring—the first years of destitution—and the comfort and plenty which an earnest faith and a stout arm won for the hardy pioneer—all these crowd upon our fancy as we see the emigrant with his face resolutely turned towards the setting sun. It is natural for the young whose family ties are broken, or whose homesteads are so filled with fresh comers that a part must swarm, to seek a new hive upon the rich soil of the West. Some who feel the restraints of society in older settlements, or who are naturally restless, and ill at ease in quiet communities, are very likely, too, in changing their home, to seek the greater freedom, or the more exciting novelty of western life. But when plain John Dutton, who had spent his whole life, boy and man, for three score years, upon a single farm in old Connecticut, announced his determination to seek the new land of promise in the Mississippi valley, the village vocabulary of exclamations was exhausted, and his neighbors all declared that they "could not get over it." Many sage proverbs were quoted about 'transplanting old trees,' and every oracle in the village uttered ominous sentences of condemnation, but John was not to be moved from his purpose. He was a stern, inflexible man, who had, as far as any opposition from his family was concerned, enjoyed his own way in life, until he had come to regard his own will as the law of his household. He was a pious man, but he lacked the simple-heartedness which enjoys the gospel in this life. He was converted the year he attained his majority, when the temptations to gaiety

were strong about him, and in steeling his heart against these, he had overlaid it with the unyielding metal, until its firmness partook of the obduracy which comes in sharp contact with all the roughnesses of the way, only to harden it the more against the sweet courtesies of life. He had discovered the broken law at the foot of Sinai, and had gone to Calvary with the thunders still ringing in his ears, so that he seemed never to have heard any gentler pleadings of the voice of mercy. He had two children, a son and daughter. The former resembled him somewhat in disposition, and two such unsocial tempers, as might be expected, did not produce the fruits of peace. The father was ever bent on curbing his stubborn child, while the son, whom a voice of gentleness could have melted at once into contrition, only hardened his heart under rebuke. To make the matter worse, as the son grew toward manhood, his mother died, and there was no one to mediate between him and his stern father. No one but Grace, his gentle sister, and she was so timid that her father's severe manner quite overawed her. Robert grew to seventeen under his father's roof, when a severe and unjust rebuke produced between the parent and son a sudden quarrel, that drove the latter from his home. He had asserted his independence, and his father had bidden him to seek it, and his own living at the same time. With fiery determination, the young man strode from his home, with his whole patrimony in a small bundle under his arm. Grace wept many tears at her brother's departure, but the old man never altered an expression of his countenance, or betrayed the slightest emotion. Every one spoke of Robert as having "gone to sea." Why he should become a sailor no one could explain, but several of the neighbors had dim remembrances of his having threatened to run off upon the water in some of his former rebellions against paternal discipline; and as boys of ungovernable temper who spurn domestic control, are supposed to have that peculiar predestination for the gallows which insures against drowning, he was by unanimous consent assigned to the dominions of Neptune. The years stole on, and no word came of the absent one, but his name was seldom mentioned in his childhood's home. John Dutton never spoke of him except with a harsh epithet for his contumacy, and an avowed determination never again to receive him as a son, and poor Grace soon had troubles enough of her own. Her lovely face, gentle manner, and sweet Christian temper, set off in such striking relief by contrast with her father's sternness, made her the most attractive maiden in the village, and many a gallant young lover ventured to woo her. To all she had the same word of reply—she could not leave her father. She performed with

her own hands every household duty, and was the only ray of sunshine in that wintry home. Her father loved her intensely, in his cold way, but his manner was so forbidding, she had never nestled in his bosom, and her affection for him was deeply mingled with a full share of filial fear. No wonder that he frowned upon every attempt to win his daughter from his home, and no wonder, either, that she was at last won to love another. The creeping tendrils of her heart—that yearning affection which longed for an object to which it might cling—when the object was at last revealed, asserted their strength, and prevailed over her natural timidity. At last her father yielded, and she was wedded on condition that she should not desert the paternal roof. Her husband came to live with her, and the trio were far more united than could have been expected. The new member of the family was possessed of a pliant disposition, and had a special dislike to an argument, so that John Dutton's will was still paramount in his home. Henry Wheeler, the son-in-law, “took hold” of the little farm with the old man, and the world prospered with them. Two beautiful children, the eldest a boy which strongly resembled his father, and a daughter, a second Grace who bore the impress of her mother's gentle temper, were added to the household group, but nothing was still heard of the absent Robert. Grace had desired to name her eldest after the wanderer, but her father resolutely opposed it, and so she gave up this cherished desire of her heart.

But we left John Dutton fixed in a purpose to move to the West, and this is what we are just coming to. Every New Englander remembers the first year of the *potatoe rot*. How sadly the unexpected blight came upon the farmer's hopes, at a time when many were depending upon this crop for all their year's ready money.—It had been a favorite crop with Dutton, and he was bitterly tried with this disappointment. He was too well rooted in Christian principle to utter any murmurs against Providence, but his heart grew all the harder and his manner sterner under this rebuke. He was not of a hopeful temperament, and could see no relief in the future, so he suddenly resolved to sell out his farm, and enter upon a new life in the western wilderness. His resolve was speedily executed. Providing himself with a stout, covered wagon, and equipped with the brief outfit for a pioneer's cabin, he resolutely started for his new home. No moisture dimmed his eye as he crossed for the last time the threshold which habit, if nothing else, must have endeared to him. His heart seemed either a sealed fountain, or a desert well long since dried.

It was the first Sabbath under the sky they had chosen for their new residence in the Mississippi valley. Most of the "quarter section" he had bought was prairie, but there were upon it scattered patches of woodland, and under the shade of one of the mightiest of the old monarch trees, John Dutton had driven his wagon, which served for the family tent. They had arrived upon the last day of the week, and the Sabbath was the first day which dawned upon them in that far-off home. John Dutton was up with the dawn, and going out from his forest shade, he stood alone upon the wide prairie. Far as the eye could see rolled the vast plain, without a mark save its wave-like ridges, and here and there a billowy knoll John Dutton had at last escaped from Sinai! He had carried in his ear and in his heart, since his twenty-first birth-day, the flashing fires and threatening thunders of that awful mountain, and now for the first time in all these years he could not hear that terrible echo. It had died away into faint murmurings over that far-reaching level, and in its place Silence crept into his soul like a real presence. In that solemn silence he could hear the clanking beat of his own iron heart, and he felt the galling of the chains he had been forging for so many years. In that silence old memories came whispering to him, and though they spoke faintly as if afraid of his unwonted tenderness, he listened to them as to new-found friends. With these old memories came self-accusations—not with clamorous tongue, else had the charm been broken—but with simple questionings, made very audible in that unwonted stillness, and with sad, reproachful looks, which uttered much that could not be said in words. He thought of his son, and he could hear in that mysterious silence the voice of nature pleading for a loving answer; and when he tried to drown these gentle words with stern rebukes, he could not overcome the spell of silence which was upon him. He did not yet weep, but his stern heart was softened. He went back to his little family group, and, seating himself on the trunk of a fallen tree, opened the Bible for morning prayers. He finished reading, and briefly, as was his wont, he led the morning devotions, but there was an unusual pathos in that dry and sterile voice. As these services were ended, a stranger drew nigh their little tent. Nero, the old guard of the household, stretched his nose in the direction of the new-comer, gave a low whine, and relapsed again into forgetfulness. The stranger joined them, and greeting them with blunt courtesy, after the manner of the region, seated himself and began conversation. Why do the hands of the old man shake so nervously as he grasps his spectacles in their bony fingers? Why does the counte-

nance of the wife and mother grow sickly pale, so that her two children gaze upon her with affright? Why turns Henry Wheeler from the open wagon to catch the familiar tones? Yes, it is the long-lost son, the wandering Robert. The sea he had chosen for his home, was that western expanse, whose awful silence had so tutored the heart of the stern father that he could clasp his son to his arms without rebuke. The broken links were again reunited, but this time, Love fastened the chain, and the iron rule became a golden sceptre. Then the eyes of John Dutton knew first, for many years, the luxury of tears, and the fountain in his heart was unsealed, or filled afresh from the well of Life. His hair had even then blossomed for the tomb, and now as years draw on, his step falters, and his sight is dim, but he delights still to lean in loving confidence upon his recovered son, and tell to his grand-children the story of the EMIGRANT'S SABBATH.

HAND IN HAND WITH ANGELS.

~~~~~  
 BY LUCY LARCOM.  
 ~~~~~

Hand in hand with angels
 Through the world we go ;
 Brighter eyes are on us
 Than we blind ones know.
 Tenderer voices cheer us
 Than we deaf will own.
 Never, walking heavenward,
 Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels—
 Some are out of sight,
 Leading us, unknowing,
 Into paths of light ;
 Some soft hands are loosened
 From our mortal clasp,
 Soul in soul to hold us
 With a firmer grasp.

Hand in hand with angels—
 Some, alas ! are prone !
 Snowy wings, in falling
 All Earth stained have grown.
 Help them ! though polluted
 And despised they lie.
 Weaker is your soaring
 When they cease to fly.

Hand in hand with angels—
Oft in menial guise,
By the same straight pathway
High and low must rise.
If we drop the fingers
Toil-embrowned and worn,
Then one link with heaven
From our life is torn.

Hand in hand with angels—
In the busy street,
By the winter hearth-fires,
Everywhere, we meet
Though unfledged and songless,
Birds of Paradise;
Heaven looks at us daily
Out of human eyes.

Hand in hand with angels—
Walking every day,
How the chain may lengthen
None of us can say.
Yet no doubt it reaches
From earth's lowliest one,
To the loftiest seraph
Standing in the sun.

Hand in hand with angels—
'Tis a twisted chain,
Winding heavenward, earthward;
Up and down again.
There's a painful jarring;
There's a clank of doubt;
If a heart grows heavy,
Or a hand's left out.

Hand in hand with angels,
Blessed so to be!
Helped are all the helpers;
Who give light shall see!
He who aids another
Blesses more than one.
Sinking Earth he grapples
To the Great White Throne.

Hand in hand with angels—
Never let them go!
Clinging to the strong ones,
Drawing up the low!
One electric love-note
Thrilling all with fire;
Soar we, through vast ages,
Higher, ever higher!

THE BETRAYER.

~~~~~  
BY KATE ALEXOWNA.  
~~~~~

It was evening. The setting sun shed rays of gold and crimson along the horizon,—brightly reflected over the glittering bosom of the sea, and flooding the landscape with a dazzling splendor, as if the last moments of his decline were the most glorious of his existence.

The windows of an old castle that had stood for centuries like a grey sentinel overlooking the sea, were suddenly illumined with his brilliant rays, strangely contrasting with the gloom within. Seldom the first month of spring can boast such balmy air as that which now wafted on its breath the ripple of the waves, murmuring on, one after another, yet all breaking on the same shore.

In an apartment of the castle where draperies of blue and silver, paintings, statues, every luxury that could promote happiness abound, a number of persons are assembled round a bed where lies the wasted form of a young girl. The sharpness of her once lovely features is softened by folds of rich lace ; clasped in her emaciated hands, she holds a locket set with diamonds ; their sparkle seeming to mock those eyes, whose brightness will soon be dimmed for aye.

A ray of sunlight struggling through the closed shutters has rested on her raven hair. She appears to sleep, for her lips move not ; and a slight tremor of the eyelids shows that death has not yet claimed his prey.

Beside the bed is seated a middle aged lady, an open prayer-book lies before her, but her eyes are fixed with inexpressible anguish on the dying girl. The muttered prayers of the priest are interrupted by the half-suppressed sobs of the weeping attendants.

A murmured name escapes the lips of the sick girl ;—"her prayers are answered," exclaims the priest, "the rites of the church must be administered—the light of reason which has just returned will soon be extinguished in death."

The dying girl suddenly raises herself, and a smile of rapture steals over her countenance. Pushing aside the proffered crucifix, she presses the miniature to her lips. "Albert, my own beloved," she cries, "I ever knew thou would'st come—cruel, cruel, to say thou art false ! I will go with thee ! they shall part us no more. Thou

bringest me life ! I will not, cannot die, when thou art near !” The voice dies on the air like the last sigh of an echo—and the shadow of the departing spirit creeps upwards, over her features as the lifeless girl sinks into her mother’s arms.

Silence enters the apartment and steals into the hearts of all present. They stand appalled, but the face of the dead is calm, as if she were only in a sleep and dreaming a happy dream.

“O God !” cries the priest in horror, “that the love of a mortal should condemn an immortal soul to everlasting punishment.” “Holy Father, say not so—O no, no, it cannot be ! Can one so doomed, leave a countenance so calm as this ? O my child, my child ! harmless as a lamb, gentle as a dove—can she suffer a penalty due to the most atrocious criminal ? I will not, cannot believe it. Holy Father, have pity, recall those words.” And stretching her arms toward the priest, the afflicted mother fell senseless at his feet.

It is sunset in another land, and in resplendant glory he there, too, sinks to rest, but his last lingering beams are diligently excluded from the gay ball-room—where softened lights of every hue supply their place. Radiant with beauty and splendor, the thrilling strains of music swell the excitement of the giddy waltz, until those gay dancers appear—the impersonation of happiness. A young man in a military uniform, stands apart leaning against a pillar. The close fitting coat, buttoned to the throat, displays his faultless figure to advantage. Features almost effeminately delicate are redeemed by his dignified bearing. Many bright eyes are turned admiringly upon him, but he seems entirely indifferent to admiration as he stands absorbed in a deep reverie.

Suddenly, amidst a buzz of admiration, the crowd divides, and the royal party advance towards that part of the room where the young man is standing, their waving plumes and sparkling gems adding magnificence to the scene.

“Albert,” whispers a young and lovely girl whose jeweled tiara is worth a prince’s ransom. “Albert, I will now dance with you ; do not look so sad, come with our party.” “Your highness honors me,” is his delighted reply. “I am at your command,” and with pride in his heart and triumph in his aspect, he leads her to the dance, publishing to the assembled crowd of envious courtiers the preference that the fair princess bestows on him. The dance being ended, warm and fatigued they thread their way to the garden. The hours have worn on, and the glorious sunset has given place to the

serene moonlight. Despite the triumph he has achieved, there lies a load at Albert's heart. He remembers an evening such as this, in a land far away—a hand on his arm and eyes that looked into his. But he exerts his self-control, shakes off the vision and chases the past from his memory.

"Albert," said the lady, "thou art silent, thou art sad."

"It is the excess of my happiness has made me silent," he replies; "the heart over-burdened with joy finds no words strong enough to express its feelings—therefore, am I silent. Let your highness prove me." "Highness," she exclaims, "what a cold and formal word! I am a novice in these matters, but I fear thou lovest another; if it is so, do not deceive me, Albert." "I swear by all on earth and in Heaven, dearest Sophia, I never loved but thee." "And thou hast never loved another?" she says, inquiringly. "Never," he boldly replies; "where could I find one to equal thee?" "And no passing fancy then has ever filled thy heart? *false* thou never would'st be, I well know," she gently whispers. For a moment he is silent, but the stake was great, and he must throw boldly—"I have never loved but thee, Sophia," he replies. "Albert," sighs the wind; why does the young man start? The voice of the wind sounds sweet and low, like a voice he has heard before in a distant land. Why should that voice come to trouble his happiness? to thwart the triumph of his ambition?

On returning to the ball-room, the princess's eyes rest on a ring which Albert wears on his finger. "What a beautiful ring," she exclaims, "a dove holding in its mouth a sprig of 'Forget-me-not!'" Pale and agitated, he begs her acceptance of it, and hastily striving to draw it from his finger it breaks, and the pieces fall to the floor and can not be recovered.

"Poor Agnes!" sighed the wind.

The morning drew near and the lovers must part. Sophia left the ball with her royal parent, and Albert hastened to his home; too much excited to sleep, he stood at his window and gazed upon the scene which the moon steeped brightly in her pure cold light.

Memory carried him back to an old castle overlooking the sea; a gentle cheek rested on his bosom—a soft sigh sounded in his ear; he turned impatiently from himself and sought to bury his uneasiness in sleep.

It was the clear cold sunset of a winter's day, the ground hidden by a mantle of snow; the sea, turgid and dark, threw up small billows, and boomed and moaned in the distance. A traveler walking

at a brisk pace over the crisp ground arrested his steps at the sound of a convent bell, and listened and looked around. A peasant who had stopped to repeat his prayers drew near as if to reply to any inquiries the traveler might make.

"Is there a convent in this neighborhood?" asked the stranger. "I was not aware of it." "O yes," replied the man, "these lands and that same old castle belong to the Holy Church; they have all been bestowed by the poor countess for masses to save the soul of the lady Agnes." "What, is she dead?" inquired the stranger. "Yes," answered the man, "and the masses that have been said for her are past all reckoning. She was young and beautiful, yet dark indeed is her doom. The knight she loved had bargained with the evil one, and he was waiting for her soul. They say she refused the rites of the Holy Church, and so died without grace. The poor countess passes all her time in prayer and penance, and has bestowed all her property on the convent which was erected by her."

The iron hath entered Albert's soul. Vain are now his hopes that a pardon from the lips of his still loved Agnes would soothe the stings of conscience and restore him to peace. A vision haunts his memory, his Agnes as she was, as she is now. A vision floats before him in the courtly hall; in the silent night; in the gay dance; in the hour of solitude; at the banquet, and on the bed of sickness. That vision is bent; the hair is grey; a sheet envelopes the form; the feet are bare and walk over the frozen snow. It is the broken-hearted countess, the mother of his Agnes, as he last saw her on that sad winter evening. The height of his ambition, the position he had perjured himself to attain, seems to have lost its charm, and years after, when he looked on his daughters growing up gracefully around him, he trembled, lest the curse due to his crime, should light on those who are to come after him. He knows that masses or prayers will not help the dead; and he cannot banish the fear that the sin which hangs so like a burden upon his soul, will not only bereave him of comfort in his dying hour, but leave its bitter fruits in the misery of those fair girls so like the Agnes whom he betrayed.

Were we as eloquent as angels, we should please some men, some women, and some children, much more by listening, than by talking.

HOLDING A BABY.

BY J. F. CHAPIN.

A FEW years since, just as I was about leaving the city for one of the fashionable summer resorts at the North, an old lady carrying an infant in her arms, met me at the entrance of one of the New York railway stations and asked me if I would be so kind as to hold her baby for a moment.

This was a poser. How any one could have the assurance to suppose that I, a bachelor of twenty-seven, who had always taken special care not to get nearer to any one of my miniature kindred than the opposite side of the street, would commence the very onerous domestic duty of holding a baby, and that too, in the streets of this immensely fashionable city, was past my comprehension.

Nevertheless, my native gallantry and a compassionate respect for the aged matron who stood panting before me, overmastered my pride, and compelled me to comply ; and I did hold the baby—at arm's length—and the old dame went back in the direction from whence she came.

One, two, three, five, ten minutes past, as I could see by a clock through an open door ; and I was aching with fear that the cars would leave me ; that I should be seen by some of my city companions,—possibly by a dashing belle to whom I was supposed to be engaged ; but worst of all, fear that the old woman would never come back to get her baby ; this last was a terrible apprehension, as any fashionable genius must admit. I was beginning to lament my generosity, and to invent some means of disposing of my charge, when the old woman again made her appearance, bearing another baby, and accompanied by a pale, but beautiful woman, apparently about thirty, carrying a large work-basket, wherein was manifestly stored the nourishment for the pretty infant travelers—milk, in nice clean bottles, and a few little cakes, simple and healthy.

I was soon repaid for my condescension, and forgot my baggage, the cars, and the fear of being seen, even by the proud woman who had never failed to honor my fashionable friendship. I forgot all in the satisfactory consciousness that uncommon as the spectacle might be, much as I had overlooked fashion, who never holds her own

baby even in the street, and scarcely permits any one of her votaries to hold theirs anywhere, I had acted the part of manhood and humanity in what I had done and was still doing.

I missed the train, and was cut off from the possibility of a reunion that night with an old and dear friend, but I cared not ; I could see him on the morrow ; a new light, revealing an object out of self, had broken in upon the path of my hitherto little better than useless existence. I was happy and contented to be left behind. Mere fashion had fled, and I at once became anxious to know more of the venerable matron, the pale woman and the *sweet babes*.

My wish was soon gratified ; for the unmistakable interest I now took in their welfare by still sharing their "responsibilities" removed all reserve from the minds of the two ladies ; and after sending for a conveyance to carry them to a hotel, I invited them to a quiet seat in the office near by, and there the story of their fortune was communicated by the elder of the two in the most ingenuous manner.

She was a descendant of the pilgrims. The young woman, her daughter, had a few years before married a worthy and industrious young farmer in one of the eastern states, with whom she had lived, the happiest of wives with the happiest of husbands.

He, after securing enough for present necessities, had, a few weeks before, left his family and started westward to seek and prepare a home where he could enjoy more ample scope for his progressive inclinations, and lay a broader and surer foundation for the future welfare of herself and her rising family.

The little ones were twins, who had come to join the household a few months before their happy father had set out upon his journey, leaving to Providence, and to faithful friends—to whom a generous and heroic nature, had made him dear as any attachment of life could make him—the care of his wife and her mother, these babies and another bright boy of four years.

Letters came back by every mail over the course of his journey, telling of his continued good fortune, and breathing those warm and noble utterances which only the great heart of a faithful son, a fond husband, and a loving father could breathe ; utterances born of the depth of an affectionate nature which made him the idol of her, who in his early manhood he had sworn to love, and of a parent whom he had never forgotten to honor.

But this happy family were doomed to mourn over the severe exchange of joy for sorrow. On the thirteenth day of the father's absence, the oldest child was taken violently ill of a disease which

in spite of a mother's constant care and a physician's earnest endeavors, left the blooming boy a pale, yet beautiful corpse.

This was a hard recital ; and the old lady trembled with emotions which the tongue can never reveal, as sobs and tears for a moment commanded silence ; but at length she conquered her emotion, and while—strange to me—the mother of the dead boy and the living babes sat tearless and moveless so far as I could see through all this, she proceeded :

“ But our trouble had not all come yet.”

And now the young mother began to move ; and soon taking one of her infants in her arms, she removed to the most distant corner of the room, followed by the anxious eye of her mother, and seating herself in a large arm-chair, leaned over her child, and rested her head upon her hand in perfect silence, and once more all was still, and the sorrowing woman continued :

“ On the very day upon which we laid little Joseph to rest, we received a letter in a strange hand, which told us of the illness of his father, who desired us to come to him if possible, immediately. Ah ! what a moment was that ! It seemed as if my poor daughter already worn with weeping and watching over her lost boy, would die without ever uttering another word. We laid her upon the bed ; and for an entire day she was too ill to get up. It seemed as if a vision had revealed to her the end of all this affliction.

“ But at length, in the afternoon of the second day, we started for O—— ; she, her little ones here, and I. We traveled night and day, and reached the bedside of her dying husband just in time to receive a last farewell from the smitten but happy man. Oh, what a scene ! my heart bleeds at the recollection ; and daily I pray that the end may come ; that she, my dear, and only daughter, may find something to hush the grief that is destroying both of us.

“ Her husband died on the morning following our arrival, and my child was wild with wo. She clung to his cold form until compelled to give it up to those who bore it to the tomb. In the madness of her lamentation she knew nothing of the brief funeral ceremonies that took him away from us forever, and laid an affectionate husband and father in the cold resting place of the quiet dead.”

Grief again denied the old lady speech ; but once more her resolute nature overcame her emotion, and she went on with her sad narrative.

“ I watched over her for three weeks, fearing from day to day that the next would be her last. And at length, thank God, the best care that I could bestow, undying love for these little ones, and

perhaps for her lonely mother, to whom she was always a dutiful child, aided by her christian faith, have succeeded in bringing her to be at times a sad memento of her former happy self. And at last we have been able to start on our lonely journey to our now cheerless home. And to gratify my daughter in her strong desire to escape the maddening mockery of old associations, we design, if possible, soon to make arrangements to take up our abode where her husband previous to his illness had made an extensive purchase and invested most of his property, and where he now reposes in the security of a slumber from which no trouble can wake him. This, by the assistance of friends, we shall be able to accomplish. But God only knows what the future may reveal. We are both much exhausted by the trials of the past five weeks ; and any one or all of us may follow him to another world before we get ready to return, if indeed we are ever ready."

I could yet say nothing, so deeply was my interest and sympathy involved ; and the old lady still went on :

" But our troubles are not at an end yet ; and as I owe you an apology for my demand upon your generosity and for obtruding upon your time, and I fear also, for delaying an intended journey, you will bear with me another moment."

" Certainly," I at length replied ; " I will gladly do anything to oblige you, though I do not care for any apology or explanation so far as concerns myself." And I listened with equal eagerness for the conclusion as for the commencement.

" We have not, as you may see," she continued, " taken the most direct route homeward—it was necessary to journey by the easiest rather than the quickest conveyance ; and as all concerned with his sickness and burial charged enormous prices for everything, the remnant of our money is at this moment almost exhausted, though we have economised by taking very inferior accommodations on the road ; and I fear, sir, we shall have to ask still more of you, in assisting us to dispose of some small articles of value which we have with us, which will relieve us until we can get back among our friends, when we will endeavor to repay you for all your kindness, so far as money can repay it."

I could make no other reply as she said this, and was in the act of producing the articles alluded to, than to deposit \$50—all the ready money I had at that moment by me—upon the little table that separated us, and insist upon her taking the whole of it, begging her to remember that I was amply repaid for all by the opportunity to do her such a favor. And this I felt to be a glorious era

in my hitherto lame existence. My pride was overcome, and I was making more rapid strides towards the dignity of manhood than ever before in all my short existence ; for during all this conversation, I, a hitherto proud and baby-hating bachelor, had been holding at my own particular request, one or both of the fatherless little cherubs that at first so discomfited me.

I had no mother and no sister ; I had followed both to the grave shortly before my majority, after having spent a greater part of my youth away from their refining influences. But the fountain of my feelings was now opened. Holding a baby had made me a man, and filled the void of my life with the up-gushing of a long-hidden but vital humanity. Indeed, I was now almost proud of my proficiency in the art I had but just begun to learn—the sublime art of holding a baby ! Henceforth I realized a sister in the mother of these little ones, and her mother seemed almost mine. I was a new man ; and soon began to estimate the vain and brazen beauty, whom I had so often before gallanted about in a fashionable way, at her true value, and as we were not bound together, we were ultimately bound apart.

Prosperity has smiled upon those defenceless females and upon me since that eventful day.

I visited them several times in their New England home before they were finally ready to return west ; through the constant good luck of holding a baby I won the affections of one of the best young ladies in their native state, and in about eighteen months after I first saw them, forsook my single-blessedness—an event for which I have never felt a regret.

I have held babies many times since, and always willingly, for they have been my passport to usefulness and happiness. And while those once little twin babies now call me uncle, I am sure I speak in the name of humanity and fidelity in saying to all young men and old bachelors—never refuse to hold a baby, if you can thereby confer a benefit upon a weary mortal by so doing. For among all the ways of winning in the world—hard and mercenary as it is, I am sure there is none so certain as the exercise of such little humanities. Even as a matter of policy it is a masterstroke to him whose nature renders it possible to stoop low enough, or, more correctly to rise *high* enough, to adopt it.

“Keep the right side of the women, Johnny, and you’ll do well enough,” was the last counsel of a revolutionary hero, as the battle of life was about terminating, to his grandson who was about leaving the paternal roof to try fortune among strangers. Practically

considered, no wiser counsel ever fell from the lips of a sage. And we have long been of opinion that there is no way so certain to gain a young man the respect of ladies, old or young, as by paying decent regard to the men and women in embryo, that sometimes overburden a devoted and humane woman, while they add largely to the general joy and compose a large portion of the human family

Christianity points to no brighter spectacle than that of blessing little children. Care bestowed upon them is bread cast upon the waters, whose return is certain.

Investments in humanity pay enormous interest.

MY GRIEF.

~~~~~  
BY KATE ALEXOWNA.  
~~~~~

My grief's a quiet grief—
Constant night and day;
Could tears have brought relief,
'Twere long since wept away!

My grief's a burning grief—
Consuming heart and brain,
And fed by the belief
That now all hope is vain.

For had they laid thee low
Among the silent dead,
I could have borne the blow,
And never murmured.

Within my heart I made
A temple fair and bright,
And on the altar laid
Thine image crowned with light.

That heart no more is thine—
The idol is o'erthrown;
And at the vacant shrine
Grief keeps her vigil lone.

HEALTH VERSUS BUSINESS.

~~~~~  
BY HELEN BRUCE.  
~~~~~

THE glowing sea-coal shed its brightness over the richly and comfortably furnished room, and rendered the light of the solar lamp almost unnecessary, yet it too was burning on the table, and, looking still fairer in its radiance than in the light of day, beside the table sat the fair mistress of the costly mansion.

A luxuriously cushioned sofa was wheeled up beside the fire, and the daily papers were folded smoothly down beside it. A pleasant smile was on the lady's face, as she made her needle fly over the linen upon which she was at work; for Mrs. Este, although able to be idle, was by no means willing so to be. She loved to read, and to sew, and to *knit* even. All the stockings her husband wore were knit by her own small, active fingers, while at the same time her eyes were employed in reading. Hundreds of volumes had Mrs. Este read faithfully through, while beneath her fingers grew the soft, warm coverings for her husband's or her children's feet. She was now making a white linen apron for her little Blanche, her youngest, three-year-old darling. She had just sewed on the last button, and fastening the neck together, was holding it up to admire, with a vision of the white, dimpled shoulders swelling above the binding, when a step at the threshold caused her to turn. Her husband was entering the room.

"Oh, Edward, *isn't* this a pretty apron?" cried the young wife, holding it up to his view. He smiled faintly, saying—

"Yes, it is, my dear, but do put your sewing away, and come and bathe my head; for it is aching sadly."

The apron was dropped and forgotten, and the fond wife was instantly at her husband's side. He stretched himself upon the sofa, and said, closing his eyes—

"What a pleasant thing it is to have a home!"

Mrs. Este was fearful that her husband was in danger of a fever, or some other disease, but he assured her nothing ailed him but fatigue from over-exertion and too much care.

"I feel completely worn out, Jane, and what to do I cannot tell. The business needs me every minute—I cannot trust to the clerks at all. The best of them will allow things to get into a snarl when I am not there. If it were not for my home, Jane, and for the *angel*

of that home, I should hardly be able to live. But you always nurse me into good health, better than twenty doctors could."

"Twenty doctors, Edward, would do any thing but restore your health. I don't think you gave me a very flattering recommendation then, my dear."

"Well, better than all the other nurses in the world, my dear wife. Will that do any better?"

"Yes, that will do. But I don't think I am very successful in preserving your hearty and strong appearance. You grow thinner and paler every week, Edward, and I do believe you are killing yourself by your close attention to business. I wish you *would* sell out here, and move into the country, as uncle Jeffreys advised."

"I can't think of such a thing, Jane—don't say a word on the subject. Do you think I am going to bury you and the children in the country, when you are so well fitted to adorn society, and to train them in your own footsteps?"

"I think the country is delightful, Edward, and I am sure I don't want you to stay here and kill yourself, for the sake of keeping me and the children here. It would be better for us all if we lived in the country—I do believe it would."

"I understand you to perfection, Isabel,—you needn't think to blind my eyes with your 'delightful country.' You, who have always lived in the city, and don't know, and can't even guess, what it is to exist without its advantages and luxuries, *you* would make a pretty farmer's wife. Ha! ha! the thought has scared away my head ache, and made me hungry. Let us go down to tea."

After tea, the subject of "life in the country" was again entered upon by Isabel; but, say what she would, she could only draw from Edward the affirmation that it was "impossible" for him to leave his business, or for her to endure the solitude and inconveniences of country life.

Next morning Este rose with a renewal of that dull, heavy pain in his head, and the "tired to death" feeling in his limbs. Even the sight of his "white rose bud," as he called the little Blanche, who came skipping toward him with the new apron on, could hardly make him smile.

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry you will have to go down town this hot, dusty morning," said Mrs. Este. "If we were only in some cool, shady spot in the free, pure country now, how *much better* you, and indeed all of us, would feel this morning. Uncle Jeffreys says that country air and country life are all that will save you from a decline, Edward."

The tears came into the affectionate woman's eyes as she said this. Edward sprang gaily up.

"Uncle Jeffreys is a good old fellow," said he, "but he don't know *every thing*. I'm as well as he is, but a little lazy, once in a while—I'll have a glass of wine and eat my breakfast, and then I shall be off, all right. I'd enjoy staying all day with you greatly, my love, but *business must be attended to*."

"So it seems," sighed poor Isabel, "though life and happiness be the price at which it is done."

Edward and Isabel Este were both orphans, but they were the dearly and only beloved adopted children of "uncle Jeffreys," who was supposed by every one to be immensely wealthy. He was own uncle to Edward, and his wife was own aunt to Isabel, and beneath his roof the two orphan children had found a happy home, from the time they were forsaken by their parents, until that never-to-be-forgotten day on which "they twain" were made "one flesh," and went to housekeeping in their own elegant mansion, made and furnished expressly for them by their more than father.

Edward considered himself the same as a rich man, but at the same time he felt that it was due, both to his uncle and himself, to make every possible exertion to owe "nothing but love" to even that best of friends. No need to tell him to go to the ant to learn industry, he was almost a monomaniac in his unflagging zeal and attention to his business.

Money was "tight" just now. There were large bills to be paid very soon. Edward wished very much to meet all demands without calling upon his uncle. Still he was no way anxious as to whether he could be supplied with the money there, if he *did* call. Uncle Jeffreys was always ready for him. Thousands and tens of thousands rolled out at a word, as freely as if dollars were but pebbles. Edward was not afraid to extend his business as he saw proper, he knew where his help was ever to be found, if he needed it.

For more than a year before the date of the commencement of our story, Edward's health had been failing. It was one of his peculiar notions that nothing *could* go right about his business unless he was on the spot to see *always* to every thing. It was all in vain that Isabel entreated and uncle Jeffreys reasoned and warned. He seemed perfectly unwilling to listen to advice in the matter. Uncle Jeffreys at last came to the settled conviction that Edward must be taken from business altogether, or he would very soon die.

After Edward left the house, on the morning above mentioned, Isabel sat a long time absorbed in deep meditation. Uncle Jeffreys

came in and aroused her. She told him how miserably her husband appeared, and the kind old man entered fully into her anxious fears for him.

"If he was a poor shop boy, with a sick mother and three little sisters to support, he could not make himself a greater slave," said the wife. "I'm sure I don't know how he *can* be so foolish."

"Well, well, child, he shan't be allowed to kill himself and worry thee to death. He must be seen to, and he shall be seen to, *very soon*."

A few weeks passed. One eve Edward came into the house in a state of great excitement. He would not tell what troubled him, but went early to his chamber. Next morning he hardly tasted breakfast, and went hastily out without stopping to see the children as was his constant custom. Poor Isabel asked no questions, but she went to her room and indulged in a long fit of weeping.

Edward did not come home at noon. Night came, and with it his hasty footstep. He was pale as ashes when he entered the room, and he sank, groaning, upon the sofa.

"What is the matter, Edward? What in the world can it be that distresses you so?" cried Isabel, hastening to his side. "Tell your own wife all your trouble, Edward—how can you be so cruelly silent? Tell me, tell me all, and tell me now, my husband—torture me no more."

"Beggars, all beggars—every one of us. We are beggars, Isabel—do you hear? This house even, every thing we have, must go, and we and the children must go into the streets as other beggars do. Isn't it a fine prospect for you and the children, Isabel?" and her husband laughed wildly.

"Hush, Edward—if this be as you say—but how can it? Uncle Jeffreys will never let us suffer. Why in the world didn't you ask him to help you? What *did* you allow yourself to be overthrown so for, when you know how ready and able he always is to help you?"

"'Ready and able' is he! What will you say when I tell you that he is a ruined bankrupt, and has forsaken the city—gone, none can tell whither, to hide his white, dishonored hairs among strangers! I had not courage to forsake you, Isabel, or I would have followed his example."

"What will become of us? Oh, what will become of us, if *he* has gone?" cried Isabel, wringing her hands and bowing her graceful head upon her husband's breast. "If it was not for the children we could go off among strangers, and earn our bread by the labor of our hands, and in each others love be happy still, but what

a miserable thing it is to bring children into this world only to entail on them the unnumbered woes and mortifications of a life of poverty! Oh, they will have little reason to thank us for existence. What *shall* we do, Edward? *Where* shall we go?"

It was Edward's turn to become comforter now. "Don't be so much distressed, my dear wife. We are spared to each other yet, and while there is life there is hope. We are not so utterly lost as you think. Poor, dear uncle Jeffreys, seeing how things must go, settled the 'Oaklands' upon you, so that we have got a roof to cover us, and the two hundred a year your mother left you will furnish 'Oakland House' in as good style as we need *now*," said Edward, sighing heavily as he glanced round the splendidly furnished room.

"But ought 'Oaklands' to be mine? Will it not take all, and more than all, to pay the debts?" said Isabel.

"No. That is—I mean I don't know how that is, but Oaklands was always intended for you, and uncle Jeff. said he would make all right about it, and all you had to do was to take possession of your farm as soon as you could. It is a small one, and although delightfully situated, in sight of the open sea, it is not very valuable, but I can make it pay for itself before long, if needful."

In a month's time all was closed and settled up with the creditors of the uncle and nephew. The property sold well, and all the debts were paid without selling all the furniture. So Isabel felt that she was wronging no one in holding her dear little farm, and she had plenty of handsome city furniture for her country house. All were resigned to the state of affairs, they were so much better than they had feared.

The gentleman who bought Mr. Este's house took a great interest in the children of the former owner, and in token of the same, presented each one of them with a shell box, elegantly wrought, containing each a \$25 gold piece. He told them they must not open them till they *were married*—but they might *lend them to a friend*, were such an one to need them. Isabel objected to this arrangement, but the kind-hearted gentleman insisted, and appeared so much grieved that his wishes should meet with opposition, that she finally yielded the point.

Time rolled quickly by, while the Estes were getting their new abode into order. All seemed to enjoy the work. The children had never been so gay and happy all day long, as now, when they could play and frolic under the shady trees, and in the green meadows.—Isabel retained one stout and willing servant, and although she found plenty to do, she did not, of necessity, over weary herself in her labors.

As for Mr. Este, it was not a week before he began to interest himself in the "improvement of his farm," and the old brightness came swiftly back to his eyes, while the color on his cheek deepened and darkened day by day, till Isabel cried out to him, suddenly, one morning—

"I declare, Edward, if you don't look as healthy and as black as a wild Indian. I think fresh air and farming are better nurses than your wife ever was for you."

Edward laughed good humoredly, and answered—

"Your remarks are always sensible and just, my dear, though not always complimentary."

It was spring when Este went to live in the country. In the fall a letter came from uncle Jeffreys. He was in New Orleans, engaged in certain mysterious affairs, which he would not then explain. But he was well and hearty. He wanted them to write him all the particulars of their situation, and how they managed to get along on the farm. A long, loving letter of sixteen pages was quickly dispatched for New Orleans, and the heart of uncle Jeffrey was satisfied with the history it contained.

To Isabel, who had all her life been exposed to the interruptions of company, it seemed a delightful privilege to be allowed to sit down with the feeling that she should probably be undisturbed for hours. She was, as we saw at the beginning, one of the industrious sort, and then she was a great reader and a deep student. So that time was not likely to hang heavy on *her* hands. Who has not felt how good it is to be, at times, alone? Who is there who does not know what a pleasure it is to enter into a room and shut the door, and know and feel that one is *all alone*? Well, Isabel enjoyed that, and she had many an hour to herself at the Oaklands.

The children were sent to a good school near by, and the father was always busy doing something all day long. Evenings were pleasant times at Oaklands. Farmer fashions came naturally there, and the Estes ate their supper at four o'clock, *then* the time till nine o'clock was devoted to mutual pleasures and mutual improvement. Happiness and content made Oaklands a "sweet, sweet home."

In March a letter from uncle Jeffreys informed "his dear children" that he had made, or rather was making, arrangements, which he hoped would enable him to return North in May or June. Great was the joy of his friends. Time seemed long till they should look on his pleasant face again. But there was work to be done, and the winged hours flew by, and soon the months were gone, and uncle Jeffreys was at the farm-house door. Such a welcome as greeted him!

Dear uncle Jeff ! he hadn't been hugged and kissed so thoroughly for many a long day, and after it was over, he was seated beside a white spread table, with a glass of spring water, a bowl of fresh milk, some newly baked bread, a plate of sweet butter, and a dish of very fine, clear honey, and he *did* make himself comfortable with all his might.

"Bell Este, you good-for-nothing girl ! why, you never gave me anything half so good to eat in your life, as you have set before me now. You deserve to be kept out here in the lonesome country all the days of your life, as a punishment."

"I'm willing, uncle, I do assure you," answered Bell, with a saucy laugh.

"But Edward isn't going to spend *his* days here, I can tell you. I've been lucky enough to be able to start our business again, and I've come to offer him a home in the city once more."

"Thank you, dear uncle. I'm rejoiced to hear that fortune has smiled on you again, but I'm cured of my love for city life, and I should dread a return to its burdensome and engrossing cares, as a very great evil."

"What ails the boy ? Why, man ! don't you know you'll never get rich out here ? Surely you don't want to continue this hum-drum life when you can do better ! I tell you I'm rich again, and can buy back your old house, and start you fairly in life once more. We'll rent this place, and all return to our old ways as soon as possible."

"I am sorry to differ from you, kindest of friends, but really unless you absolutely command the step, I can never think of returning to the city. The very thought of it distresses and gives me the head ache. I never wish to leave this farm, uncle, never ; and I do not think Isabel does. We have enjoyed ourselves better here than we ever did elsewhere, and our children are healthy and happy. My own health too has been perfect since I left New-York, and I never wish to return to its dust, and noise, and hurried strife again. Dear uncle, stay with us here—let us all remain at Oaklands. We shall be so happy here. Dear uncle Jeff, *do* let us stay !"

Uncle Jeffreys broke into a hearty laugh, yet tears were in his eyes. He nodded his head at Isabel, and she began to laugh also. Edward thought they were rather peculiar in their manifestations.

"Will it do to let him into the secret *now*—hey, Bell ?" said uncle Jeffreys.

"Yes, sir, I guess so," answered Mrs. Este.

"What secret?" questioned her husband. "I'd like to know what you two mean!"

"Nothing, my boy, *only* that in order to keep you from killing yourself, and my pussy here from worrying herself to death on your account, I concluded that you and I would *fail a little*. Ha, ha! ah, ha, ha! Ed, we did fail pretty handsomely, didn't we?"

The astonished and bewildered Edward said not one word. He sat with his eyes fixed full upon his uncle, who was so full of merri-ment and enjoyment at the perfect success of his plan, that he was almost unable to speak.

"Yes, my boy, I'd tried talking till I was tired. There was no reason in you, so I determined if your business could not do without you, *you* should do without your business, and trying another oar, I rowed you up 'dead river,' and then ran and left you, first setting faithful watchers about on all sides of you. Invisible friends were on all hands, my boy, and yet you, no doubt, felt yourself almost friendless. The old gentleman who bought your house, bought it for me, and the money he gave the children was my money. Oh, Ed, we have played a nice game with you, but you shall be made acquainted with all its mysteries now."

"Mysteries indeed!" shouted Edward, pretending great excitement, and really feeling not a little. "I should like to know now if Isabel here has been a party to this treachery. How is it, Isabel?"

Then Isabel explained how she sat down and studied out the whole plan, and how uncle Jeffreys came in just as she had reached the climax of her meditations—how she had imparted her thoughts to him, and he had entered into her plan with all his heart, and that very day had set the machinery at work which was to unrivet the chains which bound his nephew so fast to the city.

Mr. Este was obliged to lay aside his injured dignity, and join heartily in the laugh at his own expense, which shook the fat sides of his uncle, and dimpled the rosy cheeks of his wife.

"Will you forgive me for the deception I have practiced on you, my dear husband? I was wrong to do it. Oh, I have suffered much more in my mind than I should have done had our misfortunes been all real. I was almost ready to confess all when I saw you in such anguish of mind, those two awful days just after the blow came upon you, but I restrained the impulse, and when I saw your interest in your country home and employments grow so rapidly, your health improving all the time, I thanked God that I had been able to persevere, and that my husband was to be spared to me. Say you forgive me, my Edward."

I wonder if any man lives who would have refused to forgive his wife under such circumstances? If any does, I'm sure *I* never want to see him, and I'll be bound the less *his wife* sees of him the better she likes it.

Mr. Este granted his full, and free, and grateful forgiveness, and sealed it with a warm and loving kiss. The Este family still reside at Oaklands, which has now become as fair and flourishing as the garden of Eden, and uncle Jeffreys lives happily with them there amid the flowers, under the shady trees, by the broad river side, and near the sea.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

~~~~~  
BY LILLA LINDEN.  
~~~~~

As to the grave yard oft I hie,
This thought doth o'er my spirit creep:
Though here the forms of loved ones lie,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Brightly o'erhead the moon doth shine,
And glowing stars their vigils keep;
All seem to say—No more repine,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Fore'er beneath this vaulted sky,
Earth's clods will o'er my idols heap:
Yet still, these words check every sigh,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Naught shall disturb their sweet repose,
Though o'er the sky dark clouds may sweep;
Through summer's heat, and winter's snows,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

The storms may lower, the earth may quake,
Forked lightnings o'er these graves may leap;
No thunder can their slumbers shake,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

At my beloved's grave I kneel,
And in my loneliness I weep;
Yet *here* 'tis joy to know and feel
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

When by his side I too shall rest,
May those I love this solace keep;
Blest be the sleeping, ever blest,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

THE PHANTOM.

~~~~~  
 BY E. M. E.  
 ~~~~~

WHEN the Night with dusky slipper,
 Buckled with a beaming star,
 Trails her shadowy mantle over
 All the eastern hills afar;—
 When the holy hours of midnight
 Whisper silence o'er the earth,
 Sealing heavy eyes with slumber,
 Bringing pleasant dreams to birth,—
 Then a Phantom, grim and ghastly,
 Flit around but never past me,
 Sighing only, sighing ever,
 With a chilling, stern endeavor,
 "Thou art mine forevermore!"

Vain I strive, am striving ever,
 From this Spectre to be free,
 But the cold and iron fetters
 Bind my spirit earnestly.
 Firm and strong their bands are round me,
 Strength'ning ever in their might,
 But their mightiest spell is on me
 In the watches of the night.
 Then this Phantom, grim and ghastly,
 Flits around but never past me,
 Sighing only, sighing ever,
 With a chilling, stern endeavor,
 "Thou art mine forevermore!"

Darkly lowers the Past behind me,
 Clouds are frowning on its way,
 Growing denser, darker, drearer,
 As I travel day by day;
 For a crime is in its shadow,
 And a crime that e'er must stay!
 There a noble heart was broken,
 And I did it! yesterday?—
 Oh! the Phantom, grim and ghastly,
 Flitting round but never past me,
 Sighing only, sighing ever,
 With a chilling, stern endeavor,
 "Thou art mine forevermore!"

Darker lie the days before me,
 Bitter stretch the wastes of snow,
 Lighted by no smile of sunshine
 Warm from out my long ago.
 I would cry to God for mercy,
 But I may not, for a heart
 Bleeding, torn, is fixed before me,
 Thrusting me from Him apart,
 And the Phantom, grim and ghastly,
 Flits around but never past me,
 Sighing only, sighs forever,
 With a chilling, stern endeavor,
 "Thou art mine forevermore!"
 I am his forevermore!
 Oh! my God! forevermore?

THE DAYS WHEN WE WERE YOUNG.

~~~~~  
 BY HELEN BRUCE.  
 ~~~~~

Oh! the merry days, the merry days when we were fair and young,
 When lightly upwards from our hearts gushed the glad songs we sung—
 When sparkling were our eyes with glee, our lips with mirth o'erflowed,
 And the sun of youth shone gloriously along life's rugged road.

Oh! fair and lovely seems the past, as, through the blinding tears,
 We backward look, with longing gaze, to youth's unclouded years;
 The *fewer* our untroubled days the *brighter* still they seem,
 Contrasted with the darkness 'mid which with matchless light they gleam,
 And down the changeful path of life their blessed beams they throw,
 To shine upon the bleeding heart when faint and sick with woe.

The days of old! the years of old! how beautiful and bright!
 With dancing steps we sped along, through their enchanted light—
 With pleasant words, and happy smiles, without one lurking care,
 We journeyed through the flowery fields with hearts as free as air.

Ah, me! we cannot *gaily* sing this song of other days—
 Too much of life's decetiffulness the retrospect displays;
 Hope's promises, unkept, return to wring the heart with pain,
 But, oh! the joy the promise gave will not come back again!

THE GYPSIES.

~~~~~  
BY ANNE P. ADAMS.  
~~~~~

IN the midst of the civilization and refinement of the most refined nations of Europe, this singular people preserve their rude habits, their wild, roving modes of life, and the striking peculiarities which, from the earliest records of their history, have made them objects of interest and curiosity to all other people. Their origin is still shrouded in mystery. An analogy has been traced between their language and that of the Hindoos ; yet it is impossible to identify them with any one caste among the worshippers of Brahma. Some peculiarities indicate an Egyptian origin ; yet neither can it be proved that they sprang from the shadow of the pyramids. Oriental characteristics are, however, unmistakably impressed upon them, though why, or when, or how they entered Europe are still questions to puzzle the learned. More than four hundred years these Ishmaels of civilization have strolled over England and the continents, preserving their manners and customs nearly unchanged from generation to generation, remaining strangers and foreigners in the lands they most frequented, and, with few exceptions, their "hand being against every man, and every man's hand against them." The burning heat of Africa does not deepen the olive tint of their complexion, nor do the cooler rays of a northern sun lighten its dusky hue. They have no faith in Allah when in Turkey, and no reverence for the Christian's God in England. Atheists in Catholic Spain, they are Atheists still in Protestant Germany. Occasionally, however, they follow the forms of Christianity, but only for purposes of gain. In Transylvania they have been known to have their children repeatedly baptized, in different places, in order to obtain the money which it is the custom of the country for the god-father to bestow upon his god-child.

In Russia they are called Zigani, and here, particularly in Moscow, they have attained a higher degree of civilization than anywhere else. St. Petersburg they are forbidden by law to enter. The French call them Bohemians, from the belief that they first came from Bohemia ; the English call them Gypsies, a word indicating Egyptian origin ; by the Spaniards they are called Gitanos, by the

Swedes, Tartars, while they call themselves and their language *Rommany*, a word of Sanscrit derivation, meaning "The Husbands."

Their jet black hair and eyes, their olive-colored skin, contrasted with teeth of pearly whiteness, the graceful symmetry of their limbs, and their quick elastic motions, have established for the younger portion of their tribes some claim to beauty. Their infants are often singularly lovely. But exposure to heat and cold, storm and sunshine, destroys their early good looks, and in old age they are as ugly as they were in childhood beautiful. English gypsies are the handsomest of their race, and are remarkable for the ease and grace of their motions. They speak English with great fluency.

No gypsy will marry one of another race. A lad, perhaps not more than fourteen or fifteen years of age, fixes his eye on a girl who pleases him, sometimes his own sister, sometimes a neighbor, it matters not which, and marries her, another gypsy officiating as priest. The wedding ceremony is followed by a wild merry-making, for which the rich spoils of a late foraging expedition furnish the feast. If, in a little while, the bridegroom tires of his bride, he unceremoniously turns her off, and tries again.

The gypsies love their children with a blind animal affection, and as they are never punished, they grow up in the lying, thieving habits of their fathers. They have no idea of education. Their children are taught to steal, as other children are to read, and long continued practice renders them adepts in the art.

Until ten years old, the children are allowed to go unclad. The women wear petticoats and aprons, and in England red cloaks with hoods. The men wear shirts and trowsers. Some of the tribe, who live a settled life, are very fond of dress and ornaments.

They often excel in playing upon musical instruments, though they play chiefly by ear. Dancing is a favorite amusement, and in Hungary, where they are sunk apparently to the lowest depths of degradation, they are the merriest people in the world, singing and dancing their lives away, as if care among them were wholly unknown. Many years ago, they were accused in Hungary of killing and eating human beings, and were treated with great severity in consequence, though the charge was never proved. They are extravagantly fond of brandy, and tobacco. Both men and women chew and smoke with avidity, and are ready to make almost any sacrifice to gratify this passion.

They have no taste for agriculture, nor for any employment requiring a settled mode of life. The men mend old pans and kettles, doctor and deal in horses, make wooden spoons, and some iron

utensils, rob hen roosts, and appropriate to their own use any articles of personal or household property, that may fall in their way. They are such incorrigible cowards, however, that they never steal when they think there is danger of being detected, and never break into a house by night. The women are noted fortune tellers, and like the men are arrant thieves and cheats.

They pitch their tents in England in a green land near some village, or by the side of a common, or under a green hedge. Having exhausted the resources of the neighborhood by begging and stealing, by telling the fortunes of the women, and cheating the men, they suddenly and silently decamp, and wander off to some new locality.

There is something poetical in the wild, rude life of the gypsy tribes, and they are not without a poetry of their own, consisting of verses, or snatches of song, in which sometimes are thoughts of great tenderness and beauty.

The gypsy race has furnished rich material to the romance writer, and the stories of their skill in stealing richly dressed children, and telling wondrous fortunes to fair ladies will be handed down to future generations.

THE TRULY BRAVE.

~~~~~  
BY C. E. N.  
~~~~~

"Mid the last cries and shrieks of dying ones,
The booming of the minute-gun was heard."

A silken veil light o'er the waters hung,
And dimly gleamed the flickering lamp of day,
Like mystic rays of light passing away;
E'en proudly then the noble Arctic flung
Her banner to the breeze, while syrens sung
Of golden homes 'mid groves on coral strands,
Where rubies bright adorn the silvery sands;
Yet, fearful doom! the knell of death is rung!
And while in fearful agony all bow,
One noble youth—the bravest of the brave,
Breathing to Heaven, perchance, a sacred vow—
To duty clings, nor fears an early grave;
As death's cold seal is pressed on many a brow,
Unmoved he sinks to rest beneath the wave.

LITTLE MARY'S DEATH.

BY J. S. L.

MARY was a sweet little child of only twenty months, yet possessing a mind of rare maturity for one of that infant age. Ever thoughtful of "mamma," she murmured not when sharp pains racked her little suffering body, and disease stole the bloom of health from her cheek, lest mamma hear "Mamie" cry. But the compressed lip, and low, half-suppressed groan, told but too well the anguish she endured.

The last rose of summer had shed its drooping beauty, and all the bright and lovely things of earth seemed fading from existence, when this opening flower was transplanted to those ethereal gardens watered and nourished by a "Father's hand." Fitting indeed that she should fade with the flowers, and that, like their fragrance, her little spirit should ascend to its Creator. It was painful to look upon that suffering form, as the damp dews of departing life gathered upon her infant brow, even though she was but going home to that better land from which, like a stray sunbeam, she seemed to have wandered, unobserved till now, when guardian spirits with their strong pinions plumed, hasten to bring the cherub back to heaven—to restore the absent jewel to its place again in the Saviour's dazzling coronet.

Oh! could one have seen that mother, almost broken hearted—kneeling beside the little cot on which the cold form of her darling now lay—clothed, not in the long white robe, so sepulchral! but in the same little blue dress she wore in life, its white edging so like the neck it encircled as hardly to be distinguished from it. Smoothly parted as in life were those beautiful locks of flaxen hair upon her marble brow—the pulseless arm folded upon her bosom—the little eyelids closed in their last, long sleep, she looked so like sleeping innocence one would almost bend to hear her gentle breathing and see her bosom heave. Again and again the fond mother parted the hair and kissed scalding tears from her infant's brow—gazing for moments (and they seemed long hours) calmly as a statue, and then clasping its lifeless form to her own heaving bosom, besought it in heart-rending agony to speak—to know her anguish—that her heart

was breaking—to give one look of love—one sign of recognition. *Could* the Angel of Death be moved by prayers and entreaties, what on earth would his dark wing shadow more reluctantly than the object of a mother's love?

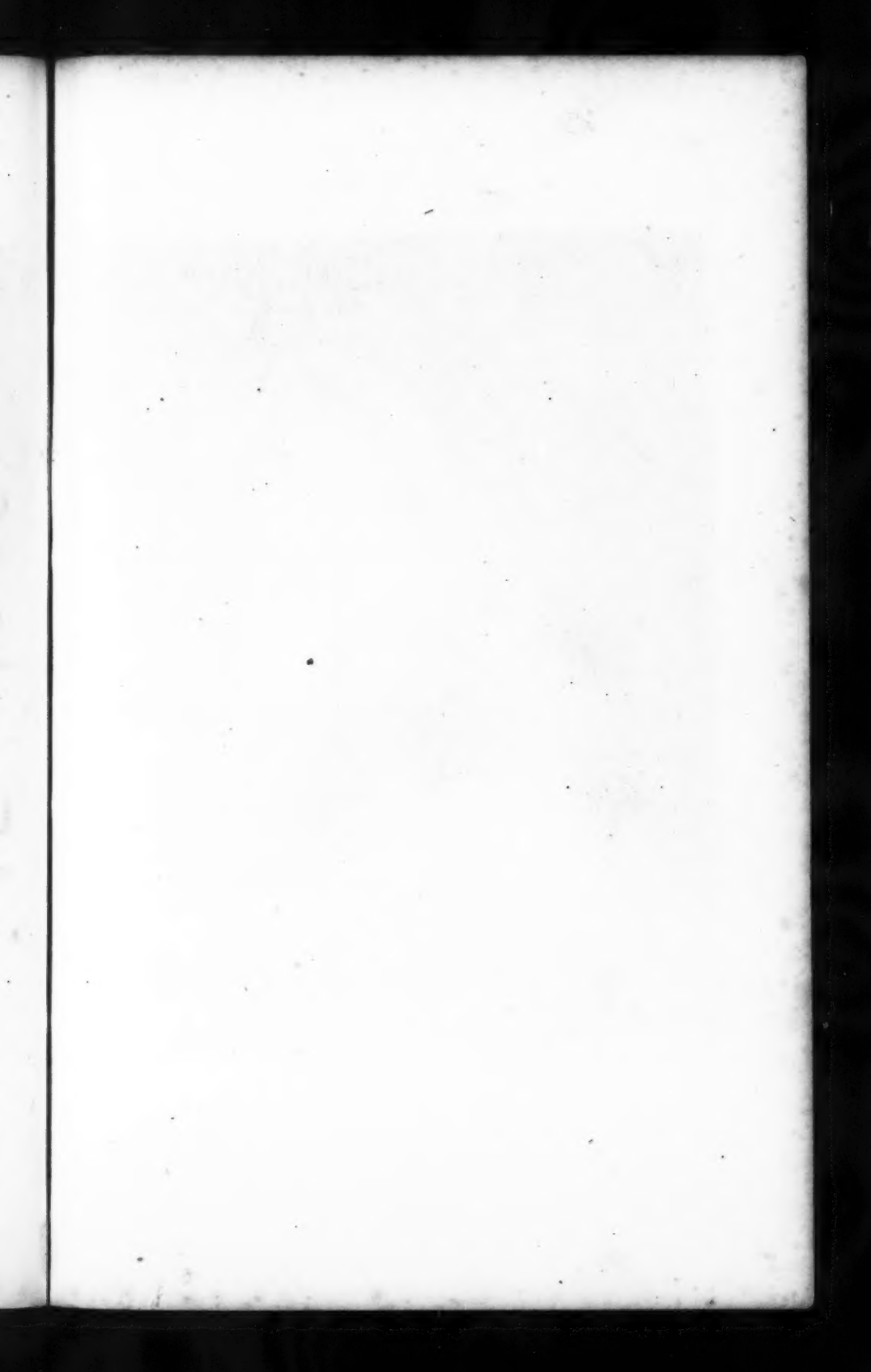
But there was a noble soul on which to lean—a strong arm to support her exhausted nature. And calm words (to *me* they seemed strangely calm) of love and consolation as that father and mother gazed in mutual grief upon their loved and lost. Oh! there was agony there! *his* heart was wrung with anguish, and though for a time the strong man bowed himself, a calm christian spirit succeeded like sunshine after shower. And he would take the cold white hand, that had often wandered through his hair and smoothed dark shadows from his brow, and gaze, apparently unmoved, upon the yet beautiful clay. It was a noble specimen of christian faith and hope!

We placed that little one beneath the shadow of a young tree in the quiet retreat of Mount Auburn. And there, as the new born flowers open their tiny petals to the genial influence of returning spring, those parents may think of their own immortal one in heaven.

And is it only a beautiful myth—the illusive dreaming of a disordered imagination, that pure spirits sometimes wander away from the fair realms of glory to watch over loved ones below?—that they leave the bright hills of immortality to hover around the tear-moistened pillow of the bereaved? Whether it be so or not, we can confidently say of the little one, “it is well with the child.”

'Twas the beautiful germ of a fairer flower
That had budded and drooped—it seem'd in an hour—
For a bright-winged angel its home had sought,
And back to its kindred the treasure brought,
To blossom amid their own lovely bower
Where dark clouds of sorrow never can lower.
It was only one—yet the parent's heart
From its fondest hope and its *all* must part.
But the little one is an angel now,
With a glorious crown on its infant brow,
And a golden harp in its trembling hand,
'Mid the shining ones of the better land.

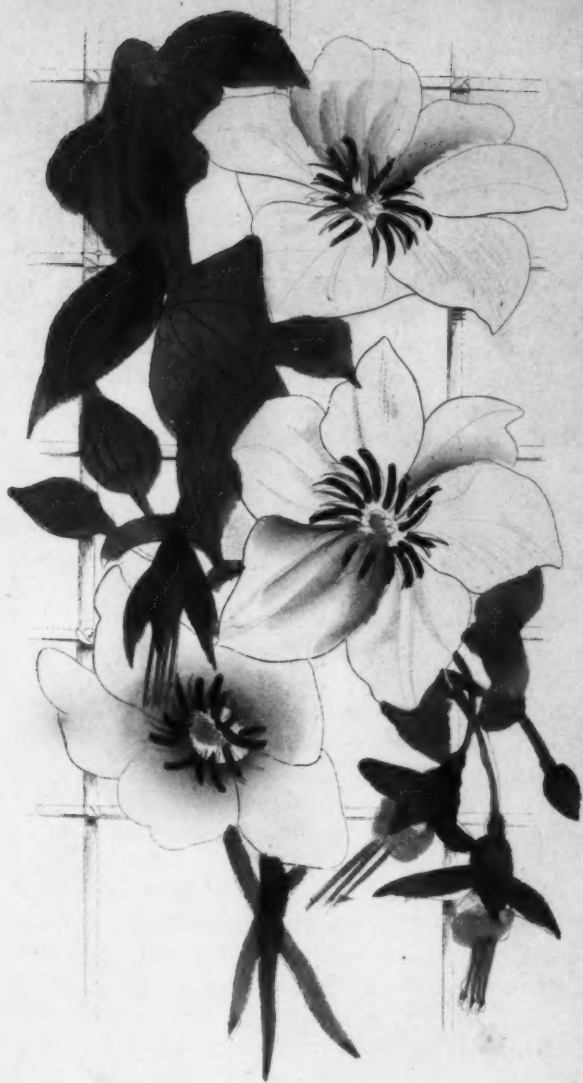
Sleep, the type of death, is also like that which it typifies, restricted to the earth. It flies from hell, and is excluded from heaven.



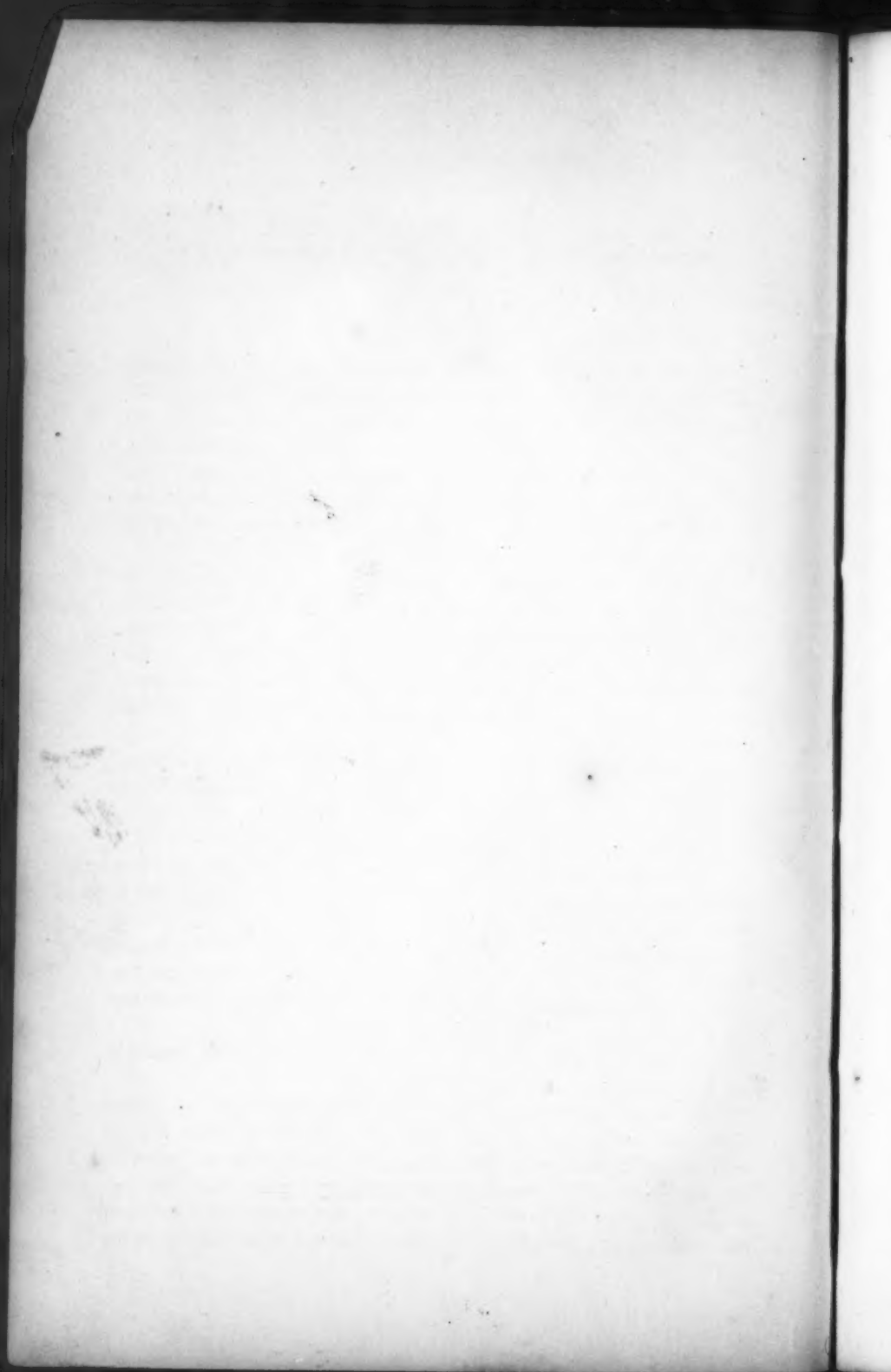


Emma Gray





Clematis & Fusua.



ERMENA GRAY, OR LIFE'S VICISSITUDES.

BY MARIA F. HISBEE.

"HAPPY New-Year!" exclaimed a bright young girl of some sixteen years, as she came bounding into the room of her aunt, who, being somewhat of an invalid, had not yet risen, although it was past eight o'clock.—"This is New-Year's, dear aunt, and Santa Claus has built himself a beautiful palace for the glorious day; and the sun is shining through the icicles, and gilding the housetops with his illuminating beams, as though he too wished to give a bright prestige to the future year of 1855."

The eyes of the young girl were sparkling with delight, and the delicate color of her cheek deepened with the excitement of her feelings. She was very beautiful. Love lay smiling in every dimple, and her raven braids would have adorned the head of Psyche. Yet, as you looked into the deep blue eye, you could not forbear seeing that the intensity of her feelings would cause her equal joy and sorrow.

"It would be folly in me to wish you a 'thousand,' dear Ella," said her aunt, with a faint smile. "One so well acquainted with the sorrows of life as myself, can but say, 'May your emotions for *one-third* of your life be as joyful as the present hours.'"

"Thank you, dear aunt; but it appears to me you are very chary of your good wishes! Why, if I am virtuous, should not my *whole* life be full of pleasurable emotions!"

"There speaks an unreflecting mind, dear Ella. Sit down, and for a New-Year's lesson I will relate to you, while I am dressing, the history of a young girl, as virtuous and beautiful as yourself, and yet whose pathway was strewed with thorns."

Ella, who was always delighted at the idea of a story, instantly sat down, and her aunt commenced.—

"When I first saw Ermena Gray, she was about your age, and I thought I had never known so brilliant a character. She was an only daughter, and her parents being rich, had spared no pains in her education. She was perfectly conversant with three or four languages, played exquisitely on the harp and piano, and withal had one of the most powerful and melodious voices I ever heard; some-

times when she would be accompanying her harp with some soft and pensive strain, I have gazed upon her enraptured, and been carried beyond earth almost to *Heaven*." Her aunt, as she said this, brushed away a tear, and trembled so much she was obliged to take a chair. She soon recovered herself, and said with a mournful smile, "this is very unwise in me, Ella. But a pang shoots through my heart when I think of the fate of that gifted girl."

Ella rose, and presenting the salts to her aunt, requested her "to defer the history until some future day if it caused so much pain."

"No, Ella, you are now sixteen years of age, and life has yet exhibited but its roseate tints. It is time you should become acquainted with some of its shadows."

"Ermena being an only daughter, was the pet and idol of the house; every wish was anticipated. She inhabited a palace rather than a house, and whatever wealth could bestow was lavished upon her. Her parents had determined that on her sixteenth birthday a large party should be given in commemoration of the event."

"Alas! that fatal party. It was given the night after New Year. She was then, as you are now, all life and animation. The house was decorated in the most tasteful way with Christmas greens; splendid paintings by the best masters decorated the walls—among them was one of Niobe, surrounded by a wreath of evergreens. One of her young companions came in, and proposed that among other amusements they should have a tableau, and glancing at the portrait of Niobe, said, 'Ermena, your style of face is just like hers. You cannot do better than personate Niobe.' 'Agreed,' said Ermena, 'if you will personate Cleopatra.' This being accepted, both retired to make their arrangements. The evening came, clear, cold and lovely. The house was brilliantly illuminated, and thronged with guests in regal costume. Among them was a splendid looking young man, of some twenty-two or three years. He also was an only child, and had just returned from his European tour. It was reported that he was wealthy, but none knew of a certainty. When Ermena appeared as Niobe, I noticed his heightened color, his sparkling eyes. From that hour he became a constant guest at the house. In six months he was the affianced husband of my fair young friend. Her parents had made inquiries and found him apparently all that could be wished."

"But God alone reads the heart. Never was there a more beautiful bride than Ermena; lilies and roses vied with each other in painting her cheeks that night, and the love-light from her eye was enchanting. Her inmost soul was as pure and beautiful as her face."

When she gave her hand to De Vere, her whole soul accompanied it—and never was there a truer soul enshrined in a purer casket. He took her to Italy. At first letters were received, telling of intense delight. Her enthusiastic nature was fully aroused amid the classic scenes of fair Italia's land. Then a long silence. Then she wrote that she was a mother, and would soon visit home with her child. In the mean time New York was ravaged by the cholera—both her parents fell victims to that dread disease. By the will of her father, his property was sold, and invested in bank stock, subject to the control of his daughter. I did not think this a wise investment, but how could I dare advise a *business man*!

"One short year flew rapidly on towards the vast sea of eternity. It was New Year's eve. A dark storm was lowering in the sky; the wind blew tremendously; the hail was falling thick and fast, when a message came for me to visit 63 Blank street. I could not recall any one I knew who lived there. I ran over in vain my visiting list—my charitable list—no such name appeared; at length fancying some poor person who had been told of my charitable visits wished to see me, I concluded to go, and wrapping myself in a fur cloak, I entered the sleigh and told Scipio to drive me to 63 Blank street. He looked surprised, for it was the poorest part of the town; without noticing his hesitation, I bid him drive on. We arrived at our destination. It was a dilapidated block of buildings, weather-beaten, and partly thrown down. I inquired for No. 15, and was conducted up three pair of stairs; the door at the head of those stairs was thrown open. A straw bed met my sight, carelessly thrown on the floor, on which reposed the form of a female. I advanced with precipitation, but no effort of mine could recall the corpse-like being before me; I leaned down more closely to analyze her features. She started, opened her eyes, and gazed upon me intently. 'Dear Mrs. W., how kind,' was uttered in low plaintive tones. Could it be possible that this was Ermena Grey, the beloved, the beautiful, the virtuous Ermena? Alas! how inscrutable are the ways of Providence; yet, even in this case, you will acknowledge the justice, Ella, when you hear the sequel.

"I gave the poor invalid some cordial I had brought with me, which she eagerly swallowed, then sank back exhausted. I took the small thin hand within my own, and soon had the satisfaction of perceiving that slumber had drowned her sorrows, at least for a time; during that quiet sleep I saw with pain that her breathing was very short, and a marked hectic was on her cheek. I ordered

Scipio back to the house for refreshments when my poor invalid should awaken ; and seated myself at the bedside for the rest of the night. She was quite too feeble to think of removing at that time. Towards dawn she awakened, and with a faint smile gazed up confidently in my face. She attempted to converse, but putting my hand on her lips, I forbade the least exertion, and the weary one again fell into a calm slumber. This time her breathing was not so much disturbed, and I began to fancy my sweet young friend again restored to health and usefulness. But the fiat had gone forth—her journey of life was ended, and the closing scene which I shall detail to you, will, I hope, have a lasting effect on your own character. But first, I must inform you what I afterwards learned from her own lips.

“On their first removal to Italy, De Vere was all that a young and loving husband could be. But their child, the little Isidore, took a fever and died. To dissipate his grief, as he said, he flew to the gambling-table ; the associates he found there were not fortunate. One of them introduced him to a very beautiful actress—the downward course was easy. In a few months he eloped with her, leaving his young and helpless wife in a foreign land among strangers. She wrote to her parents, but they were dead. She could learn nothing of her property. At length a friend in Italy advanced her money enough to return home. She made inquiries of the bank which contained her whole property. It had *failed*. She endeavored to find me, but unfortunately I was absent on a visit to a sick friend.

“Too proud to solicit favors of those who had known her in happier days, or perhaps I should say, knowing the *uselessness* of such a measure, she applied for sewing. But the pittance she received for what she was enabled to do, in her weak state, barely sustained life. In despair she attempted to find some cousins, who, she thought, would relieve her deep necessities ; they had removed to the West Indies. Fortunately, just then she heard my name mentioned in a milliner’s shop, and at once sent for me to her dying bed.

“As soon as she was able to bear the fatigue of removal, I had her carried to my own house, where I had prepared a pleasant room adjoining mine, for her reception. Never shall I forget the day when the still young and beautiful Ermena was laid pale and breathless on that bed from which she was never to arise. All the consolation that the most devoted friendship could bestow was hers. But she sought from a higher power comfort for the immortal soul. Her

trials had been sanctified to her; she was a devout and humble christian.

"It was a beautiful day in April—she had requested the windows opened, and her bed moved, that she might see the glorious setting of the sun—and calling me to her bedside, she took my hand and whispered, 'I am going *home*. How beautiful a home it must be,' she said with a smile of other days, 'when this is a type on earth,' and she pointed to the gorgeous rays of the sun, which had entered her room, and encircled her head like a halo—the chestnut curls had escaped in her restlessness from the cap that bound them, and lay scattered in profusion on the snowy pillow.

"Her beautiful eyes were filled with an emotion of boundless joy; the perfect peace of her soul irradiated her whole face. She turned with a beaming smile towards me, and said, 'Yes, I am going home! am almost there. Do not weep for me,' she said, observing the tears I could not restrain. 'You could not, if you knew how happy I am. My Saviour stands waiting to receive me; and in the distance my little Isidore, now an angel, is beckoning me to join her. Dear friend, I count all the sorrows I have endured as nothing since they have brought me to Christ. I think without these trials I should never have been a Christian. I was too fond of the world and its admiration. Now I can fully appreciate—it is but dross and worse than vanity. Let me thank you for all your kindness, and whenever you think of my sorrow—*remember* they afforded me a crown ETERNAL.'

"She extended her hand—I pressed it to my lips; she smiled faintly, closed her eyes, and without a sigh was asleep in Jesus."

Ella threw her arms around her aunt's neck, and thanked her for the instructive lesson she had received. The bell rang for breakfast, and they descended; but from that hour Ella began to investigate the great truths of Christianity, and became a shining light in the Christian course.

If kings would only determine not to extend their dominions, until they had filled them with happiness, they would find the smallest territories too large, but the longest life too short, for the full accomplishment of so grand and so noble an ambition.

THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

~~~~~  
 BY MRS. E. C. TERRY.  
 ~~~~~

THE home of my childhood, how lonely and drear !
 Time over each object a shadow has thrown ;
 Hush'd are the lov'd voices so silvery clear,
 And gone are the forms once familiarly known.

Oh ! lonely's the hearthstone, and lonely's the room,
 A dull vacant stillness pervadeth the air ;
 Deep, deep is the silence, and heavy the gloom—
 The voices of kindred no longer are there.

The warm, sunny parlor—deserted it seems—
 Where brothers and sisters so often have met ;
 The cold open fireplace now cheerlessly gleams,
 But round it old faces seem lingering yet.

On this side the mother, in years that have flown,
 Sat next her young maidens, a blooming array ;
 On that side the sons, to full manhood grown,
 And here sat the sire with his thin locks of gray.

Save one, of that kindred band, death has them all ;
 The sound of their voices has died on the breeze ;
 Slow chirps the cricket, deep down in the wall,
 And sad moans the wind as it sings through the trees.

The old oaken door on its hinges still turns ;
 The warm genial sun still the south windows lave ;
 The red crackling fire in the chimney still burns,
 But lights not the faces that sleep in the grave.

The chain all unwound, the links broken for aye—
 Or scatter'd asunder, no more will unite
 In one band of love, 'till the last beaming ray
 From the last fading eye shall be quenched in night.

The dark night of death !—Night, so rayless in gloom !
 Toward which we poor mortals all steadily tend—
 Say, say shall the spirit flit clear of the tomb,
 And purified, beautified, deathless ascend ?

Shall the chain, so long broken, in beauty be joined ?
 Each link gather'd in, not a jewel be lost—
 With love and with holiness ever entwined,
 No more on the dark waves of fear to be tost ?

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

~~~~~  
BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.  
~~~~~

"OUR neighbors are very shy," said Mark Coleman to his wife, as they sat together by their cheerful fire one evening in early autumn.

"Yes, very."

"Has any one called besides Mrs. Lewis?"

"No one. I suppose they did not like the report she gave. She was very observing during her stay, and no doubt took an inventory of every thing in the room."

"Yes, yes, I understand, if we had only spent two or three hundred dollars of other people's money in finishing and furnishing our house, all the neighbors would have called on you before now. But don't let us mind it. We have chosen our course. They will think differently by and bye. We shall, however, learn how highly to value their friendship when it is proffered," added Mr. Coleman, with some bitterness.

"Now, Mark, don't let their neglect sour your feelings. There are some very kind and good-hearted people in the world."

"I suppose there are, but it seems to me their number is very small."

But who is Mark Coleman? He is an industrious, hard working young man, who began the world with nothing, but who had very firmly settled one thing in his mind, which was, that he would some day be rich. Another point was, if possible, still more firmly settled, namely, that he would never run in debt to the value of a dollar.—He had worked hard for several years, as a journeyman, at his trade of carpenter, to obtain the means to erect a small house and shop of his own. He had been for some time attached to an estimable young woman, as poor in the world as himself. Their union had been so long deferred, that both parties grew impatient for the time to come. Though only two rooms in the house were finished so as to be habitable, they resolved to wait no longer. But a small sum of money remained to furnish even these two rooms. But, scanty as was the furniture which this sum would procure, they adhered to their first resolution not to run in debt, but to wait until more could be procured without obtaining it on credit.

Mr. Coleman and his wife were not mistaken in regard to the reason why their neighbors were so shy. The evening after Mrs. Lewis called upon them, she met a neighbor, who said to her—

"I saw you pass our house to-day. I suppose you called upon our new neighbors."

"I did."

"How did you like the appearance of things?"

"They are clever people enough, no doubt, but I must say I never saw a house so meanly furnished in all my life. Only two rooms are finished, and even these are not half furnished. If you will believe me, there were but two chairs in the room. As Mrs. Coleman offered hers to me, she was obliged to seat herself upon the bed. There was not a table any where. A chest stood in the room, which appeared to supply the place of one."

"Well, I never heard the beat of it. What could possess them to begin life in this way!"

"You know Mark Coleman began the world with nothing. I suppose his means were exhausted by the time he had finished his shop, and half finished his house."

"I would have had decent furniture at all events, if I had been obliged to obtain it on credit."

"I have been told that Mr. Coleman has set out with a determination never to contract a debt."

"They are very singular, certainly. If they don't live in a respectable way, I don't see how they can expect to associate with respectable people."

A few days after the conversation between Mr. Coleman and his wife, which has been related, as Mrs. Coleman was removing the tea things, not from the table, but from the chest which—as Mrs. Lewis surmised—took its place, she suddenly exclaimed—

"Mark, there is Mrs. Ives coming towards the house."

"Mrs. Ives! the rich Mrs. Ives! What can bring her here? It must be mere curiosity."

"Perhaps she has heard how we live, and has come to see if the report can be true."

"She is welcome to all she can see. We shall ask nothing for the sight," replied Mr. Coleman with some bitterness of manner.

Mrs. Ives had not been in the house more than ten minutes before both husband and wife repented of their uncharitable judgment in regard to the motive which brought her there. The sincere kindness of her manner, and the absence of every thing like affectation or condescension, won their confidence. In the charm of her con-

versation, the fact was quite forgotten that their house was more plainly or more scantily furnished than their neighbors. But this fact was at length recalled to their minds by Mrs. Ives observing to Mr. Coleman—

“You seem to be setting out right in the world, my young friend. I suppose you intend to be rich one of these days, and I think you will succeed.”

“We hope some day to be better off than we now are,” replied Mr. Coleman. “I know we have begun life differently from most young people,” he added, casting his eyes around the scantily furnished apartment, “and the most of our neighbors think the worse of us for it. But the fact is, we have both of us set out with the determination never to contract a debt.”

“I doubt not you will soon be able to finish your house and furnish it neatly,” said Mrs. Ives kindly and approvingly. “I admire your spirit of honest independence, and should be sorry to do any thing to wound it. But we have some furniture in our garret, which has been stored there to make room for more, and if you will accept the loan of some chairs and a table until it is convenient for you to purchase those which will suit you better, it will gratify me much to let you have them.”

This offer was made with so much kindness and delicacy, that Mr. Coleman could not refuse it, or feel wounded by it. After Mrs. Ives had left, he exclaimed—

“There is what I call a kind-hearted, true-hearted woman. She has made me think better of all the world than I did half an hour ago.”

This was true. This delicate act of kindness had stolen the bitterness from the heart of the proud man—for proud he was, and it had taught him to think more charitably of all his race.

Years passed on, and Mark Coleman's dreams of wealth were more than realized. His house was soon finished, and neatly furnished, after which he had no reason to complain of the shyness of his neighbors. But he did not remain there many years. He removed to a larger place, where he could extend his business operations. After the first few years, wealth flowed in upon him as rapidly as he could desire. But it is not our purpose to follow him through his course.

Our tale now passes over a period of some years. In a pleasant village, many miles distant from its opening scene, stands an old, dilapidated dwelling, of that peculiar hue which the suns and storms of three-fourths of a century impart to the natural color of wood.—This dwelling is inhabited by a poor widow and her invalid grand-

daughter, a girl of fourteen. The couch of the invalid is placed in the most comfortable corner of the only comfortable apartment the dwelling contains. A stand is placed close by the side of the bed, covered with a clean white cloth. On this stand the widow is preparing to place their simple evening meal. While thus employed she suddenly stops, exclaiming—

“There is farmer White, coming with the grain he promised to let me have. I must get the money for him.”

So saying, she steps quickly to an old bureau which stands in the corner of the room. Unlocking one of the drawers, she takes out a bill from a small box, deposited in a corner of this drawer, and hastens out to meet the farmer. The eyes of the young invalid follow her sadly as she takes the bill from the box, and also as she carefully deposits in the same place the bills and the change given her by the farmer. Nothing, however, is said until the evening meal is over, and the tea-things are removed and put back in their places. Then the young invalid murmurs—“Grandmother!” The widow instantly approaches the bed, and stands by its side.

“What was that bill which farmer White changed for you, grandmother?”

“It was a five dollar bill.”

“Was it not the last you had?”

“Yes, my dear.”

“Is then our money so nearly spent? I fear it will not last till you get your pension, and then, if you should not get it, what should we do?”

“Try to obey your heavenly Father to-night, my dear Alice. He says, ‘Take no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.’”

The young girl seemed hardly to heed this remark, so intently were her thoughts fixed upon the subject which occupied her mind.

“Is it not time to hear from Mr. R——, the gentleman who promised to get the pension for you?” she continued.

“Yes, quite time. I think we must hear very soon.”

“Did Mr. Mason promise to enquire at the office for you when he returned from his work?”

“He did, and he is coming towards the house this moment. He must have a letter.”

The widow hastened to the door, and soon returned with a letter in her hand.

“Is it from Mr. R——?”

"Yes, my dear."

"Do open it. What does he say?"

"When we think how much depends upon this letter, my dear, we should first lift up our hearts to God, that he would give us grace to bear his holy will, whatever it may be."

It seemed to the anxious, expecting girl, as if it took her grandmother a very long while to cross the room to where the old bureau stood—to take up her spectacles which lay upon the top of it, and adjust them upon her head—to break, with a trembling hand, the seal, and possess herself of the contents of the letter, although it was brief.

"What does he say?" she anxiously asked.

"He says that unexpected difficulties have arisen, and he does not now think that he shall be able to obtain the pension."

"Oh, grandmother! and you are spending the last five dollars you have in the world. What shall we do?"

"We have never yet wanted for any of the necessities of life, my child."

"I know it, grandmother; but we have never before been destitute of the means of procuring them. Since we have been here, we have lived on the money obtained by the sale of your furniture when you left B——, but now, if you do not obtain your pension, we have nothing on which to depend."

"Then, my dear, we must depend wholly on our heavenly Father. He is very rich. The silver and the gold are his, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, and his rich promises are worthy of himself."

"But he does not work miracles, grandma. We have no friends here, no one who cares at all for us. The only person who visits us is Mrs. More, and she comes, not from any interest in us, but from the love of gossip, and a desire to tell us the news. Mrs. More says it is a hard place for poor people, and she never saw a place where people concerned themselves so little about their destitute neighbors."

"All this may be true, and yet He who has declared himself able to raise up children unto Abraham from the stones of the field, can raise us up friends when we need them, even in this place, so apparently unpropitious in this respect."

Time passed on, and the remnant of the five dollars, though carefully expended, gradually melted away, until all was gone, and the necessary supplies which it had obtained were nearly exhausted.

"Will the food we have last longer than to-morrow?" enquired Alice, anxiously.

"I think not," was the reply.

"Does not your faith begin to fail yet, grandmother?" she asked, as she looked at her grandmother's placid countenance.

"Why should it, my dear? We have not reached the extremity yet. 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity,' you know."

But the faith of the young girl had not been strengthened and developed by a life of discipline and trial. She knew not how to trust in an hour so dark as this. All the evening she tossed restlessly upon her pillow. Withdrawing the curtain which shaded the window near her bed, and looking out, she suddenly exclaimed—

"Oh, grandmother! brilliant lights are gleaming from the windows of the great house on the hill. What does it mean? The house has been shut up ever since we lived here."

"This reminds me," said her grandmother, "of what Mrs. More told me to-day. She said that a wealthy gentleman had purchased the house, and was moving in."

"What is the gentleman's name?"

"I believe she told me his name, but I don't recollect it."

Alice gazed a few minutes longer at the bright light gleaming from the windows, then, sinking back on her pillow with a sigh, she said—

"How cheerful it looks over there! how different their home from ours!"

Her aged parent read what was passing in her thoughts, and said,

"Alice, my child, do not envy the inmates of yonder mansion.—Our sorrows, I trust, are preparing us for a brighter home than that. There is no mansion on earth, however pleasant or richly furnished it may be, into which sin, suffering, and death have not free entrance. But into the home towards which we are journeying, neither weeping nor wailing can ever enter. How glorious will be the light of that place, which has no need of the sun, neither of the moon to lighten it, for the glory of God is the light thereof."

Another day wore away, and the widow's little stock of provisions was quite exhausted. As evening drew on she sat by the bedside of the invalid, endeavoring to sustain her by the repetition of those sure promises on which her own soul rested.

"If we had thousands of gold and silver, my dear," she said, "we should not be secure against want, for these might fail us; but the precious promises between the lids of this blessed book can never fail. They were given expressly to cheer and bless us while passing through the wilderness of this world. We shall not need them when we enter our haven of rest. Let us then use them now, while we have need of them, for they were given us for such an hour as this.

Let me repeat to you some of these precious promises. 'I have been young and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread.' 'Trust in the Lord, and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.' 'And seek not what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind; for all these things do the nations of the world seek after; and your Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.' When, my dear child, a promise seems particularly appropriate to our present wants and necessities, we may feel assured that we have a special warrant, a particular invitation, as it were, to lay hold of and rest upon it."

The gray twilight was fast deepening into the dark shades of night, and objects were becoming indistinct, when the widow perceived the figure of a man approaching her dwelling. She hastened to light her last candle, and had barely time to do so before a gentle rap summoned her to the door. The door being opened, a gentleman, apparently about sixty, entered the apartment, and accepted the widow's courteous invitation to be seated.

"I hope you will not consider this call as an intrusion," he said. "I have now become a neighbor of yours. Yesterday I moved into the house yonder on the hill—perhaps you will think I lay claim to the privilege of making a neighborly call, at an early day. But to this claim I believe I may add another, that of former acquaintance."

"Indeed," said the widow, in a tone of voice indicating some surprise, while at the same time she closely scanned the countenance of her visitor, to see if she could discover any familiar lineament there.

"You do not recognize me?"

"I do not."

"Do you remember a young mechanic by the name of Mark Coleman, who was settled near you when you lived in B——?"

"Oh, yes, I remember Mark Coleman very well."

"Well, I am Mark Coleman."

"Is it possible! And you have come to reside in the large house yonder."

"I have. You are surprised, but you cannot possibly be more so than I was this morning, when asking one of my new neighbors who resided here, I was informed that it was Mrs. Ives, the widow of the late General Ives."

Mr. Coleman sat for half an hour conversing of the past and the present. His manner was very kind and respectful. When rising to take leave he said—

"Now, Mrs. Ives, I have one request to make of you. If I should

consider it a duty, and also a great privilege, to return some of the kindnesses of former years, I beg you will not feel oppressed with the slightest weight of obligation on that account, but will regard it as no more than what is justly your due."

As Mrs. Ives lighted Mr. Coleman through the little hall leading to the outer door, he pointed to a basket, which unperceived by her he had deposited there on entering.

"Hearing you had an invalid grand-daughter," he said, "although it is my first visit, I have ventured to bring along some delicacies which may tempt her appetite."

Mrs. Ives took the basket to the bedside of Alice, and displaying its contents, said—

"See here ! my child, we only asked for bread, and our heavenly Father has given us luxuries which might tempt the appetite of an epicure. Shall we not trust him for the future ?"

Since the time that Mrs. Ives and Mr. Coleman were formerly neighbors, Mrs. Ives had passed through a long season of bereavement and losses. Death had deprived her of her beloved husband, and not one of the dear circle of her children remained to her. Losses and misfortunes had also stripped them of their once handsome property. All that was now left to her was one grandchild, apparently a confirmed invalid, and the dilapidated dwelling which sheltered them. This had once been mortgaged to her husband, and now remained in her possession, because those who had claims upon the estate had not thought it worth looking after.

After the night of Mr. Coleman's first visit, the wants of Mrs. Ives and her grand-daughter were abundantly supplied by him. Several weeks passed away, and winter drew near.

"I fear," said Alice to her grandmother one night, "that you will never get along through the cold weather, in this uncomfortable dwelling."

"What ! distrusting again, Alice, when we have been so wonderfully provided for !"

"I know Mr. Coleman is very, very kind, and makes us as comfortable as we can be made here, but you are aged and infirm, and never spent a winter in such an abode as this."

Mrs. Ives was about to reply, when Alice, who was looking out of the window, exclaimed—

"There comes Mrs. More. I wonder what has happened. She must have some news to communicate, for nothing else would bring her here."

Mrs. More did not keep Alice in suspense a great while, for she had not been seated long when she opened her budget of news.

"You know," she said, turning to Mrs. Ives, "that cottage at the foot of the hill, beyond Mr. Coleman's?"

"Yes, it has been shut up ever since we lived here."

"It is sold."

"Who has bought it?"

"Mr. Coleman has bought it. As I passed the house to-day, I saw a large load of goods stand before the door, enough to furnish the cottage very neatly, so I suppose it will soon be inhabited.—Every one is curious to know who is going to live there."

Mrs. Ives smiled as she replied, "If the goods have come, no doubt the inmates will shortly follow, so that every one's curiosity will probably soon be gratified."

The next day was one of those beautiful days which often occur in the latter part of November, and whose charms are partially expressed by the appellation of 'Indian Summer.' In the morning, as Alice looked from the window she called to her grandmother, saying—

"Mr. Coleman's carriage is driving up to the door, grandmother."

Mr. Coleman alighted from the carriage and entered the house.

"Come, Alice," said he, "don't you think you have strength to take a short ride? This day may be the last of our Indian Summer."

Alice was pleased with the thought of a ride, though somewhat doubtful if she were able to bear the exertion.

"I think you can," said Mr. Coleman. "The driver and myself will place you carefully in the carriage, which is very easy, and your grandmother shall go with you."

All this was soon accomplished. As Mr. Coleman himself entered the carriage, he said—

"You had better take a farewell look at the old house, Alice, for it is not probable that you will ever see it again."

Alice looked at him with a startled air, which Mr. Coleman perceiving, said—

"Don't be alarmed, Alice. If you should wish to return, I promise to bring you safely back."

The carriage passed up the gentle ascent leading to Mr. Coleman's house, and down again on the opposite side, until it reached the cottage spoken of by Mrs. More. It drew up before the door of this cottage.

"How do you like your new home, Alice?" asked Mr. Coleman. "I hope it pleases you, for your grandmother has a deed of the place."

Mrs. Ives looked at Mr. Coleman in surprise.

"It is true, madam, and here is the document," said Mr. Coleman, as he took a paper from his pocket and placed it in her hands. "But we must not stop to speak of this now, for Alice is growing tired."

So saying he let down the steps of the carriage, and gently lifting Alice out, bore her into one of the neat front rooms of the cottage, and placed her upon a bed, which had been carefully prepared for this purpose.

"Oh, Mr. Coleman!" said Alice, "how kind ——"

"Now, no thanks, Alice," interrupted Mr. Coleman, "for there is no call for any. You see I am going to ask your grandmother to give me a title to the house you have left, in exchange for the deed which I have spoken of. As it is in full view of my own dwelling, and adds not at all to the beauty of the landscape, I shall consider myself quite a gainer, to obtain the privilege of pulling it down."

Alice and her grandmother spent a very comfortable winter in their new and pleasant home. In the spring Mr. Coleman proposed that Alice should spend the summer in a neighboring city, under the care of an eminent physician, who he hoped might restore her to health. The plan was carried out with the most gratifying results. Alice returned in the fall with health greatly improved, and with the prospect of a speedy and permanent recovery. As she was sitting by her grandmother's fire, one evening soon after her return, she said—

"It is just one year to-night, grandmother, since Mr. Coleman first called upon us, and found us in such deep distress. How very, very kind he has been to us. If you had been his own mother and I his daughter, he could hardly have been more kind. What can have led him to take so deep an interest in us?"

"I am sure I don't know, my dear. We were known to each other in former days, but I have no claim upon him for the many services he has rendered us."

"He seems to think differently. He will never let us even thank him, but seems pained if we attempt to do so."

Mr. Coleman did think differently, and we will listen to his own account of the matter. An old friend from the city was paying him a visit, and chanced to inquire who lived in the neat cottage at the foot of the hill.

"Widow Ives resides there," was the reply.

"Widow Ives! Not the widow of General Ives, formerly of B——?"

"Yes, the same."

"Does she own that cottage?"

"She does."

"But I have been informed that she had lost all her property, and was left quite destitute."

"She did lose the bulk of her property. But she made a good investment many years ago, which now yields her enough to supply her with all the comforts of life in her old age."

"Indeed, I am happy to hear it. I have been told she is a very estimable woman, and should like to hear more of her history, particularly of this fortunate investment of which you speak."

In reply to this, Mr. Coleman related the history of his own setting out in life, and dwelt upon the sincere and delicate kindness shown to him at that time by Mrs. Ives. He wound up his narrative by saying,—

"The interest of that old furniture shall supply that excellent woman with all she needs, during the remainder of her life."

"I think you set a very high value upon this act of kindness," replied his friend.

"I think you will agree with me in the opinion that I do not set too high a value upon it, when I have told you all. I have yet spoken only of the smallest and most unimportant part of the benefits which I derived from her kindness. Perhaps I possessed naturally as much kindness of disposition as most; but the neglect I experienced in consequence of the humble appearance I made when first starting in the world, had a tendency to sour my feelings towards my fellow men.

"Besides this, you are no doubt aware that such close economy and careful hoarding as my circumstances in early life seemed to render necessary, often lead to the formation of close and penurious habits; and the man finds himself at last not only a rich man, but also a miser. I have heard it related of a man worth his millions, that he would stand a long time before a fruit stall, looking first at the cent he held in his hand, and then at the tempting peach, balancing in his mind whether he was willing to part with the cent for the luxury of the peach.

"Now, on my first acquaintance with Mrs. Ives, I was cherishing feelings which would have made me an easy victim to those snares which beset the path of him who accumulates wealth. Her kindness and sympathy awakened new trains of thought and feeling. If imbittered by some real or supposed neglect, the remembrance of it would awaken kinder thoughts, and a more charitable judgment

of my fellow men in general, when in after years opportunities of relieving and aiding others presented themselves, the remembrance of this act of kindness would incite me to the performance of similar charities. Its influence upon my whole after life was happy and benign.

"If I am now regarded as a kind-hearted, benevolent man—and not as a cold-hearted, miserly hoarder of wealth—I owe it in no small degree to Mrs. Ives. She is not my debtor, but I am hers. I cannot repay the obligation I am under to her. It pains me to think that she should thank me for any act of kindness, for all is but a vain attempt to express the gratitude I feel."

THE HOME OF MUSIC.

BY HADASSAH.

Where dwelleth Music ? Beauteous nature teems
Throughout her vast expanse with harmony,
The sighing winds, the gently purling streams,
The glancing fount, with its wild sounds of glee,
From the loud pealing thunder's awful roar,
To the low, murmuring waves along the shore.

Where dwelleth Music ? Hark, amid the wood,
The voice of many a sweetly warbling bird
Is pouring forth a loud, harmonious flood
Of song, while nature all around seems stirred
With those o'erpowering tones. Winds, murmuring sounds,
And flowers in lowly homage kiss the ground.

Where dwelleth Music ? When the solemn night
Leads forth to shine o'er earth each twinkling star,
If thy 'rapt soul e'er longed to take its flight,
As thou hast thought of realms of light afar,
While night's musicians told thee tales of love,
Of heavenly anthems, in those worlds above,
Where angels tune their harps eternally,
Thou knowest its holiest home, the deep blue sky.

THE DYING CALIFORNIAN.

~~~~~  
 BY FRANK WILLOUGHBY.  
 ~~~~~

Oh, Mary dear, I little thought
 To send across the sea,
 Instead of wealth, and golden gifts,
 My latest words to thee.
 I little thought, that fatal morn,
 When fortune bade us sever,
 Thy last adieu, so sadly said,
 Would be, adieu forever.

Ah! gold and gain are empty words,
 And worthless now to me;
 One only thought my bosom fills,
 A sigh for home and thee.
 But vain the wish, and vain the thought,
 That fills my yearning soul:
 Too wide for me the ocean wave,
 Too vast the prairies roll.

And thou, within thy peaceful home,
 What are thy thoughts of me?
 Dost see me full of strength and hope,
 As when I went from thee?
 'Tis said that love, intense and pure,
 Will give prophetic power—
 Oh, Mary! have thy dreams foretold
 Thy lover's dying hour?

Dost see me in my mountain tent,
 All cheerless, lone, and cold,
 While strangers grudge the scanty care
 That keeps them from their gold.
 Alas! the eager thirst for wealth,
 The turmoil and the strife,
 Have fearful power o'er all the sweet
 Humanities of life.

I've seen full many a mother's pride,
 And many a sister's joy,
 Full many a strong and stalwart man,
 And many a blooming boy,
 By stranger hands thrown carelessly
 From off the hasty bier,
 And laid within the shallow grave,
 Without one pitying tear.

HUMBLE HELPS.

And such perhaps will be my fate
 When life has passed away,
 No friendly hand to close my eyes,
 Or watch th' unshrouded clay—
 The autumn winds shall be my dirge,
 The autumn leaves my pall,
 And o'er thy lover's nameless grave
 Thy tears can never fall.

Yon river, as it rolls along,
 And rushes to the sea,—
 The wild coyota's dismal howl,—
 These shall my requiem be;
 But summer dews shall o'er me weep,
 And wild flowers bloom around,
 And I shall there as sweetly sleep
 As tho' 'twere holy ground.

I know thy faith, I know thy truth,
 I ask no pledge from thee;
 If I could hope thou would'st forget,
 My heart would happier be.
 I know that grief will blanch thy cheek,
 Above this parting line;
 And that the shadow of my fate
 Will never pass from thine!
 That whereso'er thy lot is cast,
 Thy dream of joy is o'er;
 Thy heart, and hopes, all buried here
 By Sacramento's shore!

HUMBLE HELPS.

~~~~~  
 BY S. C. MERRIGATE.  
 ~~~~~

LITTLE by little in the eternal rock
 The curdling sunbeams form the diamond's spark;
 Little by little summer's drops unlock
 The rooted avalanche; and the vanquished dark
 Flies tiniest rays, which, banded, terror-shock
 Grim Midnight, but make glad the morning Lark.
 So may thy heart, with its perpetual gush
 Of sunny brightness, feed its gem-like love—
 A dower for kingliest bosoms;—so remove
 With dewy pity the cold weights which crush
 Some hearts, and from its many rays make rush
 Their wintry midnight, while their souls once more,
 Happy as earth in morning's earliest blush,
 Like the blithe Lark their songs of gladness pour.

THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER:

OR, GOOD FROM EVIL.

~~~~~  
BY MRS. MARY C. VAUGHAN.  
~~~~~

ALL around the little parsonage of Elmdale reigned a serene and quiet beauty. The tall elm trees nodded to each other across the deserted carriage road upon which the house fronted, and mingled their branches in greetings, like the cordial hand-shakings of loving friends. But there seemed, that morning, a peculiar whisper in the rustling of their leaves. The same was heard from the lilacs, and the locusts, and even from the waving grass-spears, glittering still with the night dew. The same sorrowful tone lingered in the hum of the bees from their neat hives in the sunniest corner of that quaintly arranged garden. At least, so it seemed to me, as clinging to my mother's hand, I walked beside her up the narrow gravel path that led to the entrance. In another moment we had passed beneath the low portal; the side door was thrown open, and we stood in the presence of the aged pastor and his wife.

All my life I had known the old pastor. Every Sabbath day I had seen him, at the appointed hours, walk serenely up the broad aisle of Elmdale church, with his wife leaning upon his arm, and their only daughter, beautiful Mabel Irwin, following their slow footsteps. I remembered no other hue than that snowy whiteness of his hair, and no other expression than that placid dignity upon his fine, though aged features. He was the same in church, in the quiet parsonage parlor, in his garden, or in his visits among his parishioners—serene, noble, devout, affectionate and wise. Only in his weekly ministrations at the altar there was usually an added solemnity of tone and look, that showed how, without imparting one tinge of austerity, the sublime truths he uttered had sunk into his own heart, impressing there an abiding sense of their importance.

Forty years had Mr. Irwin been the pastor of Elmdale. Three-fourths of his present parishioners he had baptized—his benediction had been bestowed on almost every married pair who listened to his preaching—his solemn tones had been heard by every death-bed, and beside every mound, in Elmdale church-yard, which for forty years had received a tenant. He had shared the joys and the sor-

rows of his people all those years, and had gained their love and reverence in return. The elder ones had rejoiced with him when, more than thirty years before, he had brought his gentle bride to dwell beneath the old parsonage walls. They had rejoiced with him when fair children bloomed around his household altar, and sorrowed with him, oh, how deeply, when death had come from time to time and snatched away one sweet blossom after another, till at last only little Mabel, the youngest born, was left to gladden the hearts of her bereaved parents.

Little Mabel Irwin, as the pastor's daughter was still called, though now a tall, queenly girl of eighteen, seemed like a rich jewel quite out of place in the humble setting of that quiet country parsonage—"a gem of purest ray serene," as much hidden as if far down within the "dark unfathomed caves of ocean" beyond the ken of sea sprites or mermen. I had always been accustomed to see her sunny smile, to be greeted by her radiant face upon the threshold, or in the garden walk, but now we entered unnoticed. No Mabel came to meet or greet us. No word of welcome fell upon our ears, that morning. Old Margie was weeping, bitterly, and ushered us into the parlor, without a word.

There sat the old pastor, in his accustomed arm-chair, and by his side the wife of his bosom. Two or three neighbors were in the room, but where was Mabel? The old man sat as if suddenly stricken by mortal illness, with a pallor, as of death, all over his thin face, but the features of Mrs. Irwin were hidden from sight as she crouched rather than sat within the wide arms of her chair.—Tears and sorrowful looks were on every face beside. And where was Mabel? Where was she who was wont to be the joy and light of the old parsonage—whose very presence chased away the slightest shadow of sorrow from the brows of her parents?

Neither sickness or death had visited that quiet home, and yet a sorrow, deeper than that which gathers about the grave of the early dead, was there. Mabel had left her "good night" kiss on the lips of father and mother, the previous evening, and with lingering step had sought her room. The morning came, and she was gone, and only the crumpled little note, soiled and blistered all over with the bitterest tears which had ever then been wrung from those beautiful eyes, remained to give one intimation of her whereabouts.

When one by one they had laid their children beneath the churchyard mould, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin had grieved with the chastened sorrow of christian parents who, by the eye of faith, looked far beyond the tomb to behold a period of joyful reunion in a world which

death never invades. But now they sorrowed as those who have no hope. In the first agonies of their bereavement, they believed themselves eternally separated from their beloved child.

My mother sat down beside her friends, and in soothing tones, and with all the arts of friendship, strove to calm their grief, while I shrinking, as children almost always do, from the presence of a great sorrow which I could neither understand or alleviate, went out into the garden, where I busied myself among the flowers which Mabel had taught me to love and tend. One by one the neighbors departed, all but my mother, who still lingered. Several times I stole into the house, and peeping into the darkened room, saw my mother still sitting beside those bowed sufferers, and speaking words of holy comfort, such as she had learned from the mystery of her own sorrows. Once I saw the group kneeling in prayer, and heard the voice of the old pastor, faint and tremulous, lifted in earnest petition.

Noon came and passed. I had devoured the cakes and milk which Margie brought me, and having thus ceased longing for my dinner, I threw myself upon the bench in Mabel's arbor, and soon fell asleep, to forget, in dreams, the few sorrows that I had yet known or witnessed. Hours of that long summer afternoon I slumbered there, and it was not till the shadows had lengthened, that my mother roused me to accompany me to our home. Her eyes were swollen, and on her cheeks were the traces of many tears. All my sympathy aroused, I plied her with caresses and questions, but in vain. I only learned that Mabel had left home without the knowledge of her parents, and that no one knew when she would return. Years afterward, I learned the history of that night, and all that followed, from the lips of Mabel herself.

Robert Hildreth had spent two summers at Elmdale. He was a resident of a distant city, and supposed by the villagers to be a wild and dissolute young man. He was very handsome, however, and voluble and entertaining, so that he was by far more a favorite with the youthful portion of the residents of Elmdale than the seniors wished him ever to become. He spent his money profusely, drank wine when alone, as he said, "for lack of company," and when with the chance acquaintances he encountered, in token of his delight in good fellowship. It was whispered that he gambled too; and when, soon after his return to the city, after the first season passed in Elmdale, a beautiful girl, scarcely more than a child, the daughter of a poor widow, disappeared from her home, rumor connected his name with the act that forever blighted hers.

Robert Hildreth was enraptured by the beauty and grace of Mabel

Irwin, when he first beheld her in Elmdale church, and no long time elapsed before he contrived to obtain an introduction. This was near the close of his first season, and the acquaintance had not proceeded far, before his departure. The next season, however, he was accompanied by his sister, and he soon visited the parsonage with the ostensible errand of inviting Mabel to take pity on her loneliness. Mr. and Mrs. Irwin greatly disapproved of the visits of Robert Hildreth, but they could hardly find in their genial and loving natures an element of resistance to his plea for his sister. Mabel was permitted to call upon her, at the hotel, and invite her to the parsonage. From that hour, as might have been predicted, an intimacy sprang up between the three young people who alone, of all in Elmdale, possessed any claims to education or refinement of tastes or habits. The intimacy progressed—the visits of the brother and sister, particularly the former, became so frequent as to arouse the fears of the pastor and his wife, and caused them to assume first a coldness of manner quite unusual, and finally to request a discontinuance of the obnoxious calls. But Louisa Hildreth was a silly, coquettish girl, who encouraged the flirtation, as she termed it, for her own amusement, and looked upon Mabel only as one by whose society she might wile away the hours spent at a distance from her city home and its pursuits, and *she* still came. She brought Mabel many a note filled with protestations of love and complaints of the cruelty of parents, and at length Mabel was induced to answer one of these precious missives. The first step had been taken, and then followed clandestine meetings, moonlight rambles, furtive greetings, and the interchange of signals, all of which were planned and aided by the sister.

Mabel knew well that she was wrong, but she seemed hurried onward by a fascination which she had no power to resist. She loved with all the blind ardor of a first attachment. At length the crisis came. Mabel was gone, and no trace of her was left except the brief note that told that she had gone to be the wife of Robert Hildreth, for whose love she had forsaken all other loves, and every hope and joy which had clustered about the home of her childhood. And this was the great sorrow which I had witnessed, that summer morning, at Elmdale parsonage.

Mabel was at the — hotel, in the city. She had not consented to leave her home until the representations of Louisa, that she should be received by the family of Mr. Hildreth, and that the marriage ceremony should be performed at his house, after which she could at once return with her husband to her parents, who of course would gladly receive her, had dimmed her perceptions of the ingratitude

which her desertion bespoke, and the suffering she would cause to those who so loved her. But Mabel found, on arriving at the house of Mr. Hildreth, that it was closed, and the family all absent at some fashionable resort, a fact which Louisa well knew, her desire to join them having caused her to counsel the hurried flight of the lovers. Once in the city, she intended to accept the first escort to join her family, leaving Mabel, whom she had made a great merit of accompanying, to her fate.

Robert had promised that the marriage should take place immediately on their arrival in the city ; but two days had already elapsed, and still, from some unexplained cause, the ceremony was delayed. Mabel sat alone in their parlor at the hotel. She had been shedding some bitter tears, for she was perplexed and disappointed by her unexpected situation there, by the delay of the marriage, and by the flippancy of Louisa's manner. Robert was as kind, as frequent in his expressions of love as ever, and except in his studied avoidance of the subject of their marriage, unchanged. But Mabel was pained and disappointed. She had dried her tears, and was sitting in sad meditation, when the door was thrown suddenly open, and Louisa entered.

"Well, Mabel," said she, "I shall be off in an hour for Saratoga. Mrs. Densmore is going, and will take me in her party. So please help me put my things into my trunks, and we can say good-bye while we are packing."

Possibly Mabel looked the surprise she felt, for Louisa added, banteringly, "Do not stare at me so. Robert will take care of you, and you won't miss me."

"But, Louisa," gasped Mabel, "you will not leave me here with Robert until we are married ! Surely you promised not."

"Surely I shall go this day," returned Louisa ; "and if you are not married it is no fault of mine. I have played Mistress Propriety for you quite long enough. You surely are not afraid to trust the honor of the man for whom you have deserted your home, Miss Irwin," she added, with a malignant smile.

Mabel did not heed her, but ringing the bell, she said to the servant who came to answer, "Be so kind as to ask Mr. Hildreth to come here."

The man departed, and in a few moments Robert gaily entered the room. He looked surprised at the countenances of the two girls, and at the evidences of Louisa's speedy departure, in the shape of half-packed trunks, and carpet-bags plethoric with their burden. Mabel informed him in a few words of Louisa's intended

departure, and requested that the marriage might take place previously. She even condescended to entreaty, while Louisa laughed at what she styled her prudery, and Robert answered by various frivolous excuses of engagements and business.

The hour was thus consumed, and at length the carriage of Mrs. Densmore, which was to convey Louisa to the station, was announced. Louisa bade Mabel a sneering good-bye, and left the room with her brother, who was escorting her to the carriage.

Mabel was a girl of much decision of character, which, though often slumbering, could be called forth by occasion. As the porter was leaving the room with the last article of Louisa's baggage, she bade him order a carriage for her in half an hour. Then she locked the door and commenced collecting the few articles of clothing which, in her hurried and secret flight, she had taken from her home. This done, she wrote a brief note to Robert, informing him that she was about to seek the protection of some distant relatives in the city, and bidding him a lasting farewell. With resolute caution, she refused entrance to her lover when he returned, and before the half hour had expired she was ready to leave. As soon as the carriage was announced, she rose and followed the man who came for her baggage, and, without attracting attention, found herself in a few moments on her way through the busy city streets. Convinced at last that she had been basely deceived, her indignation, for the time, was sufficient to overcome her sorrow, and her joy at her timely escape was great enough to cause her to forget how much she had wronged herself and her parents.

It was in this frame of mind that Mabel reached the home of Mrs. Wentworth, and was received with evident delight by that lady, who was a cousin of Mr. Irwin. Fortunately, in her joy at seeing Mabel, the good lady forgot to question her as to the cause of her unexpected visit, and supposing her just arrived from a long journey, hurried her to a room to rest from her fatigue. Here Mabel had time for reflection ; here she had time to remember the teachings of her home ; and, bending in deep penitence beside the bed where Mrs. Wentworth supposed her slumbering, she passed some hours in petitions for forgiveness for her error, and in grateful thanks for her timely deliverance. Thus Mrs. Wentworth found her after a time, and there did Mabel pour into the ear of that sympathizing friend the story of her temptation, her weakness, and her escape.

Next day Mabel was very ill. Excitement and sorrow had produced fever and exhaustion. Mrs. Wentworth would have written

to Mr. Irwin, but Mabel pleaded for delay till she could be well enough to write to him herself, and crave his forgiveness. Thus it happened that two or three weeks elapsed before the letter was written that conveyed to those suffering parents the tidings of their child's safety.

My mother was sitting with the aged pair when Mabel's letter arrived. The old man's hand was very tremulous as he broke the seal ; but I have often heard my mother say that an expression of diviner joy she never witnessed than that which broke over his countenance as he read from its contents of his child's escape from the snare into which she had fallen. A prayer of grateful thanksgiving ascended from that household altar that evening ; and, for the first time in many weeks, peaceful sleep visited the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Irwin.

After a time, Mabel returned to her home. The wanderer was received with warmest welcome to the hearts of her parents. But, amidst all their joy in this reunion, their pious souls shrunk from the sin of which their child had been guilty—a sin which, they felt, could only be atoned for by sincerest repentance and deepest self-abasement ; and many were the stern admonitions which they forced their loving hearts to bestow upon her who had so strangely wandered from the path of right.

Mabel moved about the household, and the village, and sat in the little church the same in form, though greatly changed. She was, if possible, more beautiful than ever, for a touching expression of sadness and humility rested upon her face, and, while it somewhat dimmed its brilliancy, added a graceful charm to every feature. The change extended beyond the outward seeming, for the playful, thoughtless girl had suddenly become the calm and thoughtful woman, keenly alive to the duties of human life. Henceforth, she lived but for the good of others. By the bedside of the sick, and in the home of the suffering, as well as the haunts of poverty, her form was often seen, and her sweet voice was heard administering consolation to the wounded spirit, while her hand relieved the wants of the body.

Thus passed many years, and Mabel had arrived at mature womanhood when her mother died ; and her father, sickening and pining for the presence which had cheered so many years of his pilgrimage, lingered on a few months, and then was laid beside her, beneath the green sod of the church-yard ; and Mabel stood alone, far from even those of distant kin.

A new minister had been called to fill the place left vacant by

the death of the old pastor. He was to preach in Elmdale church on a summer Sabbath, just ten years after the day when Mabel had deserted her home. This was always a sad season for Mabel, and now her sadness was immeasurably increased by her recent loss, and the dread with which she anticipated the advent of a stranger to the places so long filled by her revered parent. But Mabel was strong now, and she nerved herself to calmness before she took her accustomed place in the pastor's pew.

She did not look up when the new incumbent entered ; but at the first sound of his voice she started, and, fixing her eyes upon him, for one instant, her gaze encountered his. The young pastor's face was blanched to a deadly pallor, but no other trace of emotion was visible, except a slight tremulousness of his tones as he proceeded with the service. As for Mabel, she sank down, and, burying her face in her clasped hands, remained motionless. Thus met once more Robert Hildreth and the being he had once well nigh lured to ruin. None can ever know the emotions which agitated those hearts, as there, in the presence of God, within the sacred walls dedicated to His worship, they once more stood together.

Mabel had not yet left the old parsonage, and that evening, in the quiet parlor where they had often met in the years long passed, the lovers met again. No eye witnessed the meeting, and no ear listened to the revelations of those reunited spirits. In all those years there had been no intercourse between them, except the two or three passionate letters which Robert had written to Mabel, immediately after she had placed herself under the protection of Mrs. Wentworth, and the calm, yet decided note with which she had returned them. Now Robert was able to prove, to her satisfaction, at least, that he had been, in that transaction, far more thoughtless than designing, and too greatly influenced by his sister Louisa.

Personal explanations passed : Mabel had leisure to inquire respecting the causes which had changed the gay man of the world into a minister at the altar of religion. Then she found that the change dated from the period of her desertion—from the reflections which that event occasioned—from the religious spirit of her note before mentioned—and, above all, from a letter written by Mr. Irwin to the man who had lured his innocent daughter from her home. Conscience had aided the work with its accusing pangs, and out of the lengthened conflict the soul of Robert Hildreth became purified, and fitted for the sacred vocation to which he thenceforth devoted himself. I cannot now detail the circumstances by which

he came to fill the vacant place left at Elmdale by the death of the old pastor ; but most acceptably did he fill it, gaining the love of all his people, and regaining that which he had once so lightly prized—the heart of beautiful Mabel Irwin.

The next summer they were married, and I was the bridesmaid chosen by Mabel. It was a quiet wedding, and quietly the young pastor and his wife took possession of the old parsonage. There they still live. Mabel moves about her humble home with the light of a peaceful spirit on her lovely countenance. It is a home of love and peace, gladdened by the presence of beautiful children, and the continual performance of the noblest duties.

This simple story, perfectly true in all its incidents, is only another exemplification of the modes in which Providence brings the most beneficent results from circumstances which, to mortals, seem only evil.

THE MULLEN.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

I cannot understand,
Rough plant of Yankee-land,
Why voices sullen
Always should speak of thee
Slighting and scornfully
Though they no beauty see
In the low Mullen.

Truly, thy chance is small,
Coming when blossoms all—
Harebells and roses—
Dance in the summer air,
Spreading sweet odors there !
Who'd for the Mullen care,
'Mong brighter posies ?

Yet why should we expect
To see each blossom decked
Like a king's daughter ?
Thou art a patient one
Whose daily work is done
Faithfully, seeking none,
Since none have sought her.

THE MULLEN.

In some old, stubborn field,
That will no harvest yield,
Tak'st thou thy dwelling—
Or to a slope of land
Where no weak weed may stand
Cling'st, of a mighty Hand
Cheerfully telling.

Flirts have thy symbol told,
As of a beldame old
Wrapped up in flannels,
Peering with jaundiced eye
Into June's rosy sky;
O'erlooking, stiff and dry,
August's bare channels.

Yet hast thou sturdier worth
Than a frail May-day birth,
Dying in Summer;
Thy leaves in snow we find,
As a testator kind
Leaveth warm clothes behind
For the next comer.

And though unprized at home,
If o'er the sea thou roam,
Hence torn asunder;
Florists European
Thee with due honor scan,
"Velvet American,"
Shown for a wonder.

Well, 'tis the same old law
Hinted in many a saw
All the world over;
Prophets at home denied;
Plain truth at beauty's side
Men evermore deride;
Leave her no lover.

Still the straight Mullen-stalk,
Priest of our daily walk,
Gives us plain preaching:—
"Live not for passing eyes
While earth a beggar lies,
And light is in the skies!"
Steadily teaching.

MEN will wrangle for religion ; write for it ; fight for it ; die for
it ; anything but—live for it.

Collated, Imperfect. Dec. 30, 1910. ASM.
Collat. perfect. P. 219-220 misplaced
STD 15 219-220 = 9-12-1934

